THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXXXV. — APRIL, 1900. — No. DX.

AN ACADIAN EASTER.[1]

GOOD FRIDAY, MDCXLV.

"Surely, O Christ, upon this day
Thou wilt have pity, even on me!
Hold thou the hands of Charnisay,
Or bid them clasp, remembering thee.

"O Christ, thou knowest what it is
To strive with mighty, evil men;
Lean down from thy high cross, and kiss
My arms till they grow strong again.

"(As on that day I drove him back
Into Port Royal with his dead!
Our cannon made the snowdrifts black,
But there, I deem, the waves were red.)

"Yea, keep me, Christ, until La Tour
(Oh, the old days in old Rochelle!)
Cometh to end this coward's war
And send his soul straightway to hell."

. . . That night, one looking at the west might say
That just beyond the heights the maples flared
Like scarlet banners, — as they do in autumn, —

[1] From 1641 to 1645 the history of Acadia is largely the history of the strife between the Sieur de La Tour and the Seigneur d'Aulnay Charnisay: the one lieutenant for the king, with headquarters at the mouth of the St. John; the other in command of the forts at Penobscot and Port Royal. In 1643 Charnisay attacked Fort La Tour, but was repulsed. He then blockaded the harbor, but La Tour, with his wife, Frances Marie Jacqueline, slipped through and escaped to Boston. Returning with five ships he drove the surprised Charnisay back to Port Royal. Early in 1645, Charnisay, hearing that La Tour was again in Boston, once more assailed the fort. Driven back with great loss by Lady La Tour he maintained a strict blockade, and in April returned to the attack, this time from the landward side. For three days the heroic woman held the enemy at bay; and even when a Swiss sentry, bribed by Charnisay, early on the morning of Easter Sunday threw open the gates, opposed the assault with such vigor that Charnisay called for a truce and offered honorable terms, which, to save the lives of her men, Lady La Tour accepted. Once in possession, he hanged the garrison, man by man, — their mistress standing by with a rope around her neck. Her death, three weeks later, released her from captivity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The sun went down with such imperial splendor.
Near by, the air hung thick with wreathèd smoke,
And not quite yet had silence touched the hills
That had played all day with thunder of sullen cannon.
But now the veering wind had found the south
And led the following tide up no moon path,
Calling the mists — white as the circling gulls —
In from the outer rocks. Heavy with rain
The fog came in, and all her world grew dark, —
Dark as the empty west.
Though one should stand
(Praying the while that God might bless her eyes)
Upon the seaward cliff the long night through
On such a night as this (O moaning wind!),
I think that dawn — if dawn should ever break —
Would only come to show how void a thing
Is Earth, that might have been no less than Heaven.
Yea, as it was in France so long ago
Where the least path their feet might follow seemed
The path Love's feet had trodden but yester hour. . . .

EASTER EVEN.

"A little while and I shall see
His ships returned to fight for me.
He may not dream what bitter woes
I have to bear; but still he knows
April and I wait patiently.

"(I pray you, sirs, that you will keep
Good watch to-night, lest they should creep
Close to the landward wall again;
You might not hear them in this rain.
And I, because I cannot sleep,

"Shall guard this other side, till morn
Show me his sails all gray and torn,
But swift to bring to Charnisay
Tidings that it is Easter Day
On earth, and Jesu Christ is born!)

"Shall he not come? Can he withstand
The beckoning of April's hand,
The voices of the little streams
That break to-night across his dreams
Of me, alone in a north land?

"Though yesterday in Boston town
Fair women wandered up and down

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Warm pathways under green-leaved trees,
Was he not sick with memories
Of April's hair and starry gown?

"Does he not hear spring's trumpet blow
Beyond the limits of the snow?
Hark how its silver echo fills
The hollow places of the hills,
Proclaiming winter's overthrow!

"How glad he was in the old days
To tread those newly opened ways!
Together we would go — as we
Shall go to-morrow, joyously —
And find ten thousand things to praise,

"Things now so sad to think upon.
And yet he must return ere dawn;
Because he hears at the sea's rim,
Calling across the night to him,
The sundering icebergs of St. John."

. . . Now, when dawn broke at last, sullen and gray,
And on the sea there gleamed no distant sail,
She quietly said, "It is not Easter Day,
And in my vision I have dreamed strange dreams."
Still drave the rain in from the east, and still
The ice churned by the bases of the cliffs,
And little noises woke among the firs.
"And yet," she said, "beyond the outer seas,
Far off, in France, among the white, white lilies,
To-day they think that Eastertide has come;
And maidens deck their bodies amorously,
And go to sing glad hymns to Christ arisen,
Within the little chapel on the hill.
Now shall I fancy it is Easter here,
And think the wasting snow great banks of lilies
And this gray cliff my chapel; and I shall go
And gather seaweed, twining it in my hair,
And know God will regard me graciously
Who fashion such sweet carols in his praise.
I must do this alone, because La Tour
Is dallying still in Boston town, where girls
Make beautiful their hair with southern blooms, —
Wood violets and odorous mayflower blossoms,
Such as come late into our northern fields.
Was it last Easter — was it years ago —
That he and I went joyously together —
(Having prayed Christ to bless us with his grace) —
Between the wasting trunks of the tall pines

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wherein one crow called to the hidden rain?
(For here, although it rain at Easter even,
The dawn breaks golden; and a million hours
Seem flown since yesterday.) O golden France,
Long lost and nigh forgotten! do they know
Who walk to-day between your palaces
The gladness that we know when April comes
Into the solitude of this our north,
And the snows vanish as her flying feet
Are heard upon the hills? Their organs, now,
Do they sound unto heaven a prouder strain
Than these great pines? Hark how the wind booms through
Their topmost branches, come from the deep sea!
And how old Fundy sends its roaring tides
High up against the rocks! Yea, even in France,
I think God sees not more to make him glad
To-day, — only the sunshine and the lilies" —
She paused, hearing the chapel matin bell
Clang wearily; and, like to one that finds
No welcome in some long-imagined land
Now near at last, back from the hopeless sea,
With aged face, she turned to help them pray
Whose hearts had lost their heritage of hope. . .

EASTER MORNING.

"O bloom of lilies oversea!
O throng'd and banner'd citadels!
O clanging of continual bells
Upon the air triumphantly!
Let Christ remember not that we
Await him by these bitter wells.

"Make France so very glad and fair
That Christ, arisen, may know to-day
That he (O green land, leagues away!)
Hath come into his kingdom there;
Let him not dream that otherwhere
Sad men have little heart to pray.

"For we would have him glad; although,
For us, joy may not be again.
Yea, though all day we watch the rain
Striving to waste the pitiless snow,
We would not have him see or know
The limits of our grievous pain.

"And even if he should stoop, perchance,
(Touching you gently on the stem
As you brush by his garment's hem,)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saying, with lighted countenance,
'Across the sea, in my New France,
O lilies, how is it with them?' —

"Lean you up nearer to his face
(Tenderly sad, supremely wise)
And answer, 'Under fair, blue skies,
Lord Jesu, in a fruitful place,
Their souls — the stronger for thy grace —
Draw nigh unto the sacrifice.'"

. . . So, striving to arouse their heavy faith,
Unto their distant Christ they sang and prayed
Until the gray clouds thinned, and the dull east
Grew half prophetic of the laboring sun.
"See! He hath heard! and all is well!" she cried.
But as her voice rang hopefully and clear
Down the dim chapel aisle, ere any man
Had caught delight from her fair bravery,
There came upon them sudden gathering sounds
Of strife, of men clamoring, and despair,
Rumor of clashing steel and crumbling walls.
Yet not in vain their prayers! O risen Christ,
Was not that fight a glorious thing to see?
Between thine altar and the front o' the foe
Was not thy hand the hand that lent the strength
Wherewith she drave them backward through the breach,
Far from their wounded, calling all the while?
I think that thou wert very glad, O Christ,
Watching these things; and yet, was it not thou
Who hadst made her heart the heart of very woman —
Strong for the battle, and then, when all was over,
Weak, and too prone to trust (even as a child
That wonders not at all, having belief)
In any chance-flung flag, white to the wind? . . .

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

"Hearken! Afar on the hills, at last is it surely spring?
Have the sudden mayflowers awakened to see what the wind can bring?
There, in the bare high branches, does a robin try to sing?

"O Life, why — now thou art fair and full of the promise of peace —
Oh, why dost thou shudder away, away from me, begging release,
As the dead leaves falter and flutter and fall when the warm winds cease?

"As the dead leaves fall from the trees. O Life, must thou hurry away?
Behold, it is spring upon earth, and to-morrow the month will be May;
And the southmost boughs shall grow green that were barren but yesterday.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And I, even I, shall grow young once more; and my face shall be fair, —
Yea, fair as still waters at even, under the starlight there;
And all of the glory of dawn shall be seen once again in my hair.

"And yet, and yet, who will see? Were it true that all things should be so,
What joy could we have of it ever? Time bringeth new visions; and lo,
One may not remember in April how autumn was kind, long ago!

. . . . . .

"O desolate years! are you over at last with your devious ways?
Nay, I should say, 'Let me go from you gladly, giving you praise
For the least of the things I remember of you and the least of your days.'

"Giving thanks for the noises of Earth — little noises — when April is born;
For the smell of the roses in June, for the gleam of the yellowing corn;
For the sight of the sea at even, the sight of the sea at morn.

"And most — most of all — for the old fighting days! (O La Tour, are they past?)
For the sound of beleaguering cannon, the sight of the foe fleeing fast.
Yea, and though at the end we have fallen, even now I am glad at the last!

. . . . . .

"How good it is here in the sun! O strong, sweet sound of the sea,
Do you sorrow that now I must go? Have you pity to waste upon me
Who may tarry no longer beside you, whom Time is about to set free?

"Nay, sorrow nor pity at all. See, I am more glad than a queen
For the joy I have had of you living! Had the things that we know never been,
You and I then had reason for sorrow, O Sea — had our eyes never seen!

"Come close to me now, — past the weed-covered rocks, up the gray of the sand;
Here is a path I have made for you, hollowed it out with my hand;
Come, I would whisper a word to you, Sea, he may never withstand:

"'Where our garden goes down to the sea's edge (remember? — O France, thou art fair!)
Renewing those old royal days, of all else careless now, unaware,
Among the remembering lilies her soul abides patiently there.'"

Francis Sherman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAUD-EVELYN.

On some allusion to a lady who, though unknown to myself, was known to two or three of the company, it was asked by one of these if we had heard the odd circumstance of what she had just "come in for" — the piece of luck suddenly overtaking, in the gray afternoon of her career, so obscure and lonely a personage. We were at first, in our ignorance, mainly reduced to crude envy; but old Lady Emma, who for a while had said nothing, scarcely even appearing to listen, and letting the chatter, which was indeed plainly beside the mark, subside of itself, came back from a mental absence to observe that if what had happened to Lavinia was wonderful, certainly, what had, for years, gone before it, led up to it, had likewise not been without some singular features. From this we perceived that Lady Emma had a story — a story, moreover, out of the ken even of those of her listeners acquainted with the quiet person who was the subject of it. Almost the oddest thing — as came out afterwards — was that such a situation should, for the world, have remained so in the background of this person's life. By "afterwards" I mean simply before we separated; for what came out came on the spot, under encouragement and pressure, our common, eager solicitation. Lady Emma, who always reminded me of a fine old instrument that has first to be tuned, agreed, after a few of our scrapings and fingerings, that, having said so much, she could n't, without wantonly tormenting us, forbear to say all. She had known Lavinia, whom she mentioned throughout only by that name, from far away, and she had also known — But what she had known I must give as nearly as possible as she herself gave it. She talked to us from her corner of the sofa, and the flicker of the firelight in her face was like the glow of memory, the play of fancy, from within.

I.

"Then why on earth don't you take him?" I asked. I think that was the way that, one day when she was about twenty — before some of you perhaps were born — the affair, for me, must have begun. I put the question because I knew she had had a chance, though I did n't know how great a mistake her failure to embrace it was to prove. I took an interest because I liked them both — you see how I like young people still — and because, as they had originally met at my house, I had, in a manner, to answer to each for the other. I 'm afraid I 'm thrown baldly back on the fact that if the girl was the daughter of my earliest, almost my only governess, to whom I had remained much attached and who, after leaving me, had married — for a governess — "well," Marmaduke (it is n't *his* real name!) was the son of one of the clever men who had — I was charming then, I assure you I was — wanted, years before, and this one as a widower, to marry me. I had n't cared, somehow, for widowers, but even after I had taken somebody else I was conscious of a pleasant link with the boy whose stepmother it had been open to me to become and to whom it was perhaps a little a matter of vanity with me to show that I should have been for him one of the kindest. This was what the woman his father eventually did marry was not, and that threw him upon me the more.

Lavinia was one of nine, and her brothers and sisters, who have never done anything for her, help, actually, in different countries and on something, I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

believe, of that same scale, to people the globe. There were mixed in her then, in a puzzling way, two qualities that mostly exclude each other — an extreme timidity, and, as the smallest fault that could qualify a harmless creature for a world of wickedness, a self-complacency hard in tiny, unexpected spots, for which I used sometimes to take her up, but which, I subsequently saw, would have done something for the flatness of her life had they not evaporated with everything else. She was at any rate one of those persons as to whom you don't know whether they might have been attractive if they had been happy, or might have been happy if they had been attractive. If I was a trifle vexed at her not jumping at Marmaduke, it was probably rather less because I expected wonders of him than because I thought she took her own prospect too much for granted. She had made a mistake, and, before long, admitted it; yet I remember that when she expressed to me a conviction that he would ask her again, I also thought this highly probable, for in the meantime I had spoken to him. "She does care for you," I declared; and I can see at this moment, long ago though it be, his handsome empty young face look, at the words, as if, in spite of itself, for a little, it really thought. I did n't press the matter, for he had, after all, no great things to offer; yet my conscience was easier, later on, for having not said less. He had three hundred and fifty a year from his mother, and one of his uncles had promised him something — I don't mean an allowance, but a place, if I recollect, in a business. He assured me that he loved as a man loves — a man of twenty-two! — but once. He said it, at all events, as a man says it but once.

"Well, then," I replied, "your course is clear."

"To speak to her again, you mean?"

"Yes — try it."

He seemed to try it a moment in imagination; then, a little to my surprise, he asked, "Would it be very awful if she should speak to *me?*"

I stared. "Do you mean pursue you — overtake you? Ah, if you 're running away" —

"I 'm *not* running away!" — he was positive as to that. "But when a fellow has gone so far" —

"He can't go any further? Perhaps," I replied dryly. "But in that case he should n't talk of 'caring.'"

"Oh, but I do, I do."

I shook my head. "Not if you 're too proud!" On which I turned away, looking round at him again, however, after he had surprised me by a silence that seemed to accept my judgment. Then I saw he had not accepted it; I perceived it indeed to be essentially absurd. He expressed more, on this, than I had yet seen him do — had the queerest, frankest, and, for a young man of his conditions, saddest smile.

"I 'm *not* proud. It is n't *in* me. If you 're not, you 're not, you know. I don't think I 'm proud enough."

It came over me that this was, after all, probable; yet somehow I did n't at the moment like him the less for it, though I spoke with some sharpness. "Then what 's the matter with you?"

He took a turn or two about the room, as if what he had just said had made him a little happier. "Well, how can a man say more?" Then, just as I was on the point of assuring him that I did n't know what he had said, he went on: "I swore to her that I would never marry. Ought n't that to be enough?"

"To make her come after you?"

"No — I suppose scarcely that; but to make her feel sure of me — to make her wait."

"Wait for what?"

"Well, till I come back."

"Back from where?"

"From Switzerland — have n't I told you? I go there next month with my aunt and my cousin."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He was quite right about not being proud — this was an alternative distinctly humble.

II.

And yet see what it brought forth — the beginning of which was something that, early in the autumn, I learned from poor Lavinia. He had written to her, they were still such friends; and thus it was that she knew his aunt and his cousin to have come back without him. He had stayed on — stayed much longer and traveled much farther: he had been to the Italian lakes and to Venice; he was now in Paris. At this I vaguely wondered, knowing that he was always short of funds, and that he must, by his uncle's beneficence, have started on the journey on a basis of expenses paid. "Then whom has he picked up?" I asked; but feeling sorry, as soon as I had spoken, to have made Lavinia blush. It was almost as if he had picked up some improper lady, though in this case he would n't have told her and it would n't have saved him money.

"Oh, he makes acquaintance so quickly, knows people in two minutes," the girl said. "And every one always wants to be nice to him."

This was perfectly true, and I saw what she saw in it. "Ah, my dear, he will have an immense circle ready for you!"

"Well," she replied, "if they do run after us, I 'm not likely to suppose it will ever be for me. It will be for *him*, and they may do to me what they like. My pleasure will be — but you 'll see." I already saw, — saw at least what she supposed she herself saw: her drawing-room crowded with female fashion and her attitude angelic. "Do you know what he said to me again before he went?" she continued.

I wondered; he *had* then spoken to her. "That he will never, never marry" —

"Any one but *me!*" She ingenuously took me up. "Then you knew?"

I hesitated. "I guessed."

"And don't you believe it?"

Again I hesitated. "Yes." Yet all this did n't tell me why she had changed color. "Is it a secret — whom he 's with?" I asked.

"Oh no, they seem so nice. I was only struck with the way you know him — your seeing immediately that it must be a new friendship that has kept him over. It 's the devotion of the Dedricks," Lavinia said. "He 's traveling with them."

Once more I wondered. "Do you mean they 're taking him about?"

"Yes — they 've invited him."

No, indeed, I reflected — he was n't proud. But what I said was, "Who in the world are the Dedricks?"

"Kind, good people whom, last month, he accidentally met. He was walking some Swiss pass — a long, rather stupid one, I believe, without his aunt and his cousin, who had gone round some other way and were to meet him somewhere. It came on to rain in torrents, and while he was huddling under a shelter he was overtaken by some people in a carriage, who kindly made him get in. They drove him, I gather, for several hours; it began an intimacy, and they 've continued to be charming to him."

I thought a moment. "Are they ladies?"

Her own imagination, meanwhile, had also strayed a little. "I think about forty."

"Forty ladies?"

She quickly came back. "Oh no; I mean Mrs. Dedrick is."

"About forty? Then Miss Dedrick" —

"There is n't any Miss Dedrick."

"No daughter?"

"Not with them, at any rate. No one but the husband."

I thought again. "And how old is *he?*"

Lavinia followed my example. "Well, about forty, too."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"About forty-two?" We laughed, but "That's all right!" I said; and so, for the time, it seemed.

He continued absent, none the less, and I saw Lavinia repeatedly, and we always talked of him, though this represented a greater concern with his affairs than I had really supposed myself committed to. I had never sought the acquaintance of his father's people, nor seen either his aunt or his cousin, so that the account given by these relatives of the circumstances of their separation reached me at last only through the girl, to whom, also — for she knew them as little — it had circuitously come. They considered, it appeared, the poor ladies he had started with, that he had treated them ill and thrown them over, sacrificing them selfishly to company picked up on the road — a reproach deeply resented by Lavinia, though about the company, too, I could see she was not much more at her ease. "How can he help it if he's so taking?" she asked; and to be properly indignant in one quarter, she had to pretend to be delighted in the other. Marmaduke *was* "taking;" yet it also came out between us, at last, that the Dedricks must certainly be extraordinary. We had scant added evidence, for his letters stopped, and that naturally was one of our signs. I had meanwhile leisure to reflect — it was a sort of study of the human scene I always liked — on what to be taking consisted of. The upshot of my meditations, which experience has only confirmed, was that it consisted simply of itself. It was a quality implying no others. Marmaduke *had* no others. What indeed was his need of any?

III.

He at last, however, turned up; but then it happened that if, on his coming to see me, his immediate picture of his charming new friends quickened even more than I had expected my sense of the variety of the human species, my curiosity about them failed to make me respond when he suggested I should go to see them. It's a difficult thing to explain, and I don't pretend to put it successfully, but does n't it often happen that one may think well enough of a person without being inflamed with the desire to meet — on the ground of any such sentiment — other persons who think still better? Somehow — little harm as there was in Marmaduke — it was but half a recommendation of the Dedricks that they were crazy about him. I did n't say this — I was careful to say little; which did n't prevent his presently asking if he might n't then bring them to *me*. "If not, why not?" he laughed. He laughed about everything.

"Why not? Because it strikes me that your surrender does n't require any backing. Since you've done it, you must take care of yourself."

"Oh, but they're as safe," he returned, "as the Bank of England. They're wonderful — for respectability and goodness."

"Those are precisely qualities to which my poor intercourse can contribute nothing." He had n't, I observed, gone so far as to tell me they would be "fun," and he *had*, on the other hand, promptly mentioned that they lived in Westbourne Terrace. They were not forty — they were forty-five; but Mr. Dedrick had already, on considerable gains, retired from some primitive profession. They were the simplest, kindest, yet most original and unusual people, and nothing could exceed, frankly, the fancy they had taken to him. Marmaduke spoke of it with a placidity of resignation that was almost irritating. I suppose I should have despised him if, after benefits accepted, he had said they bored him; yet their not boring him vexed me even more than it puzzled. "Whom do they know?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"No one but me. There are people in London like that."

"Who know no one but you?"

"No — I mean no one at all. There are extraordinary people in London, and awfully nice. You have n't an idea. You people don't know every one. They lead their lives — they go their way. One finds — what do you call it? — refinement, books, cleverness, don't you know, and music, and pictures, and religion, and an excellent table — all sorts of pleasant things. You only come across them by chance; but it 's all perpetually going on."

I assented to this: the world was very wonderful, and one must certainly see what one could. In my own quarter, too, I found wonders enough. "But are you," I asked, "as fond of them" —

"As they are of *me?*" He took me up promptly, and his eyes were quite unclouded. "I 'm quite sure I shall become so."

"Then are you taking Lavinia" —

"Not to see them — no." I saw, myself, the next minute, of course, that I had made a mistake. "On what footing *can* I?"

I bethought myself. "I keep forgetting you 're not engaged."

"Well," he said after a moment, "I shall never marry another."

It somehow, repeated again, gave on my nerves. "Ah, but what good will that do her, or me either, if you don't marry her?"

He made no answer to this — only turned away to look at something in the room; after which, when he next faced me, he had a heightened color. "She ought to have taken me that day," he said gravely and gently; fixing me also as if he wished to say more.

I remember that his very mildness irritated me; some show of resentment would have been a promise that the case might still be righted. But I dropped it, the silly case, without letting him say more, and, coming back to Mr. and Mrs. Dedrick, asked him how in the world, without either occupation or society, they passed so much of their time. My question appeared for a moment to leave him at a loss, but he presently found light; which, at the same time, I saw on my side, really suited him better than further talk about Lavinia. "Oh, they live for Maud-Evelyn."

"And who 's Maud-Evelyn?"

"Why, their daughter."

"Their daughter?" I had supposed them childless.

He partly explained. "Unfortunately, they 've lost her."

"Lost her?" I required more.

He hesitated again. "I mean that a great many people would take it that way. But *they* don't — they won't."

I speculated. "Do you mean other people would have given her up?"

"Yes — perhaps even tried to forget her. But the Dedricks can't."

I wondered what she had done: had it been anything very bad? However, it was none of my business, and I only said, "They communicate with her?"

"Oh, all the while."

"Then why is n't she with them?"

Marmaduke thought. "She *is* — now."

"'Now'? Since when?"

"Well, this last year."

"Then why do you say they 've lost her?"

"Ah," he said, smiling sadly, "*I* should call it that. I, at any rate," he went on, "don't see her."

Still more I wondered. "They keep her apart?"

He thought again. "No, it 's not that. As I say, they live for her."

"But they don't want *you* to — is that it?"

At this he looked at me for the first time, as I thought, a little strangely. "How *can* I?"

He put it to me as if it were bad of him, somehow, that he should n't; but I made, to the best of my ability, a quick

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

end of that. "You can't. Why in the world *should* you? Live for *my* girl. Live for Lavinia."

IV.

I had run, unfortunately, the risk of boring him again with that idea, and, though he had not repudiated it at the time, I saw in my having returned to it the reason why, for weeks, he never reappeared. I saw "my girl," as I had called her, in the interval, but we avoided with much intensity the subject of Marmaduke. It was just this that gave me my perspective for seeing her still to be full of him. It determined me, in all the circumstances, not to rectify her mistake about the childlessness of the Dedricks. But whatever I left unsaid, her naming the young man was only a question of time, for at the end of a month she told me he had been twice to her mother's and that she had seen him on each of these occasions.

"Well, then?"

"Well, then, he 's very happy."

"And still taken up" —

"As much as ever with those people. He did n't tell me so, but I could see it."

I could too, and her own view of it. "What, in that case, did he tell you?"

"Nothing — but I think there 's something he wants to. Only not what *you* think," she added.

I wondered then if it were what I had had from him the last time. "Well, what prevents him?" I asked.

"From bringing it out? I don't know."

It was in the tone of this that she struck, to my ear, the first note of an acceptance so deep and a patience so strange that they gave me, at the end, even more food for wonderment than the rest of the business. "If he can't speak, why does he come?"

She almost smiled. "Well, I think I *shall* know."

I looked at her; I remember that I kissed her. "You 're admirable; but it 's very ugly."

"Ah," she replied, "he only wants to be kind!"

"To *them*? Then he should let others alone. But what I call ugly is his being content to be so 'beholden'" —

"To Mr. and Mrs. Dedrick?" She considered, as if there might be many sides to it. "But may n't he do them some good?"

The idea failed to appeal to me. "What good can Marmaduke do? There 's one thing," I went on, "in case he should want you to know them. Will you promise me to refuse?"

She only looked helpless and blank. "Making their acquaintance?"

"Seeing them, going near them, — ever, ever."

Again she brooded. "Do you mean *you* won't?"

"Never, never."

"Well, then, I don't think I want to."

"Ah, but that 's not a promise." I kept her up to it. "I want your word."

She demurred a little. "But why?"

"So that at least he shan't make use of you," I said with energy.

My energy overbore her, though I saw how she would really have given herself. "I promise, but it 's only because it 's something I know he will never ask."

I differed from her at the time, believing the proposal in question to have been exactly the subject she had supposed him to be wishing to broach; but on our very next meeting I heard from her of quite another matter, upon which, as soon as she came in, I saw her to be much excited.

"You know, then, about the daughter without having told me? He called again yesterday," she explained, as she met my stare at her unconnected plunge, "and now I know that he *has* wanted to speak to me. He at last brought it out."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I continued to stare. "Brought what?"

"Why, everything." She looked surprised at my face. "Did n't he tell you about Maud-Evelyn?"

I perfectly recollected, but I momentarily wondered. "He spoke of there being a daughter, but only to say that there 's something the matter with her. What is it?"

The girl echoed my words. "What 'is' it? — you dear, strange thing! The matter with her is simply that she 's dead."

"Dead?" I was naturally mystified. "When, then, did she die?"

"Why, years and years ago — fifteen, I believe. As a little girl. *Did* n't you understand it so?"

"How *should* I? — when he spoke of her as 'with' them and said that they lived for her!"

"Well," my young friend explained, "that 's just what he meant — they live for her memory. She *is* with them, in the sense that they think of nothing else."

I found matter for surprise in this correction, but also, at first, matter for relief. At the same time it left, as I turned it over, a fresh ambiguity. "If they think of nothing else, how can they think so much of Marmaduke?"

The difficulty struck her, though she gave me even then a dim impression of being already, as it were, rather on Marmaduke's side, or, at any rate — almost as against herself — in sympathy with the Dedricks. But her answer was prompt: "Why, that 's just their reason, — that they can talk to him so much about her."

"I see." Yet still I wondered. "But what 's *his* interest" —

"In being drawn into it?" Again Lavinia met her difficulty. "Well, that she was so interesting! It appears she was lovely."

I doubtless fairly gaped. "A little girl in a pinafore?"

"She was out of pinafores; she was, I believe, when she died, about fourteen. Unless it was sixteen! She was, at all events, wonderful for beauty."

"That 's the rule. But what good does it do him if he has never seen her?"

She thought a moment, but this time she had no answer. "Well, you must ask him!"

I determined without delay to do so; but I had before me, meanwhile, other contradictions. "Had n't I better ask him, on the same occasion, what he means by their 'communicating'?"

Oh, this was simple. "They go in for 'mediums,' don't you know, and raps, and sittings. They began a year or two ago."

"Ah, the idiots!" I remember, at this, narrow-mindedly exclaiming. "Do they want to drag *him* in —?"

"Not in the least; they don't desire it, and he has nothing to do with it."

"Then where does his fun come in?"

Lavinia turned away; again she seemed at a loss. At last she brought out, "Make him show you her little photograph."

But I remained unenlightened. "Is her little photograph his fun?"

Once more she colored for him. "Well, it represents a young loveliness!"

"That he goes about showing?"

She hesitated. "I think he has only shown it to *me*."

"Ah, you 're just the last one!" I permitted myself to observe.

"Why so, if I 'm also struck?"

There was something about her that began to escape me, and I must have looked at her hard. "It 's very good of you to be struck!"

"I don't only mean by the beauty of the face," she went on; "I mean by the whole thing — by that, also, of the attitude of the parents, their extraordinary fidelity, and the way that, as he says, they have made of her memory a real religion. That was what, above all, he came to tell me about."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I turned away from her now, and she soon afterwards left me; but I could n't help its dropping from me, before we parted, that I had never supposed him to be *that* sort of fool.

V.

If I were really the perfect cynic you probably think me, I should frankly say that the main interest of the rest of this matter lay, for me, in fixing the sort of fool I *did* suppose him. But I 'm afraid, after all, that my anecdote amounts mainly to a presentation of my own folly. I should n't be so in possession of the whole spectacle had I not ended by accepting it, and I should n't have accepted it had it not, for my imagination, been saved, somehow, from grotesqueness. Let me say at once, however, that grotesqueness, and even indeed something worse, did at first appear to me strongly to pervade it. After that talk with Lavinia, I immediately addressed to our friend a request that he would come to see me; when I took the liberty of challenging him outright on everything she had told me. There was one point in particular that I desired to clear up, and that seemed to me much more important even than the color of Maud-Evelyn's hair or the length of her pinafores: the question, I mean, of course, of my young man's good faith. Was he altogether silly, or was he only altogether mercenary? I felt my choice restricted, for the moment, to these alternatives.

After he had said to me, "It 's as ridiculous as you please, but they 've simply adopted me," I had it out with him, on the spot, on the issue of common honesty, the question of what he was conscious, so that his self-respect should be saved, of being able to give such benefactors in return for such bounty. I 'm obliged to say that to a person so inclined at the start to quarrel with him, his amiability could yet prove persuasive. His contention was that the equivalent he represented was something for his friends alone to measure. He did n't for a moment pretend to sound deeper than the fancy they had taken to him. He had not, from the first, made up to them in any way: it was all their own doing, their own insistence, their own eccentricity, no doubt, and even, if I liked, their own insanity. Was n't it enough that he was ready to declare to me, looking me straight in the eye, that he was "really and truly" fond of them and that they did n't bore him a mite? I had evidently — did n't I see? — an ideal for him that he was n't at all, if I did n't mind, the fellow to live up to. It was he himself who put it so, and it drew from me the pronouncement that there *was* something irresistible in the refinement of his impudence. "I don't go near Mrs. Jex," he said — Mrs. Jex was their favorite medium: "I do find *her* ugly and vulgar and tiresome, and I hate that part of the business. Besides," he added in words that I afterwards remembered, "I don't require it: I do beautifully without it. But my friends themselves," he pursued, "though they 're of a type you 've never come within miles of, are not ugly, are not vulgar, are not, in any degree whatever, any sort of a 'dose.' They are, on the contrary, in their own unconventional way, the very best company. They 're endlessly amusing. They 're delightfully queer and quaint and kind — they 're like people in some old story or of some old time. It 's at any rate our own affair — mine and theirs — and I beg you to believe that I should make short work of a remonstrance on the subject from any one but you."

I remember saying to him three months later, "You 've never yet told me what they really want of you;" but I 'm afraid this was a form of criticism that occurred to me precisely because I had already begun to guess. By that time, indeed, I had had great initiations,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and poor Lavinia had had them as well, — hers, in fact, throughout, went further than mine — and we had shared them together, and I had settled down to a tolerably exact sense of what I was to see. It was what Lavinia added to it that really made the picture. The portrait of the little dead girl had suggested something charming, though one had not lived so long in the world without hearing of plenty of little dead girls; and the day came when I felt as if I had actually sat with Marmaduke in each of the rooms converted by her parents — with the aid not only of the few small, cherished relics, but that of the fondest figments and fictions, ingenious imaginary mementos and tokens, the unexposed make-believes of the sorrow that broods and the passion that clings — into a temple of grief and worship. The child, incontestably beautiful, had evidently been passionately loved, and in the absence from their lives — I suppose originally a mere accident — of such other elements, either new pleasures or new pains, as abound for most people, their feeling had drawn to itself their whole consciousness: it had become mildly maniacal. The idea was fixed, and it kept others out. The world, for the most part, allows no leisure for such a ritual, but the world had consistently neglected this plain, shy couple, who were sensitive to the wrong things, and whose sincerity and fidelity, as well as their Philistinism, were of a rigid, antique pattern.

I must not represent that either of these young persons, or my attention to their affairs, took up the whole of my life; for I had many claims to meet and many belongings to deal with, a hundred preoccupations and much deeper anxieties. My young woman, on her side, had other contacts and complications — other troubles too, poor girl; and there were stretches of time in which I neither saw Marmaduke nor heard a word of the Dedricks. Once, only once, abroad, in Germany, at a railway station, I met him in their company. They were colorless, commonplace elderly Britons, of the kind you identify by the livery of their footman or the labels of their luggage, and the mere sight of them justified me, to my conscience, in having avoided, from the first, the stiff problem of conversation with them. Marmaduke saw me, on the spot, and came over to me. There was no doubt whatever of *his* vivid bloom. He had grown fat — or almost, but not with grossness — and might perfectly have passed for the handsome, happy, full-blown son of doting parents who could n't let him out of view, and to whom he was a model of respect and solicitude. They followed him with placid, pleased eyes when he joined me, but asking nothing at all for themselves, and quite fitting into his own manner of saying nothing about them. It had its charm, I confess, the way he could be natural and easy, and yet intensely conscious, too, on such a basis. What he was conscious of was that there were things I by this time knew; just as, while we stood there and good-humoredly sounded each other's faces — for, having accepted everything at last, I was only a little curious — I knew that he measured my insight. When he returned again to his doting parents I had to admit that, doting as they were, I felt him not to have been spoiled. It was unexpected, in such a career, but he was rather more of a man. There came back to me with a shade of regret, after I had got, on this occasion, into my train, which was not theirs, a memory of some words that, a couple of years before, I had uttered to poor Lavinia. She had said to me, speaking in reference to what was then our frequent topic, and on some fresh evidence that I have forgotten, "He feels now, you know, about Maud-Evelyn, quite as the old people themselves do."

"Well," I had replied, "it 's only a pity he 's paid for it!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Paid?" She had looked very blank.

"By all the luxuries and conveniences," I had explained, "that he comes in for through living with them. For that's what he practically does."

At present I saw how wrong I had been. He was paid, but paid differently, and the mastered wonder of that was really what had been between us in the waiting-room of the station. Step by step, after this, I followed.

VI.

I can see Lavinia as she came to me in her new mourning the first time after her mother's death. There had been long anxieties connected with this event: and she was already faded — already almost old. But Marmaduke, on her bereavement, had been to her.

"Do you know what he thinks now?" she asked me. "He thinks he knew her."

"Knew the child?" It came to me as if I had half expected it.

"He speaks of her now as if she had n't been a child." My visitor gave me the strangest fixed smile. "It appears that she was n't so young — it appears she had grown up."

I stared. "How can it 'appear'? They *know*, at least! There were the facts."

"Yes," said Lavinia, "but they seem to have come to take a different view of them. He talked to me a long time, and all about *her*. He told me things."

"What kind of things? Not trumpery stuff, I hope, about 'communicating,' — about his seeing or hearing her?"

"Oh no, he does n't go in for that; he leaves it to the old couple, who, I believe, cling to their mediums, keep up their sittings and their rappings, and find in it all a comfort, an amusement, that he does n't grudge them and that he regards as harmless. I mean anecdotes — memories of his own. I mean things she said to him and that they did together — places they went to. His mind is full of them."

I turned it over. "Do you think he 's decidedly mad?"

She shook her head with her bleached confidence. "Oh no, it 's too beautiful."

"Then are *you* taking it up? I mean the preposterous theory" —

"It *is* a theory," she broke in, "but it is n't necessarily preposterous. Any theory has to suppose something," she sagely pursued, "and it depends, at any rate, on what it 's a theory *of*. It 's wonderful to see this one work."

"Wonderful, always, to see the growth of a legend!" I laughed. "This is a rare chance to watch one in formation. They 're all three, in good faith, building it up. Is n't that what you made out from him?"

Her tired face fairly lighted. "Yes — you understand it; and you put it better than I. It 's the gradual effect of spreading out the past; it grows and grows. They make it and make it. They 've persuaded each other — the parents — of so many things that they 've at last also persuaded *him*. It has been contagious."

"It 's you who put it well," I returned. "It 's the oddest thing I ever heard of, but it is, in its way, a reality. Only we must n't speak of it to others."

She quite accepted that precaution. "No — to nobody. *He* does n't. He keeps it only for me."

"Conferring on you thus," I again laughed, "such a precious privilege!"

She was silent a moment, looking away from me. "Well, he has kept his vow."

"You mean of not marrying? Are you very sure?" I asked. "Did n't he perhaps" — But I faltered at the boldness of my joke.

The next moment I saw I need n't. "He *was* in love with her," Lavinia brought out.

I broke now into a peal which, however provoked, struck even my own ear at the moment as rude almost to profanity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He literally tells you outright that he 's making believe?"

She met me effectively enough. "I don't think he *knows* he is. He 's just completely in the current."

"The current of the old people's twaddle?"

Again my companion hesitated; but she knew what she thought. "Well, whatever we call it, I like it. It is n't so common, as the world goes, for any one — let alone for two or three — to feel and to care for the dead as much as that. It 's self-deception, no doubt, but it comes from something that — well," she faltered again, "is beautiful when one does hear of it. They make her out older, so as to imagine they had her longer; and they make out that certain things really happened to her, so that she shall have had more life. They 've invented a whole experience for her, and Marmaduke has become a part of it. There 's one thing, above all, they want her to have had." My young friend's face, as she analyzed the mystery, fairly grew bright with her vision. It came to me with a faint dawn of awe that the attitude of the Dedricks *was* contagious. "And she did have it!" Lavinia declared.

I positively admired her, and if I could yet perfectly be rational without being ridiculous, it was really, more than anything else, to draw from her the whole image. "She had the bliss of knowing Marmaduke? Let us agree to it, then, since she 's not here to contradict us. But what I don't get over is the scant material for *him!*" It may easily be conceived how little, for the moment, I could get over it. It was the last time my impatience was to be too much for me, but I remember how it broke out. "A man who might have had *you!*"

For an instant I feared I had upset her, — thought I saw in her face the tremor of a wild wail. But poor Lavinia was magnificent. "It was n't that he might have had 'me,' — that 's nothing: it was, at the most, that I might have had *him.* Well, is n't that just what has happened? He 's mine from the moment no one else has him. I give up the past, but don't you see what it does for the rest of life? I 'm surer than ever that he won't marry."

"Of course, he won't — to quarrel, with those people!"

For a minute she answered nothing; then, "Well, for whatever reason!" she simply said. Now, however, I had drawn from her a couple of still tears, and I pushed away the whole obscure comedy.

VII.

I might push it away, but I could n't really get rid of it; nor, on the whole, doubtless, did I want to, for to have in one's life, year after year, a particular question or two that one could n't comfortably and impressively make up one's mind about was just the sort of thing to keep one from turning stupid. There had been little need of my imposing reserve upon Lavinia: she obeyed, in respect to impenetrable silence save with myself, an instinct, an interest of her own. We never, therefore, gave poor Marmaduke, as you call it, "away;" we were much too tender, let alone that she was also too proud; and, for himself, evidently, there was not, to the end, in London, another person in his confidence. No echo of the queer part he played ever came back to us; and I can't tell you how this fact, just by itself, brought home to me little by little a sense of the charm he was under. I met him "out" at long intervals — met him usually at dinner. He had grown like a person with a position and a history. Rosy and rich-looking — fat, moreover, distinctly fat at last; there was almost in him something of the bland — yet not too bland — young head of an hereditary business. If the Dedricks had been bankers, he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might have been their hope. There was, none the less, a long middle stretch during which, though we were all so much in London, he dropped out of my talks with Lavinia. We were conscious, she and I, of his absence from them; but we clearly felt, in each quarter, that there are things, after all, unspeakable, and the fact, at all events, had nothing to do with her seeing or not seeing our friend. I was sure, as it happened, that she did see him. But there were moments that, for myself, still stand out.

One of these was a certain Sunday afternoon, when it was so dismally wet that, taking for granted I should have no visitors, I had drawn up to the fire with a book — a successful novel of the day — that I promised myself comfortably to finish. Suddenly, in my absorption, I heard a firm rat-tat-tat; on which I remember giving a groan of inhospitality. But my visitor proved, in due course, Marmaduke, and Marmaduke proved — in a manner even less, at the point we had reached, to have been counted on — still more attaching than my novel. I think it was only an accident that he became so; it would have been the turn of a hair either way. He had n't come to speak — he had only come to talk, to show once more that we could continue good old friends without his speaking. But, somehow, there were the circumstances: the insidious fireside, the things in the room, with their reminders of his younger time; perhaps even too the open face of my book, looking at him from where I had laid it down for him, and giving him a chance to feel that he could supersede Wilkie Collins. There was at all events a promise of intimacy, of opportunity for him, in the cold lash of the windows by the storm. We should be alone; it was cosy; it was safe.

The action of these impressions was the more marked that what was touched by them, I afterwards saw, was not at all a desire for an effect — was just simply a spirit of happiness that needed to overflow. It had finally become too much for him. His past, rolling up year after year, had grown too interesting. But he was, all the same, directly stupefying. I forget what turn of our preliminary gossip brought it out, but it came, in explanation of something or other, as it had not yet come: "When a man has had for a few months what *I* had, you know!" The moral appeared to be that nothing in the way of human experience of the exquisite could again particularly matter. He saw, however, that I failed immediately to fit his reflection to a definite case, and he went on with the frankest smile: "You look as bewildered as if you suspected me of alluding to some sort of thing that is n't usually spoken of; but I assure you I mean nothing more reprehensible than our blessed engagement itself."

"Your blessed engagement?" I could n't help the tone in which I took him up; but the way he disposed of that was something of which I feel to this hour the influence. It was only a look, but it put an end to my tone forever. It made me, on my side, after an instant, look at the fire — look hard, and even turn a little red. During this moment I saw my alternatives, and I chose; so that when I met his eyes again I was fairly ready. "You still feel," I asked with sympathy, "how much it did for you?"

I had no sooner spoken than I saw that that would be, from that moment, the right way. It instantly made all the difference. The only question would be whether I could keep it up. I remember that only a few minutes later, for instance, this question gave a flare. His reply had been abundant and imperturbable — had included some glance at the way death brings into relief even the faintest things that have preceded it; on which I felt myself suddenly as restless as if I had grown afraid of him. I got up to ring for tea; he went on talking

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

— talking about Maud-Evelyn and what she had been for him; and when the servant had come up I prolonged, nervously, on purpose, the order I had wished to give. It made time, and I could speak to the footman sufficiently without thinking: what I thought of really was the risk of turning right round with a little outbreak. The temptation was strong; the same influences that had worked for my companion just worked, in their way, during that minute or two, for me. *Should* I, taking him unaware, flash at him a frank "I say, just settle it for me once for all. *Are* you the boldest and basest of fortune-hunters, or have you only, more innocently and perhaps more pleasantly, suffered your brain slightly to soften"? But I missed the chance — which I did n't, in fact, afterwards, regret. My servant went out, and I faced again to my visitor, who continued to converse. I met his eyes once more, and their effect was repeated. If anything had happened to his brain, this effect was perhaps the domination of the madman's stare. Well, he was the easiest and gentlest of madmen. By the time the footman came back with tea I was in for it; I was in for everything. By "everything" I mean my whole subsequent treatment of the case. It *was* — the case was — really beautiful. So, like all the rest, the hour comes back to me: the sound of the wind and the rain; the look of the empty, ugly, cabless square and of the stormy spring light; the way that, uninterrupted and absorbed, we had tea together by my fire. So it was that he found me receptive, and that I found myself able to look merely grave and kind when he said, for example, "Her father and mother, you know, really, that first day — the day they picked me up on the Splügen — recognized me as the proper one."

"The proper one?"

"To make their son-in-law. They wanted her so," he went on, "to have had, don't you know, just everything."

"Well, if she did have it," — I tried to be cheerful — "is n't the whole thing, then, all right?"

"Oh, it 's all right *now*," he replied — "now that we 've got it all there before us. You see, they could n't like me so much" — he wished me thoroughly to understand — "without wanting me to have been the man."

"I see — that was natural."

"Well," said Marmaduke, "it prevented the possibility of any one else."

"Ah, that would never have done!" I laughed.

His own pleasure at it was impenetrable, splendid. "You see, they could n't do much, the old people — and they can do still less now — with the future; so they had to do what they could with the past."

"And they seem to have done," I concurred, "remarkably much."

"Everything, simply. Everything," he repeated. Then he had an idea, though without insistence or importunity — I saw it just flicker in his face. "If you *were* to come to Westbourne Terrace" —

"Oh, don't speak of that!" I broke in. "It would n't be decent now. I should have come, if at all, ten years ago."

But he saw, with his good humor, further than this. "I see what you mean. But there 's much more in the place now than then."

"I dare say. People get new things. All the same" — I was at bottom but resisting my curiosity.

Marmaduke did n't press me, but he wanted me to know. "There are our rooms — the whole set; and I don't believe you ever saw anything more charming, for *her* taste was extraordinary. I 'm afraid, too, that I myself have had much to say to them." Then as he saw that I was again a little at sea, "I 'm talking," he went on, "of the suite prepared for her marriage." He "talked" like a crown-prince. "They were ready, to the last touch — there was nothing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more to be done. And they 're just as they were — not an object moved, not an arrangement altered, not a person but ourselves coming in: they 're only exquisitely kept. All our presents are there — I should have liked you to see them."

It had become a torment by this time — I saw that I had made a mistake. But I carried it off. "Oh, I could n't have borne it!"

"They 're not sad," he smiled — "they 're too lovely for that. They 're happy. And the things" — He seemed, in the excitement of our talk, to have them before him.

"They 're so very wonderful?"

"Oh, selected with a patience that makes them almost priceless. It 's really a museum. There was nothing they thought too good for her."

I had lost the museum, but I reflected that it could contain no object so rare as my visitor. "Well, you 've helped them — you could do *that*."

He quite eagerly assented. "I could do that, thank God, — I could do that! I felt it from the first, and it 's what I *have* done." Then as if the connection were direct, "All *my* things are there."

I thought a moment. "Your presents?"

"Those I made her. She loved each one, and I remember, about each, the particular thing she said. Though I do say it," he continued, "none of the others, as a matter of fact, come near mine. I look at them every day, and I assure you I 'm not ashamed." Evidently, in short, he had spared nothing, and he talked on and on. He really quite swaggered.

VIII.

In relation to times and intervals I can only recall that if this visit of his to me had been in the early spring, it was one day in the late autumn — a day, which could n't have been in the same year, with the difference of hazy, drowsy sunshine and brown and yellow leaves — that, taking a short cut across Kensington Gardens, I came, among the untrodden ways, upon a couple occupying chairs under a tree, who immediately rose at the sight of me. I had been behind them at recognition, the fact that Marmaduke was in deep mourning having perhaps, so far as I had observed it, misled me. In my desire both not to look flustered at meeting them and to spare their own confusion, I bade them again be seated, and asked leave, as a third chair was at hand, to share a little their rest. Thus it befell that after a minute Lavinia and I had sat down, while our friend, who had looked at his watch, stood before us among the fallen foliage and remarked that he was sorry to have to leave us. Lavinia said nothing, but I expressed regret; I could n't, however, as it struck me, without a false or a vulgar note, speak as if I had interrupted a tender passage or separated a pair of lovers. But I could look him up and down and note his deep mourning. He had not made, for going off, any other pretext than that his time was up and that he was due at home. "Home," with him now had but one meaning: I knew him to be completely quartered in Westbourne Terrace. "I hope nothing has happened," I said — "that you 've lost no one whom *I* know."

Marmaduke looked at my companion, and she looked at Marmaduke. "He has lost his wife," she then observed.

Oh, this time, I fear, I had a small quaver of brutality; but it was at him I directed it. "Your wife? I did n't know you had *had* a wife!"

"Well," he replied, positively gay in his black suit, his black gloves, his high hatband, "the more we live in the past, the more things we find in it. That 's a literal fact. You would see the truth of it if your life had taken such a turn."

"*I* live in the past," Lavinia put in gently and as if to help us both.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"But with the result, my dear," I returned, "of not making, I hope, discoveries!" It seemed absurd to be afraid to be light.

"May none of her discoveries be more fatal than mine!" Marmaduke was n't uproarious, but his treatment of the matter had the good taste of brightness. "They 've wanted it so for her," he continued to me wonderfully, "that we 've at last seen our way to it — I mean to what Lavinia has mentioned." He hesitated but three seconds — he brought it brightly out. "Maud-Evelyn had *all* her young happiness."

I stared, but Lavinia was, in her peculiar manner, as brilliant. "The marriage *did* take place," she quietly, stupendously explained to me.

Well, I was determined not to be left. "So you 're a widower," I gravely asked, "and these are the signs?"

"Yes; I shall wear them always now."

"But is n't it late to have begun?"

My question had been stupid, I felt the next instant; but it did n't matter — he was quite equal to the occasion. "Oh, I had to wait, you know, till all the facts about my marriage had given me the right." And he looked at his watch again. "Excuse me — I *am* due. Good-by, good-by." He shook hands with each of us, and as we sat there together watching him walk away I was struck with his admirable manner of looking the character. I felt, indeed, as our eyes followed him, that we were at one on this, and I said nothing till he was out of sight. Then, by the same impulse, we turned to each other.

"I thought he was never to marry!" I exclaimed to my friend.

Her fine wasted face met me gravely. "He is n't — ever. He 'll be still more faithful."

"Faithful, this time, to whom?"

"Why, to Maud-Evelyn." I said nothing — I only checked an ejaculation; but I put out a hand and took one of hers, and for a minute we kept silence. "Of course it 's only an idea," she began again at last, "but it seems to me a beautiful one." Then she continued resignedly and remarkably: "And now *they* can die."

"Mr. and Mrs. Dedrick?" I pricked up my ears. "Are they dying?"

"Not quite, but the old lady, it appears, is failing, steadily weakening; less, as I understand it, from any definite ailment than because she just feels her work done and her little sum of passion, as Marmaduke calls it, spent. Fancy, with her convictions, all her reasons for wanting to die! And if she goes, he says, Mr. Dedrick won't long linger. It will be quite 'John Anderson my jo.'"

"Keeping her company down the hill, to lie beside her at the foot?"

"Yes, having settled all things."

I turned these things over as we walked away, and how they had settled them — for Maud-Evelyn's dignity and Marmaduke's high advantage; and before we parted that afternoon — we had taken a cab in the Bayswater Road and she had come home with me — I remember saying to her, "Well, then, when they die won't he be free?"

She seemed scarce to understand. "Free?"

"To do what he likes."

She wondered. "But he does what he likes now."

"Well, then, what *you* like!"

"Oh, you know what *I* like" —

Ah, I closed her mouth! "You like to tell horrid fibs — yes, I know it!"

What she had then put before me, however, came in time to pass: I heard in the course of the next year of Mrs. Dedrick's extinction, and some months later, without, during the interval, having seen a sign of Marmaduke, wholly taken up with his bereaved patron, learned that her husband had touchingly followed her. I was out of England at the time; we had had to put into practice great economies and let our little place; so that, spending three win-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ters successively in Italy, I devoted the periods between, at home, altogether to visits among people, mainly relatives, to whom these friends of mine were not known. Lavinia of course wrote to me — wrote, among many things, that Marmaduke was ill, and had not seemed at all himself since the loss of his "family," and this in spite of the circumstance, which she had already promptly communicated, that they had left him, by will, "almost everything." I knew before I came back to remain that she now saw him often, and, to the extent of the change that had overtaken his strength and his spirits, greatly ministered to him. As soon as we at last met I asked for news of him; to which she replied, "He 's gradually going." Then, on my surprise, "He has had his life."

"You mean that, as he said of Mrs. Dedrick, his sum of passion is spent?"

At this she turned away. "You 've never understood."

I *had*, I conceived; and when I went subsequently to see him, I was moreover sure. But I only said to Lavinia, on this first occasion, that I would immediately go; which was precisely what brought out the climax, as I feel it to be, of my story. "He 's not now, you know," she turned round to admonish me, "in Westbourne Terrace. He has taken a little old house in Kensington."

"Then he has n't kept the things?"

"He has kept everything." She looked at me still more as if I had never understood.

"You mean he has moved them?"

She was patient with me. "He has moved nothing. Everything is as it was, and kept with the same perfection."

I wondered. "But if he does n't live there?"

"It 's just what he *does*."

"Then how can he be in Kensington?"

She hesitated, but she had still more than her old grasp of it. "He 's in Kensington — without living."

"You mean that at the other place" —

"He spends most of his time. He 's driven over there every day, — he remains there for hours. He keeps it for that."

"I see — it 's still the museum."

"It 's still the temple!" Lavinia replied with positive austerity.

"Then why did he move?"

"Because, you see, there" — she faltered again — "I could come to him. And he wants me," she said with admirable simplicity.

Little by little I took it in. "After the death of the parents even, you never went?"

"Never."

"So you have n't seen anything?"

"Anything of hers? Nothing."

I understood, I understood, but I won't deny that I was disappointed: I had hoped for an account of his wonders, and I immediately felt that it would n't be for me to take a step that she had declined. When, a short time later, I saw them together in Kensington Square — there were certain hours of the day that she regularly spent with him — I observed that everything about him was new, handsome and simple. They were, in their strange, final union — if union it could be called, — very natural and very touching; but he was visibly stricken — he had his malady in his eyes. She moved about him like a sister of charity — at all events like a sister. He was neither robust nor rosy now, nor was his attention visibly very present, and I wondered, privately and fancifully, where it wandered and waited. But poor Marmaduke was a gentleman to the end — he wasted away with an excellent manner. He died twelve days ago; the will was opened; and last week, having meanwhile heard from her of its contents, I saw Lavinia. He leaves her everything that he himself had inherited. But she spoke of it all in a way that made me say in surprise, "You have n't yet been to the house?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Not yet. I've only seen the solicitors, who tell me there will be no complications."

There was something in her manner that made me go on. "Then you're not curious to see what's there?"

She looked at me with a troubled — almost a pleading — sense, which I understood; and presently she said, "Will you go with me?"

"Some day, with pleasure — but not the first time. You must go alone then. The 'relics' that you'll find there," I added — for I had read her look — "you must think of now not as *hers*" —

"But as *his*?"

"Is n't that what his death — with his so close relation to them — has made them for you?"

Her face lighted — I saw it was a view she could thank me for putting into words. "I see — I see. They *are* his. I'll go."

She went, and three days ago she came to me. They're really marvels, it appears, treasures extraordinary, and she has them all. Next week I go with her — I shall see them at last. Tell *you* about them, you say? My dear man, everything.

Henry James.

THE CONSULAR SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

I.

As our mechanical industries have developed in importance, new interest has been aroused in commercial representation. The diplomatic service — in spite of a certain inherent mystery — has always been very well known. The instinct of politics, so highly developed, and the practice of sending to foreign capitals a few public men of high character and attainments have contributed to this. The great number of consuls, the systems of appointment and direction, the ignorance of foreign commerce, and the consequent dominance of domestic interests have made the service confusing. At the same time, newspaper editors, politicians, diplomatists, subordinates in the Department of State, business men, and members of commercial bodies have written or spoken about this service with little warrant in knowledge for what they said, and without bringing conspicuous enlightenment to those who attempted to follow them.

A consul may not write about the service while in it, — in spite of a presumption that experience ought to give him some insight. When he retires he is apt to keep his own counsel, although he might contribute something of value or interest. In making myself an exception, I may perhaps say without vanity that early in an active journalistic and public career I was brought into relation with the service as an observer, which aroused interest was maintained until I was assigned, without personal effort, to a post not without importance, — the consulate in Birmingham. Five years' service rendered with such energy and ability as I had, added to study and observation, during this time, of our own and other systems, may not entirely disqualify me from having and expressing an opinion on some of its phases. Having passed this time without clash with the department, I have neither favors to repay nor grudges to feed, so that my criticism will be wholly public, in motive as well as in purpose. After two years of private life, one may perhaps escape the reproach of speaking evil of dignities, even if every word he says is not couched in the language of compliment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I. WHAT THE SERVICE IS: THE CONSUL AT HIS POST.

Our consular service is more completely commercial, with fewer diplomatic functions, than that of any other important country. It deals with gain, property, and public revenue, and has only a slight relation to the rights or the protection of persons. It concerns both buying and selling, and the consul who does not recognize that one cannot go on without the other does not know the alphabet of the business intrusted to his care. In promoting the interchange of products, he will find that he must advise a merchant or manufacturer at his post as freely and frankly as one from his own country. An industrious mechanic or farmer seeking to emigrate may be just as important to his country as a home workman who goes out to set up American machinery. A working woman may need consular advice when she enters the port of New York to take up domestic service quite as much as a woman from home who is in search of a truant husband.

The claim is commonly made that a consul should be examined to find out how much he knows of foreign countries. This is of the slightest importance. He needs rather to know the institutions, laws, history, people, geography, politics, and public men of his own country. That given, he will soon absorb the necessary information about the country to which he is accredited, even if the treaty of Westphalia is strange to him, or he does not know how many soldiers fell in some Napoleonic battle. This comprehensive knowledge, it may be admitted, is not always found in petty ward politicians, professional labor agitators, or rural newspaper editors, who are nothing more; or in reporters, whose lives have been devoted to accounts of fires and murders; or in petty business men, who do not understand their own callings; or in those prosperous foreigners, sometimes found, whose loftiest ambition is to air their new-made importance in their birthplaces.

According to the register of the Department of State, the consular service of the United States is made up as follows: consuls general and salaried consuls, 234; commercial agents, salaried, 10; minor salaried consuls, 10; consuls, paid by fees, 48; commercial agents, paid by fees, 20: total 322. The last three classes may engage in business, as their fees and allowances amount to less than $1000 a year. Vice consuls, consular agents, and clerks are not included. Although an occasional vice consul is sent from home, as a rule they are residents of the foreign district.

The remuneration of the higher grades in salaries and unofficial fees — as nearly as they may be estimated owing to defects in the returns — is as follows: consuls receiving over $5000 per annum, 16; over $4000, 14; over $3000, 54; over $2500, 18. This gives a total of 102 among whom there is no great difference in rank, work, responsibility, or qualities demanded, and whose average pay is something like $3500 a year.

As comparison is constantly made with the British service, I have compiled from the Foreign Office list, and insert here, somewhat out of its order, the following: consuls receiving over $10,000 per annum, 10; over $5000, 28; over $4000, 56; over $3500, 13; over $3000, 35; over $2000, 25: total, 167. The $10-000 class are mainly diplomatic agencies; so I exclude these from comparison. This done, the average of the classes fairly correspondent with our own works out at about $3750. It is impossible to attain absolute accuracy, because retired army officers retain certain allowances, the pay being thereby reduced. According to this comparison, the United States government is not so niggardly as is sometimes charged, so far as its principal places are concerned.

Once at his post, the consul soon learns

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its merely routine duties: how to examine and sign invoices; to verify legal documents; to read, even though he may not understand, department circulars, — as well as what he must do for himself, and what he may trust to subordinates. He very soon discovers that most of his duties lie beyond the cognizance of a department. He will be wise to recognize that he represents all the commercial interests of his country; that his politics were shed at Sandy Hook; and that he is not a specialist in metals, chemicals, or textiles. If wise, he will not turn detective at the bidding of the departments or any manufacturing interest.

In social matters his position depends entirely upon himself. He can enter the circle for which he is fitted. He can come into close personal relations with the best public, professional, business, educational, and religious elements in his district. In order to do this, he needs only the same tact, intelligence, and dignity of character demanded or used at home. He must keep clear of sects, whether in politics or religion. If he can make a prudent speech, it will be still easier and pleasanter for him; if he has literary or musical tastes, his path will be made smoother. If he is inclined to sports or games, from cock-fighting to golf, from shooting at a mark to a battue; if he likes a game of poker, or racing, or has fast tastes of any kind; if he revels in sectarianism, whatever its form, he can always find congenial company and win a place in it. I have known an important consulate where, for several successive administrations, the incumbent was never seen in good houses or in association with good causes. I have known of another where, during a ten years' residence, the incumbent preached for a fee of two or three guineas when he could get an engagement, on Sunday or any other day. In the one case as in the other, the office was as much vacant as if no man had been sent to it. I have known other consulates where, for three or four successive administrations, the incumbents made it their business to screw out as much money as they could, to accept no attentions requiring a return of courtesies, — a miserliness characteristic of those who never had a chance before, and expect never to have another. As a rule, the consul who saves money — outside such prize places as London, Liverpool, Paris, Hamburg, and Bremen — is viewed with suspicion by his colleagues. On an average, about two out of the twenty-five consuls whom each administration sends to England take back money with them, by such parsimony as I have described. Consuls general in London, and consuls in other large cities, have lived during all their term in very shabby lodgings, but they are the exceptions; plain, sensible living, without display, being the rule. Out of a hundred and fifty consuls I have known, during or after their service in fifteen or twenty countries, there have probably been ten or fifteen of the miserly type. Of rogues and adventurers, who have gone home leaving debts to tradesmen and acquaintances, or overdrafts at banks, I have perhaps heard of fifteen during more than twenty years' acquaintance with the service. However, I have not set out to write a history of black sheep.

Now and then a consul resents his office, really quarreling with his bread and butter. Such an one is opposed to any other country than America, and is usually of foreign birth. He has merely sought the office to show the people of his native country how to do things. Such a man looks upon every invoice he signs as the robbery of somebody at home, and goes through his term lecturing the foreign manufacturer upon his effrontery in sending across the water articles that could be made by American labor.

Much useful information is furnished to home manufacturers, and I regret to say that it is not always appreciated; in many cases, not even acknowledged.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No one would think of making a charge for it; but many persons at home have yet to learn that there is such a thing as good manners in business. The secretaries of public bodies and debating clubs, the managers of college publication societies, newspaper editors, college professors, and students of comparative politics, are continually and properly asking for information. It would be impossible to exaggerate their courtesy or their generous appreciation of the small favors thus rendered. Chiefs of police and other officials of cities and towns are most considerate, when the consul, desirous of helping some poor person who is in search of a lost relative, or an inheritance, or a runaway husband, must, in his turn, seek assistance. So, while, as a business representative, he finds bad manners and want of appreciation, his extra-official duties reveal other and better qualities.

The official work is comparatively simple, exacting enough to fill the ordinary office hours, while the indefinite unofficial duties require industry. The man who does all these cheerfully and lives with modesty and dignity, who is neither neglectful nor self-seeking, will become a sort of ambassador to his district, and may even be favorably known outside of it, in literary, religious, or social life.

II. THE PRESIDENT'S RELATION TO THE SERVICE.

When a President is elected he finds more than three hundred consuls already in office. If his party comes newly to power, all, with the exception of perhaps twenty, are opposed to him in politics. If he succeeds a President of his own opinions, they represent, in a large measure, his predecessor's plans, schemes, and political debts. There are no rules to hamper him, and for each place there are probably a hundred candidates. Owing to the exaggerated idea about its pay and dignity and the cheapness of living abroad, foreign service has a peculiar fascination for the average American and his wife, to which must be added social and business aspirations, mainly delusive.

The manager who succeeded to the control of a concern with branches all over the world, would probably have little more personal knowledge of the men under him than a President has of consuls. His first work, however, this being the business of his life, would be to obtain the most complete information about the length of service and the fitness of each man on his staff; but no President, however willing or anxious he might be, could do this. The appointment of consuls is only an infinitely small part of his duties; besides, there is an unbroken tradition that their places are political or personal, and he cannot change this in a single branch of the public service, even if time and inclination both permitted. So he follows the fashion, and treats the consulates as party spoils. The efficiency or inefficiency of one or a hundred incumbents is nothing to him. In some cases, the most important places are promised, provisionally, before his election, and more — probably the majority of those worth having — weeks before his inauguration, before even his Secretary of State has been selected.

A certain proportion of the best places are filled from his own knowledge or upon the advice of his personal or political associates, though never without reference to party services, rendered or expected. When he enters the Executive Mansion removals go on mechanically, and successors are appointed as rapidly as possible. He must carry the work through with little help from any department, because, like the making of broth, there is a certain unity required in the process. However, willing helpers are on hand in plenty. Senators, Representatives, chairmen and members of a succession of party committees, influential and ambitious public men, are there, ready to send a rival into exile

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or reward a useful friend. Cases have even been known of men who were willing to promote their own ambitions!

The President must see candidates and their patrons, fit in one claim with another, reconcile the demands of political geography, and do the best he can according to his lights. In fact, he does everything, except pretend that he likes the job. He has little time to think. With all his other duties, public and party, he is expected to fill about two hundred consular places within the first four months of his term. As there are no charges against incumbents, and few apply for retention, removals do not concern him. His duty is to consider applications for appointment. The incumbent has no warning or notice. Why should he have, when he may read in a newspaper, perhaps days afterward, that such and such a man has been appointed? The details are nominally in the hands of a sort of whipping-boy in the department, — generally the assistant secretary, — who issues the commissions, sees that bonds are filed and instructions given, notifies the incumbents, in due time, and requests foreign governments to grant exequaturs. As a reward for this, the public and the disappointed assume that everything has been done by him, and he gets whatever odium there is. He generally stands this for about a year, and then retires in disgust, to shake off as he can the reputation of political executioner. It is a case of having the name without the game.

Sometimes consuls are retained in office; generally, only those in small places where the pressure is not severe. This sometimes conciliates, rather cheaply, the chairman or members of the foreign committees. In a few cases — enough during three or four administrations to employ the fingers of one hand in counting them — incumbents are retained in important places, for a long period; but the instance has yet to be found in which this was due wholly to recognized fitness. The useful men thus retained have had supporters, conspicuous in politics, generally in both parties, who have made it part of their business to muster influence for their favorites. Although these cases are often cited as examples of civil service reform, — oases of merit in a desert of spoils, — they are in reality the most flagrant triumphs of the spoilsman's art. In still more instances, such methods have kept in office men who, not merely useless, were a disgrace to the country and to any President. Those who enter the service are naturally in sympathy with the system of appointments and removals, each man recognizing that as some one was displaced to give him a chance, he must not expect any other treatment when the fortune of war turns. As a result, the hold-over is regarded with distrust by his new colleagues, and with contempt by his old ones, because of the methods necessary to assure retention.

The following example will serve as illustration. Early in the present administration, the Republican members of Congress from a Western state of importance met and preferred claims to a consul for each district; all to be appointed upon the formal recommendation of the United States Senator. They did not pick out individual posts, with a man of special fitness for each; both Congressman and candidates knew their business too well to make it other than a wholesale job. The candidates were chosen at random, according to personal influence, or party importance, or the relative value of the places. At last every district save one had its representative abroad. In this one, every plan short of advertising had been tried, for more than a year, to get a man for a small place in France. Finally, a lawyer in a remote village agreed to accept it. He was nominated, confirmed, and sailed for his post, without any notice whatever to his predecessor, from the President or the department, of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appointment. His arrival, with commission and order for possession, was the first notice to an incumbent whose retention had been promised. The new official had probably not thought of France since he recited his geography lesson thirty years before in some district school, while his manner gave the impression that he had first heard the name of the town to which he had come, when appointed as its consul.

The result is best when the President sends men known to himself and his inner circle — personal appointments so-called. This means that some one has a knowledge of the character and attainments of the candidate as well as some regard for his own reputation. Most of the really useful and able men who get into the foreign service, either in the diplomatic or the consular branch, are so chosen. The recommendations of party Senators, Representatives, or managers have no direct reference to fitness; perhaps not more than one in seven turns out fairly well, so that nobody concerned can be credited with even the most ordinary business prudence. This kind of appointment is a lottery, with a half dozen blanks to each prize.

It is easy to assume that a service thus filled must be wholly corrupt and inefficient. Perhaps it ought to be so. But, taken as a whole, considering the incongruous elements in the services of other countries, our service, so filled, reaches a good average of efficiency, higher than that of most countries. The adaptability of the American to new, strange work is a quality upon which too much emphasis is sometimes laid; still, it must be taken into account. It is well to remember that the method of selection herein described runs through every branch of public life; that practically we know no other method. Besides, ninety-five out of every hundred of the responsible places in business or professions are filled upon somebody's recommendation. There is a proneness to forget that while such methods are as universal as they are natural, they are also human and illustrative of unselfishness and kindliness, and that it is the abuse of them which brings reprobation.

With all these drawbacks, two thirds of the consulates of dignity and fair pay, and say one tenth of the remainder, — about a hundred all told, — are filled by lawyers, physicians, editors, professors, bankers, and business men of ability and unquestioned standing. Far from home or effective supervision, these pass through their term with dignity and with credit to themselves and the country, without assertiveness or loss of character, and spend a larger proportion of their pay, whatever this may be, for the public benefit than officials at home or their colleagues from other countries. Occasionally, one seeks to attract attention in society, or has himself and his wife presented at court; but fools are not confined to this service, nor do they all live in or come from the United States.

Nevertheless, these methods of appointment and removal are so essentially vicious as to be beyond defense. They send abroad during every four-year period more bad, useless, and inefficient men than ought to find admission into the whole foreign service in half a century of wise, prudent, and centralized selection. That the result is not so bad as it might be is a striking illustration of the American luck which has so long been proverbial.

No description of these methods should leave the impression, even by implication, that any recent President has used the foreign service for personal ends. Such an implication would be unjust and without warrant. In filling consular places there is thrown upon the Executive a responsibility which does not belong to home offices, where the public hold Senators and Representatives to account. In message after message, beginning in 1885, and continuing until

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the end of his last term, Mr. Cleveland implored Congress to reform the system, and reduce the number of appointments; and with fewer opportunities, Mr. Harrison did the same. It is only fair to assert the belief that both introduced very considerable improvements. When public sentiment has become strong enough to force through Congress an effective revision of the laws, it will be time to hold the President responsible for bad conditions.

III. HOW CONGRESS HAS DEALT WITH THE SERVICE.

Few branches of the public service have been less understood or more neglected by Congress than this. The system has been only slightly modified since 1856, when there was a sort of recasting or codification of the laws relating to it, only minor amendments having since been made from time to time. During the civil war it proved an additional diplomatic resource, while its value as spoils was also demonstrated. It furnished a few lucrative posts which could be bestowed upon the men next below cabinet or diplomatic rank. In the earlier days, its places were conceded to the President, his advisers and friends; but when it became larger, Senators and Representatives found that they could command a share. Public men thus lost sight of its usefulness as a branch of the service, — as something having defects to be remedied, — and acquired another and a purely private interest in it, as individuals. Its abuses were thus emphasized rather than corrected, so that no reorganization upon large lines has been attempted.

The committees of foreign affairs of the two houses have not been so constituted, during recent years, that anything effective could be hoped from them. Probably no member of them — whether in the majority or in the minority — who has been long enough in Congress to command it — has not a protégé in the foreign service, either diplomatic or consular, or in the Department of State. The abolition of an office however useless, the correction of an abuse however flagrant, is thus made next to impossible.

During the past six years bills providing for some changes in the laws have been introduced by Senators Lodge and Morgan. They have been reported favorably to the Senate and thrown out upon a point of order, — something their authors might have foreseen. They betrayed only a slight comprehension of the real needs of the service. While their authors were zealous reformers when an opposition President was in office, their zeal had slept when this President's predecessor used the consular service despitefully, and disappeared when another came into office and employed the power of removal more ruthlessly than it had ever been employed before.

The ideas in these bills have now been embodied in a new one introduced by Representative Adams, who for a short time was in the diplomatic service, a place which, like everything in his public career, was creditably filled. In all of them provision is made for different classes, ranging from consuls general to consular agents; but an anomalous feature is the inclusion of secretaries and attachés of embassies and legations in a bill dealing with the commercial service. They provide for appointment to classes, not to individual posts, and the President is given power to promote from lower to higher grades. The fees known as notarial are to be paid to the government. Consuls general, of two classes, at salaries of $6000 and $5000 respectively; consuls, of two classes, at salaries of $4000 and $2500 respectively; and vice consuls, of three classes, at salaries of $1800, $1500, and $1200 respectively, are provided for, as are consular agents, to be paid by fees. No attempt is made to schedule the places or to define the principle upon which the classification shall be made, while

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the usual vicious plan of leaving all details to the department is adopted. The bills do not reduce the number of consulates, nor recognize the central control in the department. Provision is made for admission by examinations so simple that not even the merest spoilsman could be kept out. The President is thus left free to appoint and promote his own partisans out of those who pass, — just as he does under the sham system now in operation for certain grades of consuls under the order of September 30, 1895. He is free to remove incumbents, no period of tenure being fixed. The minimum age for admission is twenty-one years, — which, under our laws, seems to be a somewhat useless definition.

These bills have been introduced without special knowledge or intelligent department assistance, nor are there any indications that public sentiment was or is behind them, and they have produced no alternative suggestions of value. More attention has been given to imitations of other countries than to a careful and comprehensive study of the needs of our own. The method of appointment, being the obvious abuse, one that anybody can see, is the only feature that has proved equally attractive to all these legislators. Something more than this perfunctory work will be necessary before a law can be passed which would change a bad system into a good one.

IV. TREATMENT IN THE DEPARTMENT.

In theory, the Secretary of State appoints consuls and supervises their work; in practice, he does neither. Even when the head of the department was chosen wholly for ability and political experience the office was usually a consolation prize, given to the candidate for President who had failed. He had little occasion to know anything about the consular work, assigned to his department. He was seldom an expert in commercial matters, a politician of such qualifications finding his way to the head of the Treasury Department. Of late, many of the traditions about the Department of State have been broken down. Its head, like his Cabinet associates, has become a sort of chief clerk to the President, assigned to the control of a department. A public man of the old, high type sometimes gets into the office, though he seldom stays long. In the last two administrations and the present one, the country has seen there some strange figures, whose description in detail would be superfluous, and might be thought rude. It is not unfair to say that they had no knowledge of a branch of the public service which sends, every four years, more than three hundred officials into all parts of the world.

As the direction of the consular service does not rest with the head of the Department of State, it may be well to try to locate it. For the first twelve or fifteen months of each administration the assistant secretary devotes most of his time to the sharpening of the official guillotine for the President's use. He has little leisure for learning his business, and even if he had, the consular branch belongs to him only in form.

For many years the second-assistant secretaryship has been in the hands of two thoroughly efficient and useful men, who have coached successive presidents, secretaries, and assistants. Custodians of manners, past masters in that remarkable system of etiquette inseparable from diplomatic functions, they have been permanent officials in all but name. If they were so inclined, and if it were their business to give attention to the consular service, other duties would not permit.

This brings us to the third-assistant secretaryship — a mysterious office, of which it is never possible to know, week by week, who is the incumbent. Three Secretaries of State and as many assistants are generally required to carry an average administration through its term; about four third assistants are disposed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of. These are of three types. Now and then a man of real ability and fitness comes in, only to escape as soon as possible from the unfamiliar atmosphere of red tape. Two such men are now filling, with acceptability, professorial chairs in our oldest universities. Then there is the rich young man who needs this place to give him social position at home. He soon retires, having attained his object, and, except the old-fashioned people who believe in real work, nobody is disappointed. The third type is the glorified department clerk who, by a harmless euphuism, is said to have worked his way up. Having made himself useful to many raw secretaries, he at last finds one who is grateful enough to put him into authority over three hundred officials, many of whom occupy more dignified and better paid places than his, in spite of its high-sounding title.

Here, then, we reach a supervising though not yet the directing authority for the consular service. To find the latter we must seek the chief of the Consular Bureau, who has a $2100 place, and is usually a clerk trained in the department. His period of power often runs parallel with that of a third-assistant secretary of the same type. In such a case they are sure to have queer ideas of the work intrusted to them. They have long had pet schemes for aggrandizing the Consular Bureau and asserting its authority: so they have only to pull from their dusty pigeonholes plans which successive presidents and secretaries, in their desire for peace, have consigned there. When a pliant secretary falls into the hands of such men, the cutting off of allowances without notice; the modification of policies, or even of laws, by circular; the introduction one month of absurd regulations to be abandoned the next; the making of demands insulting to every honest consul, perhaps because some scapegrace, holding a petty place in China or the West Indies, has been culpable, come thick and fast. As these men deal with officials remote from one another, without understanding or organization, and forbidden to communicate with the press, or even with the department, except in a way purely official, the result is obvious.

As relations with the State Department are unsatisfactory, it follows that there is no well-defined system of dealing with other departments. Although nearly everything that a consul does concerns the Treasury Department, all communications must pass through the Consular Bureau. It is often weeks after the enactment of a tariff law before the consuls receive any schedule of rates, although the law goes at once into effect, and it is impossible to get prompt information from collectors or their coördinate bureaus when invoices have been held up or prices advanced. The Agricultural Department is a very Oliver Twist in asking for "more" in the way of trumpery reports which its own statisticians, if competent for their work, could compile without cost or delay. The Pension Bureau and the Patent Office, for both of which a consul does much work, are uniformly prompt, polite, and appreciative.

It follows that there is no well-defined purpose in the management of the consular service, no man of recognized position and ability to spur or to curb it. It is chaos itself. Its organization produces dependence in secretaries and assistants, and generates in bureau officials a deference little short of toadyism. Among men bearing such relations there must be an absence of that confidence and respect which are necessities if a dignified and well-balanced system is to be maintained.

V. THE MAKING AND PUBLISHING OF REPORTS.

This inefficiency of direction is well illustrated in the report system, — something which threatens to become an intolerable nuisance in every branch of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

official life. Since 1878, a monthly number of Consular Reports, ranging from 160 to 280 pages, has been issued. It has been supplemented, from time to time, by a special issue, sometimes in one large volume, occasionally running to two or three volumes, and there are now daily advance sheets, to supply printers with what is known as "dummy copy."

Besides the Consular Reports, there is Commercial Relations, two massive volumes from 750 to 1000 pages each, made up by consuls and consular agents eked out by solemn ambassadors or their secretaries. The department is always nervous lest even the most distant or obscure consul may be tardy or delinquent, and the second or third circulars calling for them would furnish models of "urgent" literature. The consul gathers the material for these annual summaries from the local or trade newspapers, the gossip of local manufacturers, and the garrulity of representatives of American firms. The district may be remote or unimportant, — a fly on the wagon wheel of commerce. It may have no port, no distinct personality, nothing to give it importance except its modest contribution to the totals in the Monthly Summary of Finance and Commerce. Nevertheless, it must yield up its nothingness.

In theory, reports are made under the direction of the department. Circulars are sent out peppered lavishly with interrogation points. Most of them relate to subjects upon which there is no lack of information. Many of them could be worked out by an ordinary statistician, or even by a department clerk, with the aid of a late encyclopædia and a few handbooks. However or by whomever done, the result would interest only a small number of persons engaged in some special trade, and would be useless even to these unless prepared by an expert. Still, the questions give the consul ample opportunity to write and to see his name in print.

It would be unfair to suppose that these marvelous queries are evolved by the bureau officials met together in their high-ceilinged, solemn offices in Washington. Far from it. The following example will illustrate the process: A young lumberman in the state of Washington, amid the stillness of his pines, wants to know the price of logs and boards in the grand duchy of Finland and the interior of Persia. He takes down his office handbooks, only to find that neither Finland nor Persia is mentioned. For the moment his thirst for knowledge is slaked; but the question comes back to him as one of great human interest. Logs and lumber take hold upon his imagination by day, and haunt his dreams by night. He congratulates himself that he learned in his school days of the existence of Finland and Persia. As he assumes that they have people, he also wonders whether they have trees. At the club his inquiries are not answered to his satisfaction, when, finally, a friend, perhaps weary of persistent interruption, suggests that, if such places really do exist, the United States may have consuls in them.

The local exchange takes the matter up. In its name the eager questioner writes to the department, inquiring timidly about those mysterious officials called consuls, and asks furtively about logs and lumber in Finland and Persia. Thus far, little has been done to satisfy a curiosity commendable in a young man remote from reference libraries; but the Foreign Department of a great government is ready, and his idea finds itself housed in a government palace. The letter is answered, and a request made that interrogatories shall be prepared for submission to the consular representatives of the United States at Helsingfors and Teheran. The talent of many logging camps toils over the task, not without result. No one would have imagined that the Yankee gift for asking questions had been transferred, without impairment, to the shores of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pacific. Nothing relating to varieties, sizes, and qualities of trees; to the dimensions and shapes of logs; to the breadth, thickness, or polishing qualities of boards; to the kinds of sawmills and the power used; to makes of axes and saws, and their care; to the wages, nativity, and hours of work of woodmen; to the marketing of products and their prices; or to the architecture of houses, the furniture in and the fences about them, is missed from the list. When the reports are received at the Consular Bureau, the most exact writer is assigned to correct any slips they may contain in grammar, while an antiquarian is probably called in to frame questions as to the folk lore of trees, logs, and lumber.

Completed, made into fair copies, distributed over the bureau for general inspection, carried to the third-assistant secretary for approval, the report is another striking illustration of the triumph of mind over matter. On its rounds, some clerk suggests that it seems a pity to limit the information to Finland and Persia. Why not lay the whole world under tribute for all that it can reveal about logs and lumber? Another wiseacre thinks it next to criminal to limit all this information to a Pacific coast logging camp. Why not publish it, so that even the humblest American woodman may know what a great, benevolent, and intelligent government tries to do for him? When all this has been done the special report On Logs and Lumber in all the Countries of the World: how they are Made, Sold, Paid for, and Used, in an unwieldy volume, will be pointed out with pride by generations of officials.

This formula shows how the department collects five or six thousand pages, for the most part the essence of nothingness. It may as well be borne in mind that the interest or trade which asks for this information, for its own exclusive benefit, is not required to pay a deposit to cover the actual cost; that the consul has no allowance for expenses, not even to buy a handbook or a newspaper; and that there are in his district no boards of trade or other bodies which make it their business to compile local information. But this is not all. The consul has but newly come to his post, and may find himself lonesome. He has been impressed at the department with the importance of reports. Nearly everything in his new Old-World surroundings seems strange to him; so, as he writes or dictates with ease, he sets out on his own account, and devises new torments for those who have learned to read.

During the twenty-two years that this process has been going on, it would be difficult to recall one report of really undoubted economic value. Beyond this, it is doubtful whether there has been a notable one of the second or informing order each year; that is, twenty-two really influential in directing the course of trade. The reason for this is clear. There is no room for this flood of commonplace writing on commercial questions, nor for the fortieth part of it. Even if the consular service had half a hundred President Hadleys, Edward Atkinsons, and Richard Mayo Smiths, this would be equally true.

For the past ten years many consuls, in every part of the world, have been writing about American machinery and tools. In spite of this, not even one report furnished real and new information on the outlook, — a result due less to lack of knowledge than to the narrowness and shortness of view incident to the man who writes from the observation and experience of a district with perhaps a single industry. On the other hand, the editor of the American Machinist made a business tour of Europe, and wrote for his paper a series of articles on the use and prospects of American machinery abroad. They were written with a perfect knowledge

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the business itself as well as of what needed to be told. As he went from one manufacturing centre to another, he was able to contrast and compare; to show why one place was strong in mechanical development or demand, and why another was weak. He could see how effective the workmen were in one place, and how inefficient in another. When his tour was finished he had told the best that was known, said the last word, so far as he had gone, and given more real information within a few weeks than all the consular corps of the United States could possibly have gathered together in years.

It is one of the curiosities of literature that, although our consuls have not produced reports of either economic or informing value, many of them have done conspicuous literary work, before and during service, and after retirement. W. D. Howells wrote some delightful books on Italy. Besides his Life of Peter the Great, Eugene Schuyler wrote an acceptable short history of American diplomacy, and translated some of Tourgeniev's novels. Hawthorne, Elihu Burritt, Underwood, Bret Harte, Penfield, Richman, — to mention only a few, — have done notable work in literature, but not an official report of value. In the one case there was something to say, united with freedom of view and opinion; in the other there was nothing to say, and red tape was too strong for them. The fault is in the system, not in the men.

George F. Parker.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN.

IV. EUROPEAN ADVENTURE AND LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

At this juncture the arrival of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, on his mission for the redemption of Hungary, set all America in a flame of shallow enthusiasm, and I went to hear his appeals. What he asked for was money to arm his country to renew the struggle with the house of Hapsburg. His eloquence carried away all deliberation in the Northern states, and even shook the government at Washington, but in the end the only practical result was his gain of the dollars which the hearers paid to hear him speak, and which no one regretted who heard him; for such oratory no one in the country had ever heard, even from men to whom the English language was native. Before making his discourse in any town he took the pains to find out something of the local history, which he skillfully used to touch the patriotism of his audience in the parish bounds, while he recalled the past glories of America in terms of a new and strange flattery. Before he left New York I had volunteered to fight or conspire, or take any part in the struggle which might fall to me. I kept my counsel from my family, and when Kossuth went on his westward tour it was settled that on or after his return to Europe I was to follow.[1]

While waiting for the result of the proposed insurrectionary movement in Italy, in the spring of 1853, I went to Paris and entered the atelier of Yvon.

[1] Mr. Stillman has already told, in the Century Magazine, vol. xlviii., the story of his adventures in the service of Kossuth, who sent him to Hungary upon the singular mission of rescuing the Hungarian crown jewels, hidden at some point on the Danube. This portion of the Autobiography is therefore omitted here. — Editorial Note.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The popular atelier at that time, for the English and American students, was that of Couture, and my only English-speaking companion in Yvon's atelier was a younger brother of Edward Armitage, the Royal Academician. Yvon had about thirty pupils, to whom his attentions were given, gratuitously and conscientiously, three times a week, with rare omissions of the Saturday visit, which was regarded by the pupils as the least important. Of the thirty, there were not more than half a dozen who showed any degree of special aptitude for their work, and only two who were regarded by their colleagues as likely to be an honor to the atelier in the future; and of these, unless they have changed their names, no renown has come in later times. There was a marquis whose income was one hundred francs a month, and a count whose father gave him five sous and a piece of bread for his breakfast when he left home; but the rest were plebeians, with neither past nor future, whose enthusiasm in the face of their weekly failures, and patience in following an arid path, were most interesting as a social phenomenon. I have always found more to wonder at in the failures than in the great successes in artist life, seeing the content and even happiness which some of the hopelessly enthusiastic find in their futile and endless labor. We used to go to work at six in the morning, draw two hours, and then — those who had the means — go to a little *laiterie*, for our bowl of *café au lait* and a small loaf of bread, returning thence to draw till noon, when we went home for the second breakfast. Armitage and I used to breakfast at the Palais Royal, or some other place where the bill of fare was considered luxurious by the other men, so that we were dubbed the "aristocrats" of the atelier; my breakfast, however, cost but one franc and a half, and my dinner two francs. I had fixed my expenses, as in London, at the limit of one pound a week, which had to pay all the expenses of atelier, food, and lodging; and it was surprising how much comfort could be got for that sum.

I had found a tiny room in a *maison meublée* in the Cité d'Antin, where Mrs. Coxe lived, and Mr. Coxe, in returning to America, had given me charge of his wife and daughter, so that I had a social resource and a relief from tedium which gave me no expense. On Sunday the daughter came home from school, and we all went out to dine at one or another of the Palais Royal restaurants, or made, in fine weather, an excursion into the environs. Now and then Mrs. Coxe invited me to take them to the theatre, and thus I saw some of the famous actors, Rachel and Frédéric Lemaître being still vividly impressed on my memory. The afternoons of the week days were given to the galleries and to visiting the studios of the painters whose work attracted me and who admitted visitors. I thus made the acquaintance of Delacroix, Gérôme, Théodore Rousseau, and by a chance met Delaroche and Ingres.

Delacroix most interested me, and I made an application to him to be received as a pupil, which he in a most amiable manner refused; but he seemed interested in putting me on the right way, and gave me such advice as was in the range of casual conversation. I asked him what, in his mind, was the principal defect of modern art as compared with ancient, and he replied, "The execution." He had endeavored to remedy this, in his own case, by extensive copying of the old masters. In fact, if we consider the differences in the system of education in painting and that in music or any other art or occupation in which the highest executive ability is required, we shall see that there is comparatively little pains taken to secure for the hand similar subtle skill to that of the successful violinist or pianist, a skill due to the early and incessant practice in the manual operations of his art. The fact is re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cognized that the education of a violinist must begin in the early years, when the will and hand are flexible; and not merely the training, but the occupation, is almost exclusive, for the specialist is made only by a special and relatively exclusive devotion to the particular faculties to be trained. It is useless to attempt to develop the finest qualities of the draughtsman without similar attention to the training to that which we insist on in the musician. The theory may come later, the intellectual element may develop under many influences and healthily later in life, but the hand is too fine and subtly constituted an implement to be brought into its best condition and efficiency unless trained from the beginning to the definite use imposed on it. Admitting, therefore, as I do, that the criticism of Delacroix was just, it is evident that until we give to the modern student of painting similar training to that which students in former times had, we cannot expect to rival the executive powers of the artists of the Italian Renaissance. Nor can we be sure that we appreciate the subtlety of their work, any more than the member of a village choir can understand the finesse of the highest order of musical execution, or its first violinist appreciate the touch of a Joachim or a Sarasate; for it is just in the last refinement of touch of a Raphael drawing or the rapid and expressive outline of a Mantegna that we find the analogy between the two arts, a refinement of touch which is lost on the public, and appreciated only by the practiced student either of music or of painting. This final attainment of the hand is possible only to a man who has been trained as a boy to his work. We find it in a water-color drawing of Turner as in a pencil drawing of Raphael, and in the outlines of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, but in modern figure painting never, even in France, where the youth generally takes up the training at fourteen to sixteen. I believe that the reason why supreme excellence of art is so completely lacking even in French art that, so far as I know, only Meissonier has attained a measure of it, is that the seriousness of life and purpose necessary for any consummate achievement is so rarely found there in conjunction with this early and sound training.

Of the acquaintances made in these days, the one which has always remained a delight to me was that of Théodore Rousseau, to my mind the greatest of the French landscape painters. Though living and working mostly at Barbison, he had a studio in Paris, and there I used to see him, always received in the friendly and helpful way which was characteristic of most of the French artists of the higher order; and later I went to Barbison, where, besides Rousseau, I knew J. F. Millet, and a minor but in his way a very remarkable painter, Charles Jacque. Rousseau was a most instructive talker on art, beyond the sphere of which he hardly seemed to care to go in his thinking. He had never been out of France, had never seen the Alps, and seemed to take little interest in mountain scenery, but concentrated all his feeling and labor on what he used to call *sujets intimes*, the picturesque nooks of landscape which one can always find in a highly cultivated country, where nature is tamed to an intimacy with the domestic spirit, or where she vainly struggles against the invasion of culture, as on the borders of the forest of Fontainebleau. In such material nature leaves a wider margin for art, and the relation of the two becomes more subtle and playful.

It has always seemed to me that, with all the differences inherent in the respective characters of the two men, the essential feature of the art of Rousseau and Turner was the same: pure impressionism based on the most intimate and largest knowledge of the facts of nature, and without direct copying of them. Working from memoranda or memories, neither ever painted directly from nature;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while both possessed the same conception of the subject as a whole, dealing with its rhythmic and harmonic unity as opposed to the fragmentary manner of treatment of most of their contemporaries; the same lyric passion in line and tint; the same waywardness in the treatment of the subject in itself, the same revolt from all precedent, and the same delight in subtle gradation and infinite space, air, and light. These are the fundamental agreements of the art of the two great masters, and in these no other man of their countries and epoch has equaled them, but outside of these the contrasts are of the most pronounced. Turner neglected trees; Rousseau worshiped them. Turner loved the mountains; Rousseau never cared to see them, and to my knowledge never painted one. Turner, a colorist, reveled in color like a bacchanal; Rousseau, a tonalist, felt it like a vestal; but both had the sense of color in the subtlest measure.

Rousseau used to say that if you had not your picture in the first five lines, you would never have it, and he laid down as a rule that whenever you worked on it you should go over the whole and keep it together, proceeding in all parts *pari passu*. Wishing to give me a lesson in values, one day as he was painting, he turned his palette over and painted a complete little scheme of a picture on the back of it, suggested by the subject before us as we looked out of the studio window. He showed me his studies from nature, — mere notes of form and of local color in pastel. It was to me always a puzzle that even in the educated art circles of Paris Corot should have found so great a popularity as compared to that of Rousseau. Without in the least disparaging the greatness of Corot's best work, — such for instance as the St. Sebastian and some other pictures the names of which I cannot recall, — the range of conception and treatment, in comparison with that of Rousseau, is so limited as to constitute a distinct inferiority, in the absence of a marked superiority in special high qualities, — superiority which does not exist, for the picked work of Rousseau possesses technical excellences all its own, as consummate as anything in the world's landscape art.

Of Millet I saw much less, but enough to know the man and his art, simple and human, the one as the other. His love for manhood in its most primitive attainable type, that is the peasant, was the outcome of his conception of art, and of the honest, open nature of the man himself, averse from all sophistication of society, and intolerant of affectations of any kind. He conceived and executed his pictures in the pure Greek spirit, working out his ideal as his imagination presented it to him, not as the model served him. The form is of his own day, the spirit of his art that of all time and of all good art, the elaboration of a type, and not merely the reproduction of a picturesque model. It is the custom now to class all peasant subjects emulating the forms of Millet as belonging to his art. Nothing is more absurd, for the art of Millet was subjective, not realistic; it was in the feeling of the art of Phidias and the Italian Renaissance, not in the modern *pose plastique*. Millet was himself a peasant, he used to say, and his moral purpose, if he had any, was the glorification, so far as art can effect it, of his class, — the class which above all others, in his eyes, dignified humanity. This feeling was with him no affectation, but the deliberate, final conclusion of his life. He reverenced the sabot and the blouse, the implements of tillage and work, as the Greek did his gods and the implements of war and glory; but he lacked the perception of the types of pure beauty of the Greek.

The personal relations between Rousseau and Millet were in the best sense of the word fraternal, and from neither did I ever hear a word to the disparagement of a brother artist, while Rousseau used

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to talk in the subtlest vein of critical appreciation of his rival landscape painters, the Duprés, Ziem, Troyon, and others; so that I regret that in those days I thought only of my own instruction, and not of putting on record the opinions of a man whose ideas of art were amongst the most exalted I have known.

A charming nature was that of Troyon, a simple, robust worker, and, like all the larger characters in the French art world with whom I became acquainted, full of sympathy and guidance for those who wanted light and leading. But the lives of these three great painters, like that of Corot (whom I never knew personally), show how completely the French public, so proud of its intelligence of art, ignored the best qualities of it till outsiders pointed to them. Troyon told me that for the first ten years of his career he never sold a picture, but lived by painting for Sèvres; the prosperity of Millet came from the patronage of American collectors, led by the appreciation of a Boston painter, William Hunt. I well remember his famous Sower on the highest line in the Salon, so completely skied that only one who looked for a Millet was likely to see it; while Rousseau, at the time I speak of, was glad to accept the smallest commission, and sold mostly to American collectors. Nor is it otherwise with the Rousseaus, Millets, and Troyons of today; the public taste, and the banal criticism of a journalism at best the late echo of the opinions of the rare wise man, discover genius only when it has ceased to have the quality of the new and unforeseen.

Yvon, in whose atelier I worked, was essentially a teacher, and his more recent appointment to the directorship of the Ecole des Beaux Arts put him in his true place, that of a master of style in drawing and the elements of art instruction. He was engaged, when I knew him, on the battle pieces of the Crimean war, the chief of which were already at Versailles. His was an earnest, indefatigable nature, and he was as kindly and zealous a teacher as if he were receiving, like his English confrères, a guinea a lesson. Nothing so strongly marked the difference between the French and the English feeling for art as this characteristic feature of the disinterestedness of the French artist in giving instruction without compensation, while the English artist of distinction gave instruction only at a price impracticable for a poor artist, if indeed he would give it at any price. And even thus, the English drawing master did not teach art, but facile tricks of the brush. Is any other reason needed for the curious fact that, with the marked display of the highest attainment which English art occasionally shows, there is nothing which can be properly called an English school, while France has become the school of Europe, than that in England the master will teach only on terms which are prohibitive of the formation of a school, while in France the most eminent painters, with few exceptions, regard it as a duty to open their ateliers to pupils, often gratuitously, but in any case freely, and on terms which are practicable to the most modest means? In how different a position in relation to the art of the world would English art now be, had Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Turner, and two or three others liberally thrown open their studios to pupils, and thus enabled the young enthusiasts of sterling talents, who have never been wanting in England, to profit by the experience and art of their elders, instead of groping their way alone to efficiency, generally arriving too late to arrive successfully!

Waiting the word from Kossuth which should call me to join the ever impending and ever postponed insurrection, I thus passed the winter, profiting as I could by all opportunities for the study of art and making acquaintance with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the artists. My money was running to an end, but this was a matter in which my faith in Providence did not allow me to borrow trouble, and I made it a rule not to run in debt. That I never borrowed I cannot say, but I never did so except in cases where I was in such personal relations with the lender that if I died without paying the debt, it would matter little to him.

One Saturday, when I had paid for my dinner at the Palais Royal restaurant, I found myself with fifty centimes in my pocket, and went on a long walk in the streets of Paris to meditate on my immediate future. Mrs. Coxe, one of the kindest of friends, would, I knew, gladly lend me what I needed; but I did not allow her to know that I needed, and how to pay for my next day's dinner I did not see, yet, confident that something would turn up, I walked toward my lodgings through the Rue Royale and its arcades feeling the ten-sous piece in my pocket, when I saw a young girl dart out from one of the recesses of the arcade, dragging after her a boy of two or three years, and then, as if her courage failed, turn and hide herself and him again in the doorway from which she had come. I saw her case at once, want and shame at begging, gave her the ten-sous piece, and went to bed feeling better. The next day being Sunday, and no atelier, I slept late, and was awaked by a knock at my door, followed by the entrance of no other than my friend Dr. Ruggles, between whom and myself there were various communities of feeling which made us like brothers. He sat down by my bedside, and, salutations passed, broke out, "Do you want any money?" His grandfather, just dead, had left him a legacy, and he had come to Paris, artist-like, to spend it. I took from him, as I would have given him the half of my last dollar, a hundred francs, and on this I lived my normal life until, some weeks later, a friend of my brother, arriving from New York with instructions to find me out and provide for my wants, if I had any, supplied me for any probable emergency, including an order for a free passage home on a steamer of which my brother was part owner. I waited till the spring homesickness made it too irksome to live quietly in Paris, and finding that the revolution so long waited for was not to occur, I went home and to my painting.

In American landscape the element of the picturesque is seriously deficient. What is old is the rude and savage, the backwood and the wild mountain, with no trace of human presence or association to give it sentiment; what is new is still in the crude and angular state in which the utilities are served and the comfort of the man and his belongings chiefly aimed at. Nothing is less paintable than a New England village; nothing is more monotonous than the woodland mountain of either of the ranges of eastern North America. The valley of the Mohawk is one of the earliest settled and least unpicturesque sections of the Eastern states, with its old Dutch farmhouses and the winding of the beautiful river, but I had explored it on foot and in every direction for miles around my birthplace, and found nothing that seemed to "make up" except trees and water. I spent one summer after my return among these familiar scenes, but found the few subjects which repaid study too remote from any habitable centre to repay the labor needed to get at them. I made long foot excursions through the valleys of the Connecticut and Housatonic, but after my experience in rural England it was very discouraging to ransack that still unhumanized landscape for pictures. Everything was too fresh and trim, and I remember that one day, when I was on my search for a "bit," I found a dilapidated barn which tempted me to sit down before it, when the farmwife,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guessing my intentions, ran out to beg me not to take the barn yet; they were going to do it up the next week as good as new, and would n't I wait?

An accident drove me to pass one summer in as complete seclusion from society as I could find and where I should be able to do nothing but paint. I had been struck in the face, during one of the snowballing saturnalia the roughs of New York indulged in after every fall of snow by a huge block of frozen snow-crust, which flattened my nose on my face and broke the upper maxillary inclosing all the front teeth. I modeled the nose up on the spot, for it was as plastic as clay; but the broken bone became carious, and after enduring for two years the fear of having my head eaten off, I decided, after I had resigned the chance of having it shot off in the revolution, to let my brother operate. The bone inclosing the front teeth was taken out with the teeth, and I went into retirement for three months at least while the jaw was getting ready for the work of the dentist.

I had seen, when last in England, the picture by Millais, The Proscribed Royalist, which gave me a suggestion of the treatment of a landscape that should be mainly foreground, such as I particularly delighted in, and, hoping to find a woodland subject of the desired character, I went to pass the summer on the farm of the old uncle where I had caught my first trout, knowing it to be largely wooded. Of course, when one goes out to look for a particular thing he seldom finds it, nor did I then find the tree subject I wanted, but I found a little spring under a branching beech and surrounded by mossy boulders, and taking a canvas of my usual size, twenty-five by thirty inches, I gave three months to the work, and carried it home still unfinished. It was an attractive subject, though not what I had wanted, and the picture was hung in one of the best places in the Academy exhibition, making its mark and mine. It was absolutely unconventional, and the old stagers did not know what to say of a picture which was all foreground. There was much discussion, and among the younger painters much subsequent emulation, but it did not find a purchaser at my price, two hundred and fifty dollars. Anything so thoroughly realistic that, as President Durand said, "the stones seemed to be, not painting, but the real thing," puzzled the ordinary picture buyer. As the negative photographic process had just then been introduced in America, I had the picture photographed, and a friend took a print of it to the head of the old school without any explanation. My antagonist looked at it carefully, and exclaimed, "What is the use of Stillman making his Pre-Raphaelite studies when we can get such photographs from nature as this?" As I had my brother's generosity to fall back on I was not obliged to sell, and the picture remained in my studio for two or three years. Later Agassiz saw it, and was so delighted with its botany that I decided to give it to him; but when a fellow painter offered, as I was leaving again for Europe, to "raffle it off," I allowed him to do so, and he appropriated the proceeds. I had made a rule of giving the pictures which were not sold in the exhibition to the person who had shown the finest appreciation of them, a habit which did not contribute to pecuniary success, but which helped my *amour propre*, and I have always regretted not having sent that picture to Agassiz, who in later years became one of my best friends.

Under the stimulus in part of the desire for something out of the ordinary line of subjects for pictures, and in part with the hope that going into the "desert" might quicken the spiritual faculties so tantalized by a long and profitless experience of the circles of the spiritualists, I decided to pass a summer in the great primeval forest in the northern

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

part of New York State, known as the Adirondack wilderness. It was then little known or visited; a few sportsmen and anglers had penetrated it, but for the most part it was known only to lumberers. Here and there, at intervals of ten to twenty miles, there were log houses, some of which gave hospitality in the summer to the sportsmen, and in the winter to the "loggers" and "river-drivers" who worked for the great lumber companies. It was a tract of two hundred miles, more or less, across, mainly of unbroken forest, without roads and to a large extent without paths, but intersected by rapid rivers, impossible of navigation other than by canoes and light skiffs which could be carried on the backs of the woodsmen from river to river and from lake to lake. I hoped here to find new subjects for art, spiritual freedom, and a closer contact with the spiritual world.

I was ignorant of the fact that art does not depend on a subject, or spiritual life on isolation from the rest of humanity, and I found, what a correct philosophy would have led me to expect, nature with no suggestion of art, and the dullest form of intellectual or spiritual existence. One of my artist friends, S. R. Gifford, landscape painter, like myself on the search for new subjects, who had been the year before to the Saranac Lakes, gave me the clue to the labyrinth, and I found on Upper Saranac Lake a log cabin, inhabited by a farmer and his family, consisting of his wife, son, and daughter, and from him I hired the spare bedroom and hospitality at two dollars a week for board and lodging. There I passed the whole summer, finding a subject near the cabin, at which I painted assiduously for nearly three months. I spent the whole day in the open air, wore no hat, and only cloth shoes, hoping that thus the spiritual influences would have easier access to me! I carried no gun, and held the lives of beast and bird sacred; but I had no principle against fishing, and my rod and fly book provided much of the food of the household. For trout swarmed: in precisely an hour's fishing I caught, that summer, where a trout is now never seen, as large a string as I could well carry a mile. All the time that I was not painting I was in the boat on the lake or wandering in the forest.

My quest was an illusion. The humanity of the backwoods was on a lower level than that of a New England village, — more material if less worldly; the men got intoxicated, and some of the women — nothing less like an Apostle could I have found in the streets of New York. I saw one day a hunter who had come into the woods with a motive in some degree like mine, — impatience of the restraints and burthens of civilization, and pure love of solitude. He had become, not bestialized, like most of the men I saw, but animalized: he had drifted back into the condition of his dog, and with his higher intellect inert. He had built himself a cabin in the depth of the woods, and there he lived in the most complete isolation he could attain. He interested me greatly, and as he often spent the night at the cabin where I was living, we had much talk together. He cared nothing for books, but enjoyed nature, and only hunted in order to live, respecting the lives of his fellow creatures within that limit. He went to the "settlements" only when he needed supplies, abstained from alcoholic drinks, the great enemy of the backwoodsman, and was happy in his solitude.

As he was the first man I had ever met who had tried to solve the problem which so interested me, the effect of solitude on the healthy intellect, I encouraged him to talk, which he was inclined to do when he found that there was a real sympathy between us on this question. He seemed to have no desire for companionship, but there was nothing morose or misanthropic in his love of seclusion. Though he had no care

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for intellectual growth and no longing for books, he thought a good deal in his own way, and mingled with his limited thinking and tranquil emotion before nature was a large element of spiritual activity, and this had kept him mentally alive. He had heard of spiritism, and his own experience led him to acceptance of its reality. In his solitary life, in the unbroken silence which reigned around him, he heard mysterious voices, and only the year before he had heard one say that he was wanted at home. He paid no attention to it, thinking it only an illusion, but after an interval the message was repeated so distinctly that he packed his knapsack, took his dog, and went out with the intention of going home. On the way he met a messenger sent after him, who told him that his brother had met with an accident which disabled him from work, and begged him to come to his assistance. The voice had spoken to him at the time of the accident. As a rule, however, the voices seemed vagarious, and he attached no importance to them, except as phenomena in which he took slight interest. There was nothing flighty about him, no indication of monomania. He reasoned well, but from the point of view of a man who has had only an elementary education; he had no religious crotchets, and apparently thought little or not at all of religious matters, — was, in fine, a natural and healthy man, satisfied with the moment he lived in, and giving no consideration to that which would come after. He had a great contempt for his fellow woodsmen, and avoided contact with them.

The backwoods life, as a rule, I found led to hard drinking, and even the old settler with whom I had taken quarters, though an excellent and affectionate head of his family, and in his ordinary life temperate and hard-working, used at long intervals to break bounds, and, taking his savings down to the settlement, drink till he could neither pay for more nor "get it on trust," and then come home, penitent and humiliated. About two weeks after I entered the family, the old man took me aside and informed me, mysteriously, that he was going to the settlement for a few days, and asked me to take one of the boats and come down for him on a fixed day, when he would row the boat back. I rowed down, accordingly, sixteen miles, and found Johnson at the landing in a state of fading intoxication, money and credit exhausted, as usual, and begging for a half pint of rum "to ease up on." He was "all on fire inside of him," and begged so piteously that I got him a half pint; and we started out, he at the oars and I steering. A copious draught of rum, neat, brought his saturated brain to overflow, and before we had gone a mile he was so drunk that I had to guide the oars from behind to insure their taking the water. Then he broke out into singing, beating time on the gunwale with such violence that it menaced to capsize the boat, and to all my remonstrances he replied by jeering and more uproarious jollity. It was no joke, for he was too drunk even to hold on to the boat, while I was a poor swimmer, and in the deep and cold lake water should never have reached the shore; so I found myself obliged to threaten violence. I raised the steering paddle over his head, and told him, with a savageness that reached even his drunken brain, that I would knock him on the head and pitch him overboard if he did not keep perfectly quiet. There was imminent danger, for the slight boat of that region requires to be treated with the care of a bark canoe. The menace cowed him so that he quieted down, and watched me like a whipped dog. I tried to get the bottle away from him, but his drunken cunning anticipated me, and he put it far behind him, now and then taking a mouthful of rum to keep down the burning; and, he pulling and I guiding the oars, we ran through the lower lake, seven miles, to a "carry" where the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boat had to be lifted out and carried over into the river above, around a waterfall. Here fortunately I caught the bottle and sent it down the lake, and we labored on through another lake, three miles, and up a crooked river to another carry into the third lake, on the edge of which we lived. He was still too drunk to be trusted, and, leaving the boat at the landing with him beside it, I carried the load we had brought from the settlement over to the lake and waited for him to get sober. After an interval, I started to go back for him, but before long to my amazement he met me, apparently in his right mind, and we reached home without further incident. But that night, about midnight, poor Mrs. Johnson awoke me, begging that I would help her and her daughter to search for her husband who had disappeared from the house. Then she told me that he had the habit of falling into desperate melancholy after his drunken fits, that he had even attempted suicide, and they had once cut the rope by which he had hanged himself, barely in time, and she always expected to find him dead somewhere. We ransacked the house, the barn, the stable, every shed and nook about the premises, and were returning hopeless to wait for daylight to look for him in the lake, when, as I passed the woodyard (where the firewood was stored and chopped), I heard a groan, and, guided by it, found him lying on the chips in the torpor of drunken sleep. The poor wife, with my assistance, dragged him home and put him to bed; and when I saw him the next morning he was full of vows and resolutions, of repentance and pledges never to touch liquor again.

I passed a very happy summer, enjoying my work, and wandering in the forest or exploring the brooks which flowed into the lake for subjects. The pure air, the tranquillity of the life as well as its simplicity, and a certain amount of boating exercise which I took every day in going to my subject brought me to the highest point of physical health I had ever known. The great danger to the uninitiated in forest life is of getting lost in this wild maze of trees, with no landmark to serve as a clue. Not a few rash wanderers have become bewildered, lost all conception of their whereabouts, and perished of starvation within a short walk of a place of refuge. The houses are invariably built by the waterways, and the lines of communication are by water, so that there is no necessity for roads. One finds the "runways," or paths made by the deer traversing the woods in every direction, a perfect labyrinth of byways, often bringing the incautious wanderer who follows them back to his starting place, with the result that he becomes bewildered beyond recovery. Of this danger I was well informed; and beside, I was more or less a child of the woodlands and had no apprehension of it, having, moreover, an implicit faith in what I considered a kind of spiritual guidance in all I did, — a delusion which at least served to keep me in absolute self-control under all circumstances. It was probably this which kept me, during my wanderings, from falling into the panic, which constitutes the real danger, by depriving the victim temporarily of the use of his reasoning powers. I had, however, an interesting experience which gave me a clearer comprehension of the phenomenon, which is a very curious one.

One of the woodsmen had told me of a waterfall on a trout stream of considerable size which emptied into a lake near by us, and, in the hope of finding a subject on it, I took the boat one afternoon, and began to follow the stream up from the mouth. After a half mile of clear and navigable water it became so clogged with fallen trees that more lifting than paddling was required, and as its course was extremely tortuous I occasionally got out to examine if perchance there might be better navigation beyond. On one of these digressions I suddenly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came on the stream running contrary, as it seemed, to its previous direction and parallel to it. Instantly, in the twinkling of an eye, the entire landscape appeared to have changed its bearings; the sun, which was clear in the sky, it being about three o'clock, looked to me out of the north, and it was impossible to convince myself that my senses deceived me, or accept the fact that the sun must be in the southwest. Then began to come over me, like an evil spell, the bewilderment, and the panic which accompanied it. I was aware that if I gave way to it I was a lost man beyond any finding by the woodsmen, even if they attempted to track me. Fresh wolf-tracks were plenty all along the bank of the stream, panthers and bears abounded in that section, and the wilderness beyond me was unexplored and hardly penetrable, so dense was the undergrowth of dwarf firs and swamp cedars. I had one terrible moment of consciousness that if I went astray at that juncture no human being would ever know where I was, and the absolute necessity of recovering my sense of the points of the compass was clear to me. By a strong effort of the will, I repressed the growing panic, sat down on a log and covered my face with my hands, and waited, — I had no idea how long, but until I felt quite calm; and when I looked out on the landscape again, I found the sun in his proper place and the landscape as I had known it. I walked back to my boat without difficulty and went home, and I never lost my head again while I frequented the wilderness. I grew in time to know the points of the compass even when the sky was covered, and often came home from my excursions after sunset without confusion, but I know that I then owed my escape from a terrible death entirely to my presence of mind, which was probably largely due then, and always, to my supreme confidence in the protection of a superior power, of which I have already spoken.

My studies in spiritism had developed in me another feeling which was kin to this, — a belief in a spiritual insight, the possession of which would always tell one at the moment what should be done, — an intuition which would guide him, but only on the condition that it was trusted absolutely. And at that period of my life I followed it with unfaltering confidence. A curious illustration of this state of mind and its effect had already occurred to me in the spring, and as it relates to this topic and involves a very curious psychological phenomenon, I describe it in connection with the so similar experience of the backwoods. I had made an engagement with Mr. Brown, the sculptor, to meet him on a trout brook that ran through my uncle's farm, in Rensselaer County, New York, a hundred and fifty miles from New York city; but I lost the last train by which I should have met him at the appointed time, daybreak of the following day. Determined to keep the engagement, I took another railway, which ran through western Massachusetts and a section of country which was entirely strange to me. From the station at Pittsfield, where I left the railway, there was a distance of several miles to the place of rendezvous, which was in the town of Hancock, close to the boundary line between New York and Massachusetts.

At the station I inquired the way to Hancock, and was told that as the crow flies — that is, across an intervening mountain — it was twelve miles, without even a footpath, but by the road through a pass in the hills twenty, and that unless I knew the mountain I could not possibly find my way over it. It was just sunset as I left Pittsfield, and I decided to risk the mountain. Following what seemed to be a wood road, I climbed the steep declivity, and proceeding in what I took to be a nearly direct course, after an hour's walk I recognized a gap in the hill crest and a distant view with two little lakes reflecting the sky, which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I had already seen nearly an hour before. I had been following a charcoal-burner's road in a circle; daylight had gone, and the mists were coming on, heavy as rain, making it impossible to see many yards before me. There was no recourse, if I was to keep the rendezvous, but to go in the direction which the inner sense dictated to me. I determined to obey the monitor, and plunged on in unhesitating obedience. I did not guess nor did I try to make any kind of calculation, — I felt that I must go in a certain direction; and as the darkness increased I had to grope my way, walking with my hands out before me, not to run against the trees; for the way lay for the most part through dense woods, amidst which were scattered boulders and fallen tree trunks. The fog was so thick and the trees were so wet that every leaf and twig dripped on me, till I was soon drenched as completely as if I had been plunged into a lake. I passed the ridge and began to descend. I felt with my foot before me, and when the foot could find nothing to rest on I drew it back and moved sidewise till I found a step down, hanging on all the time to the branches of the trees. I descended in this way a long distance, then came to a marsh, which I recognized only by the croaking of the frogs in it, and skirting the sound made my way past it, always keeping the general direction through the divergences made necessary by the nature of the land.

At last the fog lifted and I came to an open field, beyond which I saw the outlines of trees against the clouded sky, and keeping on came to a road. A few yards farther on a light was visible in a roadside cottage, and other houses were near, but all dark, as it was late. I knocked at the door of the house where the light was, and asked the way to Hancock. "Why, you are in Hancock," the man replied; and to my inquiry as to an inn, he answered that a hundred yards farther on there was an inn, to which I went. I asked for a fire by which to dry my clothes, and for food, both of which were soon ready; and then the landlord inquired where I came from, and by what road. When I told him that I came from Pittsfield, by the mountain, he exclaimed in amazement, "Why, there is no path by which a white man could come over in broad daylight!" — an exaggeration, as I could testify, but it proved that the passage was held to be dangerous to the ordinary foot traveler.

The incident in itself has no importance, but the singular feeling under which I crossed a trackless mountain, in complete darkness for the most difficult part of the way, with perfect confidence in a mysterious guidance which justified that confidence, was a mental phenomenon worthy of note. While I was on the wood road, in the earlier portion of the walk, I followed the visible path and made no question of guidance; but when thrown on the occult influence in which I confided, I walked unerringly to my destination with the precision of an animal which nature had never deserted. In subsequent years, in the wilderness, the fascination of which became absorbing, this occult faculty strengthened, so that I was never at a loss, when in the trackless forest, for my path homeward. I then thought it a newly acquired faculty; I now regard it as simply a recovered one, inherent in all healthy minds, but lost, as many others have been, in civilization.

The tendency of the imagination, even healthy, acting in solitude, is to create illusions, or, if there be a certain occult mental activity, such as that I have just told of in my Pittsfield experience, to intensify its action to such a degree that it finally usurps the function of the senses. In the loneliness of the great wilderness, where I have passed months at a time, generally alone, or with only my dog to keep me company, airy nothings became sensible; and in the silence of those nights in the forest, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whisperings of the night wind through the trees forced meanings on the expecting ear. I came to hear voices in the air, words so clearly spoken that even an incredulous mind could not ignore them. I sat in my boat one evening out on the lake, watching the effects of the sky between the gaunt pines which, under the prevalence of the west winds, grew up with an easterly inclination of their tops, like that of a man walking, and thus seemed to be marching eastward into the gathering darkness. They gave a sudden impression of a procession, and I heard, as distinctly as I ever heard human speech, a voice in the air which said, "The procession of the Anakim." Over and over again, as I sat alone by my camp fire at night, dreaming awake, I heard a voice from across the lake calling me to come and fetch somebody, and once I rowed my boat in the darkness more than a mile, to find no one. Watching for deer from a treetop one day, in broad sunlight, and looking over a mountain range, along the crest of which were pointed firs and long level ridges of rock in irregular alternation, the eery feeling suddenly came over me, the mountain top seemed a city with spires and walls, I heard bands of music, and then hunting horns, coming down on the wind, and there was a perfect illusion of the sound of a hunting party hurrying below into the valley, which gave me a positive panic, as if I were being pursued, and must run. I remember also, on another occasion, a transformation of the entire landscape in colors — a glorification of nature such as I had never conceived, and cannot now comprehend. The fascination of indulgence in this illusory life became such that I lingered every summer longer, and finally until November, when in that high and northern locality the snow had fallen and the lake began to freeze. I was living only under a bark roof, open to the air, and to the snow, which fell on my bed during the night. I can easily imagine the life leading to insanity. Probably my interest in nature and my painting kept me measurably free from this danger, but not from illusions sometimes more real than physical facts. One evening, when I was lying awake in a troubled state of mind, I had a vision of a woman's face, utterly unlike anybody I had ever seen, and so beautiful that, with the sheer delight of its beauty, I remained for several days in a state of ecstasy as if it were constantly before me; I remember it still, after more than forty years, as more beautiful than any face I ever saw in the flesh; it was as real while it lasted as any material object could have been, though it was a head without a body, like one of the vignetted portraits which used to be fashionable in my early days.

In all these years, whether in the wilderness or in the city, I lived a life more or less visionary and absorbed in mental problems, in the solution of which I passed days of intense thought; and when no solution appeared to my unaided reason, I used to fast until the solution appeared clear, which was often not until after days of entire abstinence from food of any kind. On more than one occasion the fast lasted for three days, when the diminishing mental energy brought with it a diminution of the perplexity, and I came out of the morbid state in which I had been, to find that there was probably no significance in the question. I do not remember the particular character of these problems, save that they were generally questions of right and wrong in motive or conduct, but from the fact that they did not leave a permanent impression, I suppose they were of the trash which seems at times to worry the theological world, the stuff that dreams are made of. Up to this time all the doctrines of my early creed held me in bondage, — the observance of the Seventh-Day Sabbath and the perplexing demands of the letter of the law,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which entirely hid the worth of its spirit, were imperative on me, and out of the complication I derived little happiness and much distress. This kind of Christianity seems to me now of the nature of those burthens which the Pharisees of old laid on the consciences of their day; and it was only years later than the time I am here writing of, when I finally moved to Cambridge and came under the influence of the broadest form of Christianity, that these perplexities were removed. I owe it to one of the truest friends of my early manhood, Charles Eliot Norton, the friend as well of Emerson, Lowell, and Longfellow, that the real nature of these questions of formal morality was finally made clear to me, and life made a relatively simple matter.

This is an anticipation of the sequence of my development, and given here not to leave occasion to recur to the subject again. On my return from the first summer in the wilderness I took a studio again in New York, and entered more formally into the fellowship of the painters of landscape. Being under no necessity of making the occupation pay, I probably profited less than I ought by the régime, and followed my mission of art reformer as much by a literary propaganda as by example. This, as all know who have ventured it, was more or less an effectual preventive of practical attainment in art.

William James Stillman.

THE CHERRIES OF UENO.

THE May sun is warm on the city of low gray roofs and groves of cryptomeria; here and there the green is broken by a flush of pink, and branches of pale blossoms appear in the bronze jars that stand in the tokonoma. The streets are more crowded than usual, and sombre gray and black are giving place to the gay gowns that come with the flowers in springtime. There is festival in the air; one breathes it in with the breath. Winter moods are gone, and in their places come gayety, abandon, recklessness. The spring calls, and in Japan the calls of the seasons are ill gainsaid.

You may find cherries in Shiba and Sanno, on Kudan hill and along the river bank at Mukojima, where pleasure boats lag under low-hung branches; you may find cherries in every street, but to see them in the triumph of their apotheosis you must traverse the whole breadth of the wide city, cross the curved bridges of the Five Moats, and so come to the gates of Ueno.

Through the desert spaces of the old Castle, barren and sandy or blasted by importunate government buildings of hideous design, we plunge into the huddled quarter of Megare-bashi, where the kuruma thread their way through twisting alleys, crowded to the walls, and so into the wide, yellow street, clanging with tram cars and noisy with multitudinous traffic, that leads straight to the stone steps of the park.

The road curves outward toward the left, rising slightly, and shadowed by leaning cryptomeria. The crowd is dense, insistent, pressing on toward the unseen goal. Again to the left the wall of trees is broken, and down mossy steps you may see how the copper floor of Lake Shinobazu gleams ruddy in the sunlight, scored with the leafless stalks of dead lotus.

The shafts of our kuruma are lowered beside the great granite torii, through which we can see the avenue of stone lanterns stretching on toward a red and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gold shrine under enormous cedars with mossy gray trunks and thick foliage like wrought bronze. Stepping down we leave the sturdy little kurumaya wrapping themselves in the carriage rugs, and joining the multi-colored, chattering crowd we stroll on toward the common goal where the scattered cherry trees, that here lean across the wide road, concentrate into a low cloud of sunshot morning mist poised close above the ground in the midst of the sullen cryptomeria.

The sun is drooping toward the west, and the light is level and mellow, not golden yet with sunset, but pale amber, turning the thin mist to vaporous opal.

The crowd is merry with the spring exultation of cherry-time: brown-skinned, bare-headed little men in long kimono of gray silk, with black hakima over their shoulders drawn together in front by heavy knotted silk cords; ivory-like girls resplendent in blazing gowns of silk and chintz and thin clinging crêpe with huge sashes of bright brocade, their black lustrous hair, gleaming with almond oil, piled above their nodding heads in wonderful designs, like crowns of carved ebony; nice old ladies in black and blue and gray, toddling along on toppling clogs that clack and clatter, scoring the damp earth with innumerable cross-lines; fat brown babies, with shaven heads and round little dangling legs, slung in shawls on many backs, and others tumbling along in rainbow-colored kimono, one hand clinging to a guiding hand, the other clutching strange toys that whir and tug, — toys of light rice paper and gaudy feathers; and everywhere coolies with bare, brown, stalwart legs, their dull blue coats stamped on the back with enormous Chinese ideographs, the badge of some workmen's guild.

And the men laugh and riot in innocent practical jokes, the girls giggle and twitter, and dart here and there like giddy birds; only the babies are silent and solemn, staring with round black eyes and rolling their shaven heads.

Over all is the indefinable murmur of Asia: the purr of low-pitched voices struck through by lines of crisp laughter, the rustle of thin fabrics, the clack-clack of gaeta, the cluck of straw zori.

Here the cherry trees are huge and immemorial, gnarled and rugged, but clutching sunrise clouds caught by the covetous hands of black branches, and held dancing and fluttering against the misty blue of the sky. Here and there a weeping cherry holds down its prize of pink vapor, until it almost brushes the heads of those who pass; here and there the background of bronze cryptomeria is flecked with puffs of pink, as though now and then the captive clouds had burst from the holding of crabbed branches only to be caught in their escape toward the upper air and prisoned by the tenacious fingers of the cedar.

At the end of the road the path blurs in odorous mist, and in a moment we are enveloped in the rosy clouds. As far as the eye can reach stretches the low-hung canopy of thin petals; the trunks of the trees are small and gray, and one forgets them, or never thinks to associate them with the mist of pale vapor overhead, hung in the soft air, impalpable, evanescent, a gauzy cloud, lifted at dawn and poised breathless close over the earth.

A little wind ripples above, and the air trembles with a snow of pink petals swerving and sliding down to the carpet of thin fallen blossoms, while darting children in scarlet and saffron and lavender crow and chatter, catching at the rosy flakes with brown fingers.

The light here is pale and pearly as it filters through the sky of opal blossoms, and it transmutes the small dusky people into the semblance of butterflies and birds, now gathering into glimmering swarms of flickering color, now darting off with shrieks of delight over the carpet of fallen petals. Here a slim girl with ivory skin has thrown off her outer kimono, and, clothed only in a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clinging gown of vermilion crêpe opening low on her bosom, barefooted, a great dancing butterfly of purple rice paper clinging to her black hair, is swaying rhythmically in an ecstatic dance, pausing now and then to flutter away like a red bird up the shadowy slope, until her flaming gown gleams among stone lanterns half lost in the gloom of great trees. Here a ring of shrieking children, wrinkled old women, and half-naked coolies are circling hand in hand in some absurd little game, and here, there, and everywhere whole families are clustered on red blankets, eating endless rice and drinking illimitable sake, while the tinkle of the samisen is in the air, and strange cool voices sing wistful songs in a haunting minor key. It is a kaleidoscope of flickering color, a transformation scene of pearl and amber, opal and vermilion.

In the distance a bugle flaunts a martial note through the merriment; an artillery company in black and red halts clanging in a sunken road; a word of command and the ranks break, and up the banks swarm the trim little soldiers, jolly and grinning. Then the color composition takes on a new note, for in a flash the games are full of spotless uniforms: hand in hand the boy-warriors stroll under the trees, romp with the squeaking children, or fling jokes at the butterfly girls as they chase them along the lanes of cherry stems. Do you see those dapper little fellows hand in hand, gazing with delight at the cherry clouds? They were in the massacre of Port Arthur, and those hands reeked with the blood of righteous revenge, and now the avengers will carry babies pickaback, and play round games with the little ladies that flutter like birds and, with shrieks of laughter, try to catch the floating cherry petals in their red mouths.

Another bugle call, and the black and red company rushes in leaping units to the sunken road, the clang and mutter die away in the distance, the games begin afresh, and the gentle riot deepens as the rays of the sun sink lower, rosier, through the flowery cloud.

Here, a little to one side, there are fewer people, and the trees are more scattered. Yet one tree is very beautiful, standing as it does quite alone with a background of ancient cedars, between whose lofty trunks the sunlight streams in thin golden lines. We are not the first that have noted the singular beauty of the isolated tree, for two or three slips of rice paper flutter from its lower branches; and if we could read the delicate characters, we should find some quatrain or couplet composed in honor of the perfect tree and hung on its branches as a tribute, yet not so high but that others may read and admire. Even on the moment a grave youth with round spectacles comes slowly along, his eyes fixed on the wonderful composition of branches and flowers. He pauses, reads one or two of the verses with studious deliberation, nods approvingly, and drawing a bit of inscribed paper from his sleeve twists it around a twig, and passes thoughtfully on his way.

A withered crone with blackened teeth is beckoning to us yonder, where the wide benches promise sweetmeats and sake, so we sit down while the fun grows faster and more reckless. Tea and hot sake and bean paste are brought by a solemn child in a blazing kimono, a child with big eyes that wonderingly survey the "ejin san" who look so out of place here in this epitome of Japan. But all social laws are abrogated in Ueno when the cherries bloom, and in a moment we are surrounded by polite but incorrigibly curious little people, who giggle and venture timorous remarks, and shriek with ecstasy when we reply in our best Japanese. A very, very old lady, with a gourd of sake slung round her neck, comes tottering up and reaches a cup to us with uncertain fingers, smiling the while with a friendliness that goes far toward making one forget the horror

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of her blackened teeth. Without a murmur we accept her courtesy with the proper etiquette, and reciprocate in kind, whereat the audience collapses in delight, and, recovering, draws closer and becomes confidential. And then a minute policeman, with big spectacles and a fierce little sword, drives the friendly mob, squeaking, away, and apologizes to us in remarkable English. Compliments are exchanged, and, smileless, the majesty of the law trots gravely off.

But this is not all of Ueno, here where the people are drinking and dancing and playing games under a canopy of tremulous blossoms. Out beyond the fearful buildings of the picture exhibition there are dark and narrow paths that lead to forests of stone lanterns, innumerable, bewildering, crowded together like enormous mushrooms, blotched with lichen, green with moss, and flecked with dancing lights and shadows. Again the trees gather, and open, and in the damp gloom is the red splendor of old lacquer, the glory of warm gold. These are the tombs of long dead shoguns and their attendant temples. Carven and gilded and resplendent with burnished lacquer, with great roofs lifting in curves as keen and supple as a bent rapier, they glow in the dusk like the embers of dying fires, — as indeed they are. Dying, or dead? Who can say? If the old Japan, the Japan of the Fujiwara and Ashikaga and Tokugawa shoguns, is only a tradition, if the tram car and electric light, "progress" and "civilization," have submerged a thousand years of glory in the tide of change, there is yet a dominant principle, the kernel of immutable nationality, that may not be destroyed. One by one the shining temples disappear, as the ancient and august religion yields to the powers of the state worship that calls itself Shinto. Every day the trees lean closer, guardingly, around the curving roofs and fretted walls. Only now and then one catches a glimpse from the highway of cinnabar lacquer and beaten gold. Yet within, untroubled of the outer turmoil, sleep the shoguns, and with them sleeps the soul of the real, the enduring Japan. Tram car and cyclorama, switchback railway and graveled race course, these things pass, and are not; but that wonderful thing that the shoguns builded, the chivalrous and gentle and mighty soul of a nation, this endures, even if at times it lies at rest in gilded tombs in the black shadows of immemorial trees.

Once more we come back to the cherry grove, but the multitude is dissolving, for it is growing late. We can sit for a last pot of tea, a last cup of hot sake, here where our old friend of the earlier afternoon welcomes us with bows and cheerful grins. This time it is cherry tea, and the cups are full of floating blossoms of the double cherry.

The shadow is deepening into misty violet, and from the west an orange light is pouring through breaks in the wall of cryptomeria, flushing the cherries with golden rose. The laughing crowd is dissolving like magic, and we are almost alone. With bows and smiles and compliments we leave the grateful old lady with the blackened teeth and the bowing little lady with the round eyes, and wander slowly down toward the granite torii, where Cho and Kame, back from their surreptitious visit to a convenient tea house, are sitting patiently between the shafts of their kuruma, smoking their bamboo pipes. As we roll homeward, Shinobadzu pond lies below us, dark and silent, and an enormous bell sends its thunder of sound beating out across the streaming crowd under the black trees.

Ralph Adams Cram.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PERPLEXITIES OF A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

THE old Concord stage stood before the door of the country tavern, surrounded by more than the usual crowd of village idlers. A new driver was to take the box that morning, and there was no little interest in the man and in the occasion. Several stockholders in the line and one or two of the directors were present. The road south to the next "change" was by nature a heavy road, and it was doubly so now because of long neglect. The six horses were hooked up — a motley team. One had served its full time for one of the directors, and had been turned in on the company's assets because the director did not quite like to turn it out upon the public, but had no thought himself of making provision for the poor animal's latter days. One had been on this road and with this coach so long that it was nearly blind and decidedly weak in the knees. Another was a freakish thoroughbred, which had come into the possession of the company quite by chance, and had remained there because no man had made an offer for it. By its side was a heavy, slow, honest gelding, which by rights ought to have been before the plough and in the furrow. The leaders were as mismated as the others: one being in harness for the first time — absolutely had never felt a strap before — a raw colt full of impatience, and lawless through ignorance and inexperience; the other a horse which had fought its way to the lead by so terrorizing the rest of the outfit — directors and drivers included — that it was readily given any position in which it would do any work at all. This was the team that the new driver was supposed so to direct and control and encourage and stimulate as to secure intelligent industry, conscientious coöperation, faithful service, and constantly accelerating speed.

The load was almost as motley as the team. There was a large amount of dead weight about the coach itself, the pattern of which was sufficiently antique. What repairs and changes had been made showed either carelessness in workmanship or else a sad lack of resources sufficient for the work in hand — possibly both, for a half dozen tinkers had worked on it at a half dozen different times. It was now a queer combination of a past generation and of the present day, — the former predominating. The passengers were mostly young fellows, good-natured, light-hearted, not inclined to take either themselves or their opportunity for travel any too seriously, noisy, prankish, often falling out with one another, but always a unit — against the driver, the team, the coach, the road, the directors, the stockholders. They understood perfectly well that the coach was run for them: they often asserted that it ought to be run by them; and when any claims which they might formulate quickly and shout up to the driver were not at once completely admitted, they generally proceeded to institute what they technically called an "outbreak," — during which the seats, lining, and curtains of the coach suffered severely.

Meanwhile, all was confusion at the ticket office, or booking office. Instead of a single agent or ticket seller, several representatives of the line were present. Each seemed to be familiar with a portion of the route only, and to be especially favorable to his particular portion. So it often happened that a would-be passenger asking for a ticket to Jonesville was urged to go to Jamesburg; and one wishing passage for Podunk Corners was informed that really no one worth mentioning ever went to the Corners, and that the Corners was not much of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place when you got there — better go to Windy Hill. To add to the perplexity of the passenger, every now and then some "prominent citizen" would throw in just a word of advice: "Go afoot! Go afoot! You don't need the coach at all. *I* have always gone afoot. Feel of the muscles of that leg!" And sure enough, the legs seemed the most highly and especially developed part of that citizen's anatomy.

The morning run was to be something of an experiment. The news of rapid transit in other portions of the state had penetrated the dense conservatism of this community, and there had come a demand for a betterment of the old stage service. The people were not ready for the electric car, nor even for steam: they had neither the means nor the temper for such a complete revolution as that. But there was an unintelligent and inefficient restlessness, which was demanding something new, while providing for little or nothing new, and while objecting to the changes which alone could make anything new possible. Two men had worked into the board of directors — men who had caught a glimpse of the larger and later and better world outside; and though an overwhelmed minority, these could at least make life uncomfortable for the rest of the directorate. Some concessions had been secured already: the coach had a new canvas top fastened with some brass-headed nails which glittered in the sunlight, the body and running gear had been repainted a bright red, and several other minor changes had been made — always with a view to catching the public eye with the least possible expenditure of money. Though the running gear remained the same, and the directors had refused to broaden or improve the road or grant a choice of route, it was proposed to shorten the time to the next change; to see if this and the paint and the brass-headed nails would not increase the patronage. One of the directors favored offering extra inducements to children; asserting that two children could be wedged into the seat of one adult, and that the annual report to the stockholders could thus be made to show a large increase of the total number of passengers carried, — ages not being mentioned in the reports; but this plan had not yet been adopted.

The new driver came out of the tavern into the midst of all the outside confusion, and mounted the box. The raw horse in the lead at once prepared to go over the traces at the first word of command, "on general principles;" the ill-tempered leader laid back his ears and showed the whites of his ugly eyes, the faithful plough-horse straightened his traces with a sigh, the thoroughbred snorted impatiently, while the two wheel horses did their level best to stand up straight and at least be counted. The passengers eyed the driver suspiciously, and one of the older directors began discoursing in a loud tone about how *he* used to drive, so many years ago — taking care not to intimate the fact that his experience had been entirely limited to a milk wagon on a short route.

The new driver looked anxious and troubled, as well he might; but he gathered up the reins, felt of his team through the bits, and as the town clock struck nine he gave the word.

The past quarter of a century has been a period of ferment in education as in all things else; and the marvelous changes which have taken place in the world of commerce, production, and transportation are scarcely greater than those which have been known in the field of instruction and of investigation and research. The leaven of Johns Hopkins and of Harvard has been steadily working through the entire mass of American colleges, precisely as that of Harris and Hall and a score of others has been changing all theories and practice in the public schools of the country.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The establishment of the land-grant colleges in all the Western states gave a new importance to applied science; and the wonderful advances made by investigation, quickened by the necessities of production and commerce, have created many new professions, and have given new dignity to the old. It is scarcely too much to say that engineering and architecture, for example, to-day stand shoulder to shoulder with law and medicine; that the principals of free high schools and the superintendents of state or civic systems of free education are well abreast of the college professor on the one side, and of the successful business man on the other; and that the president of a modern university, while possessing the scholarly thought and habit of the old-time college executive, must also be distinguished by most of the qualities and characteristics of a modern captain of industry.

Those who have been so fortunate as to occupy executive educational positions during the stress and strain of this period — and it should always be counted a good fortune for a brave soul to be born in a storm — have had unusual opportunities, it is true, but with all the responsibilities and cares and anxieties naturally and necessarily following such opportunities. It is some of these perplexities and limitations, generally unknown to the public, which are to furnish the theme for the present writing; with the constant hope that what is written may possibly bring those who are properly called the patrons of modern education into a better understanding of some of the conditions and problems continually confronting those who are not improperly termed, by the statutes of one of our Western commonwealths, "the chief educators of the state."

Let us suppose a gentleman to be elected president of almost any college or university, outside the possibly half dozen that come immediately to mind as already reasonably well organized, well equipped, modern, up-to-date: presumably a gentleman fully prepared for his work, experienced in educational affairs, energetic, reasonably and properly ambitious, businesslike in his methods, and with enough of a masterful spirit to make him a natural leader of men if given reasonably free right of way. It is easy to see that these very characteristics make him a rare man, and it may be well to confess at the start that rare men are necessarily a little out of touch with their fellows. On his own side, such a man often lacks sympathy and appreciation for men who are not cast in the same mould as himself; and these others almost invariably and inevitably fail to understand this would-be leader, and regard with natural conservatism and suspicion one who has only too often been unwisely heralded by over-confident friends as about to bring in an entirely new era. As he delivers his inaugural address, therefore — if this function is not foolishly delayed until a year after he takes up his work, after the peculiar fashion obtaining in some of our educational institutions — he is surrounded by those who will at least wait with folded hands until he shall have been tried and proven, even if they do not actually and very potentially block his way. Once in a while — rarely twice in a while — this preliminary or prefatory condition does not exist, as occasionally happens when a well-known and an honored graduate is called to direct the course of his own Alma Mater. Generally, however, it is true that the new man begins his work under suspended judgment, at least.

When the directors of a great commercial corporation or of some transportation company find it necessary to call a new man to the presidency or to the position of general manager, he is at once given almost absolute authority as to all executive details. The Board of Control determines the general policy of the company, always after counseling

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the new president or manager, and then leaves the executive to carry out this policy — his success or failure determining the wisdom of their choice of the man. He gathers about him a corps of competent, loyal, ambitious assistants, wisely retaining those whose efficiency is beyond question — an efficiency in which their long service and wide acquaintance with the affairs of the company, or their especial expertness in their respective departments, are the determining factors. The successful manager will not, cannot, content himself with men whose recommendations are almost purely negative, of whom it can only be said that no special complaint is made, who are reasonably satisfactory. He must have men about him whose characteristics are positive and aggressive; not men who are inclined to rest back upon reputations already established, but who have reputations to make or reputations to enlarge; men who are even determined to outgrow the corporation, if possible, and strike for something better. It is the hot pace set by such men, bound by a common interest in a common undertaking under wise guidance, which makes directly for the surest and most immediate success; and in this day and age almost nothing short of this can possibly succeed.

The educational executive or manager, however, has no such freedom of choice as to his associates, has no such right of way, but is fast-bound at the very start by a precedent which, while possibly growing weaker, is still very generally all too powerful. In the days when the schoolmaster was one of the few even decently educated men in the community, to be appointed as a college professor was to be set at once high upon a pinnacle, above effective criticism and quite beyond the reach of complaint. The tenure to such position was practically for life: it took an act of the trustees to put a man there, but it took an act of God to put him out. Changes from one institution to another were rare, and opportunity for advancement of those who were of lower rank was still more rare; for a full professor rarely died, and never resigned. The removal of the head of a department for inefficiency was almost unknown; in fact, it may be said to have been entirely unknown, for those whose incompetency became unbearable were not so often removed as they were retired upon half pay. It must be clearly understood that there is no thought of placing this stigma upon all the honored names on the long line of emeritus professors in American colleges; but it is nevertheless true that many a president and many a controlling board have found this a most ready means of escape from an embarrassing situation.

The new president of whom we are writing, therefore, finds that he is simply left to make the best of the present situation: to do what he may and can with such men as are already in place; to make his peace with malcontents, to be patient under opposition, to do the work of three men because the other two are at least not ready to coöperate with him, to explain misunderstandings, quietly to contradict misstatements when he is so fortunate as to have the opportunity to do this, to supplement the inefficiency of others, and to furnish enthusiasm enough not only to carry himself over all obstacles and through all difficulties, but to warm blood in the veins of others whose temperature never yet rose above thirty-four degrees Fahrenheit. To compel him to undertake his work in this way is not only cruel to him personally, but is as unnecessary as it is unwise. The same rule ought to apply here as elsewhere: one who cannot commend himself to a wisely chosen and properly restrained executive, one who cannot cordially and enthusiastically coöperate with such an executive along lines of policy determined by the authorities of the university, ought to go elsewhere — and ought not to stand upon the order of his going, either. All

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that can be said on the other side of this simple business proposition can be said on the other side of the present management of every great commercial undertaking, in the matter of the personnel of its staff. No one denies for a moment that it is a frightful responsibility to thus make or mar the fortunes and reputations of men; but it is a responsibility which is granted and accepted by the most large-minded, the most generous, and the only truly successful business men of this age. It surely is a dangerous grant of power to a single man; but when the interests of all are considered, it is less dangerous to grant this power than to withhold it and to divide authority. One certainly takes great chances when one puts his career, his whole future, perhaps, and the fortunes of all whom he holds dear, into the hands of one man; but the strong and the brave and the earnest men of every American community are doing this very thing every hour of every day of every year on our calendar, and are glad of the opportunity to do it. There is no good reason why the rule which works so well and is so universally accepted in every other form of organization ought not to be as readily accepted and will not give equal satisfaction in the educational world. At least, let it be fairly tried. Let it be remembered that the administrator has a reputation at stake, with very little opportunity at present to protect it against the indifference, the inefficiency, the secret hostility or vagaries of the members of his staff. Above all, let it be remembered that the welfare of the student and the reputation of the institution are of far more importance than the welfare and reputation of any officer or employee, of whatever rank, or grade, or length of service.

The new president finds also that nearly every detail of administration must be submitted to his faculty for its approval. If the manager of a railroad desires to increase the speed of his trains or to make other changes in the time schedule, or change a curve or establish new grades, or improve the rolling stock, or set new requirements for entering the service of the company or for continuing in the same, or improve the system of accounting, he very properly consults those who are most directly interested in the particular matter in hand; but he is not bound by the advice given, much less is he compelled to call a mass meeting of all employees and abide by a majority vote. Not only is his own individual determination final in all matters of general policy, but he may even step inside a special department, make suggestions as to the details of its work, and insist that these be faithfully carried out. Not so in the educational world of today, by many, many miles of departure! If the average member of the average faculty is by any chance reading these lines, the chill in his veins and the horror in his heart at the bare thought of such assumption of authority or grant of power are easily imagined. It goes without contradiction that in our colleges and universities there is practically no educational supervision whatever. It is doubtful if the bravest college president in the country would quite dare to go into a department and make an issue on the methods of instruction obtaining therein; and it is still more doubtful if he would be sustained by his board, if he did this. The average board would probably suggest to him that he "would better get at it in some other way," — wisely neglecting to state in what other way. Illustrations of the absolute futility of attempts at advice or criticism abound in the experience of every truly wise and wisely ambitious executive. This assumption of absolute independence on the part of heads of departments has been carried to such an extreme in some cases as to furnish the absolute *reductio ad absurdum;* but the case must go to the board, even after that! and thus far the board has generally overlooked the reductio,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and sustained the department. "For the president even to inquire as to the methods of my department," said a professor of more than usual reputation as an investigator, but of somewhat doubtful reputation as an instructor and as a department manager, — "for the president even to inquire as to the methods of my department is to express dissatisfaction. If he were entirely satisfied, he would not inquire. To inquire, therefore, is simply to offer me an insult." The board so decided, by its inaction, at least, and further inquiries ceased. Surely this overzealous president was in a hard position. He could be neither satisfied nor dissatisfied except upon information. The most direct and natural and satisfactory method of securing this information was by inquiry of the head of the department; but to inquire was to offer insult! The prevalence of this spirit, and the indifference of trustees toward its existence, explains why one of the most renowned of educational executives recently said: "I long ago gave up even the attempt to really *know* much, if anything, about the work of the departments. I now take everything second-hand, and try to determine as well as I may in a very general and rather vague way from reports, from the attitude of students, from the standing of the heads of departments in their special worlds, and from other extraneous and generally rather unreliable sources." This explains why one president, whose own reputation as a teacher and as an investigator in a certain field is almost as broad as the Union, has been obliged for years to see the work in which he is peculiarly interested and peculiarly expert carried inefficiently, to the detriment of all its students and contrary to the best interests of the institution which he represents, and which he is earnestly endeavoring to advance in the educational world. This accounts for the fact that the trustees of one university persistently neglected the advice of its president, or directly refused to accept it, concerning the work of a certain department; only to lose him at last because, his patience utterly exhausted, he accepted the call of a vastly more important and renowned institution to the direction and control of the very department in which his previous advice had been given no weight. Surely, folly and unwisdom in general management can go no further, but both go to this limit far too often to-day.

Not only does this departmental obstruction to successful administration only too often exist, but more general executive work is too dependent upon faculty action. If we are to accomplish even a fair part of all that is easily possible, educationally, in the next century, we must separate quite sharply the work of instruction and the work of administration. The prime duty of the occupant of every college chair, and of those who are his assistants, is to give themselves unreservedly to research, to investigation, and to instruction. Their own success depends upon their being able to engage in this work without let or hindrance, to carry it without interruption, to give it their undivided attention without the slightest distraction. Hence, the general policy of the institution, its relations to the outside world, its connection with secondary or preparatory schools, its possible recognition of these schools, the requirements for admission, the requirements for degrees, the discipline of students — all properly fall within the executive department, to be determined by the president and by the trustees; and a wise faculty will be glad to have these burdens taken from their shoulders. As a matter of course, a successful administrator will counsel with individual members of his faculty in all such matters, and may even call occasional meetings of the entire faculty in order that he may secure the advantage of general discussion and general expression; but the initiative and the final responsibility ought to lie with the executive. It is absolutely impossible

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for a man to keep himself in the temper and enthusiasm of an investigator and instructor in one given line or subject, and at the same time keep such full and complete touch with the outside world as to know exactly what administrative course is the wisest and safest to be pursued. A skilled accountant cannot possibly do more than suggest to an expert salesman at the counter; the salesman at the counter cannot possibly hope to do more than give a few pointers to the head of his department; and all three are but the general advisers of the firm. If the manager of a cotton factory should undertake to determine by the vote of all employees where to buy raw material, when to buy, in what quantities to buy, what prices to pay, with what pattern or in what form or in what quantities to manufacture, when and where and on what terms to sell, he would bankrupt his corporation in a single year, unless the directors were shrewd enough to dismiss him within ninety days after such a policy had been announced. Yet this is no greatly exaggerated illustration of the system — or, better, of the chaos — existing in far too many educational institutions. That the public knows so little of this, and possibly will be slow to check this great waste of time and money, and, above all, of opportunity, is due to the very simple fact that the public is after all rather indifferent to the conditions of educational management and to the results. If the business men of this country felt as keen an interest in the blowholes in education as affecting or failing to affect their particular business life as the government feels in the blowholes in armor plate or of ship steel, there would be an immediate change.

Of course there are points where the parallel between the business world and the educational world is not complete. In the latter there is, naturally and necessarily and wisely, more conservatism. Results are not so tangible, methods cannot be so quickly tested, the personal element is far more important, mathematical rules cannot be as easily established, there must be more continuity of plan and of movement: and because of this, change must come more slowly and must be met more cautiously. But the due consideration of all these factors is precisely that characteristic which marks a wise administrator. If he have not this wisdom, he must surely fail; and the trustees must be just as ready and just as wise and just as firm in their treatment of him, as in their relations to either faculty or minor employees. It is certain, however, that until something of this freedom of movement and this largeness of opportunity accompanies the corresponding expansion of responsibility, there will be even more college presidencies going begging than there are at present. "Why did you not accept that call?" was recently asked one of the brightest and most promising of the younger presidents, concerning a unanimous and pressing call to the headship of one of the most notable institutions in this country. "Because even casual inquiry showed that two old and decadent men controlled the board; two old and decadent men, and three men weak in education but strong in scheming and wire-working, controlled the faculty; and all the old grannies in the community and in the denomination, who thought the institution their private property, controlled both the board and the faculty — and the president was supposed to cut between these three, satisfy all, and shift for himself."

Rare indeed is that wisdom of administration which was shown recently in a great and growing university. The president reported to the trustees that two members of the faculty, men who he admitted were of rare ability and signally successful as instructors, were publicly criticising the policy of the administration and obstructing the work of the executive, in the face of both friendly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suggestion and official reprimand; and the board promptly called for their resignations. No wonder that others in that faculty are quietly making common cause against both the board and the executive on the self-confessing ground that "no weak man in this faculty is safe as long as that man remains president."

One of the difficulties encountered by this new president of ours is the fact that, be he never so strenuous or so careful, there must always be some weak men in his faculty, — some men to whom the quick-witted Indian would give the title "old-man-afraid-of-his-job." First-class men in the strictest sense are still rather lonesome in this world: there are very few to the century. A wise executive will be content if he can make up a list of first-class second-class men. The writer of this recalls that he once wrote to an educational friend somewhat as follows: "I am looking for a first-class man for our work in history. It is not his technical preparation that I am so anxious about — that will probably be complete enough; he would scarcely dare apply without this. But I wish to get a man who is large-minded, generous in nature, built on a large pattern, wide between the eyes, a born winner of men; who can grapple young men as with hooks of steel, and make them love and revere him; who can go out to some of our smaller cities or towns for an evening's address, and come back with a whole beltful of scalps; who can immediately secure the confidence of those in charge of secondary schools, and turn them and their pupils toward us; who will be a power in the university, and in the community, and in the state. If you know of such a man, put me in touch with him." And the friend seized a blue pencil, and quickly wrote on the margin of the letter: "I know your man. Will just suit you. Only man in the country that will. Don't know whether you can get him or not. Do no harm to try. Name is Brooks, — Phillips. Lives in Boston." There was a wonderful amount of sagacity and wisdom in that answer, and the lesson was not lost.

One of the most successful presidents of a most renowned Eastern institution once declared that he had been examining the ground carefully, and was fully assured in his own mind that if it were possible to dismiss immediately every member of every faculty east of the Alleghanies, not more than one half would be reinstated, and he doubted if more than one third would be. Yes, there will always be weak men in every faculty. Some came by inheritance, — they were endowed with the chair, in those early days when the grantor thought he knew far better than the grantee what ought to be done with the grant. Some have simply outlived their usefulness, and as there are no means for pensioning, they are maintained through a pity for themselves which very unwisely overshadows the pity which ought to go out to those in their classes. Some are so influential in their church, or in some one of the great fraternal organizations, or in politics, or are so beloved by alumni who graduated many years ago and who do not understand either the nature or the demands of the new education, that to disturb them would in all probability cause the institution more loss than to permit them to remain. Some are there because the financial resources of the college will not permit the employment of better men. Some are there for denominational reasons, in the privately endowed or "church" institutions; or for political reasons, in "state" schools — though thirty years' administrative experience and observation prove that both these influences are exceedingly exaggerated in the popular mind. But far more hold over simply because there are not yet enough strong men to go around! With a hundred applications for a given chair, the choice will narrow down very quickly to a half dozen, then to half that number, and in all probability will finally

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fall on some one who is not an applicant at all, but is quietly yet successfully at work in some minor position, biding his time and awaiting recognition. Positive teaching power is still a rare gift. Some one has scornfully said that teachers are plentiful — "They are like the cattle upon a thousand hills;" which may be true, but that is not the kind of cattle for which a wise executive is searching. The trouble lies, however, not in the fact that necessarily there are weak men in every faculty, but in the fact which ought not to be necessary at all, that the executive is so rarely permitted to substitute a better man when a better man can be found.

Much the same difficulty is encountered in attempting to secure a wise and philosophical arrangement of the curriculum, a readjustment of departments, better methods of instruction, — a difficulty readily removed by a wise choice of an executive, and by an equally wise expansion of his powers along the line of educational supervision. "We are doing to-day," recently remarked a renowned college president, "what I begged to have done twenty years ago. Could I have had the authority to do it then, and to have called about me men who would have executed my plans, not only would nearly an entire generation have had the benefit of this work, but all whom these touched would have felt this new thought and this new life." Think what a battle-royal the great president of Harvard has waged for a full quarter of a century, and of what might have been the results had he been given a comparatively free rein from the start. The simple fact is, that in any given faculty not more than two or three men know much, if anything, about the science of education. There are several reasons for this, all at least fairly acceptable. The science of education is one of our newer sciences. The American university puts unusually heavy burdens upon its instructional force, and there is very little time left for a careful consideration of a new science. There are equally heavy demands made upon the pocketbook, and with present salaries there is no margin for two or three educational periodicals, in addition to all that one must expend to maintain his own immediate library. The new science has not yet touched very directly the work of higher education. And, lastly, under the title of Pedagogy a frightful amount of sheer stuff has been palmed off on an unsuspecting and all too credulous educational public. But reasons aside, weighty or not, sufficient or not, the fact remains that most curricula are either thrown together hastily and unintelligently, or follow antiquated and entirely unscientific precedents, or move out along the lines of the personal strength or personal ambition of a very few members of the faculty. Men who know little or nothing of the possibilities of secondary education, or even of its actual condition in the territory from which their institution is drawing its students; men who have never even read the reports of the great national committees on the various phases of education, much less have given these reports careful thought; men who regard any attempt at coördination or correlation as fadding; men who cannot give an intelligent reason for the location of a single study in the entire curriculum, except that of necessary continuity in mathematics and in languages — these men our new president will find to be determining what may be rightly, and efficiently, and wisely, and successfully built upon this substructure. It is easily evident that the president is the one man who has time and opportunity and incentive to take up this work — this vastly important work — of course-building, in the proper temper, with a wide outlook, in an impartial spirit; and who can and will make a comparative study of existing curricula as well as philosophical investigation of fundamental principles. But the organization

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of our colleges and universities to-day is such that the president is easily overridden in all these matters by any faculty committee into whose hands work that is properly executive is generally committed. The result of all this is the present only too general attempt to build a comfortable house on a six-by-nine foundation, to secure satisfactory technical training with narrow and insufficient preparation, to attempt to establish university methods with students whose preparation to work under such methods has been little more than academic, and really not quite that. "Out of all this," says a university president, in a recent report, "has come a certain resulting irritation on the part of many instructors which is certainly deplorable — even though possibly natural. Men who are specialists, or who more than anything else desire to become specialists, and who find their greatest delight and interest in research and investigation, will necessarily turn back to the work of definite and more elementary instruction with great reluctance, with a certain inaptness born of the very conditions under which their work is carried, and with a very definite impatience (though this is not often recognized by themselves). Naturally, with such men, and under such conditions, it is easier to 'weed out' men, to 'condition' or 'flunk' men, to 'turn down' men, than it is to patiently and successfully instruct and educate men. The avoidance of this alternate of instruction is easily, though perhaps unconsciously, disguised under the statement that it is necessary to have and to maintain high standards of excellence, — a statement made far more often by unsuccessful instructors than by those who are really competent to teach. Many conferences with graduates and with ex-students, and a careful study of the records of the different departments in this university and of the relations existing between teachers and taught, assure me that a gross injustice has been done to literally hundreds of bright students under the methods to which reference has just been made."

Our new president must face all this with his hands practically tied. He sees clearly what ought to be done; he knows that his thought is entirely coincident with that of all who are really well-informed and who speak with easily recognized authority in these matters; and he realizes also, with a heavy heart, that the young people coming and going at his university have but this one chance to secure wise and efficient and inspiring instruction: yet he must wait, and wait, and wait, simply because the educational world is not yet willing to place its affairs upon a business basis, and accept methods of organization and administration which commend themselves to all sane business men in all undertakings. "He is attempting to run the university precisely as he would run a woolen factory," wailed a member of a faculty, somewhat recently, to one of the trustees; and it was actually scored against the new president in the board that his methods were too commercial! "There ought to be one spot left in the world where there would be something of the dignity of repose!" exclaimed another very learned professor and altogether idle and indifferent teacher, in an institution whose president was working eighteen hours a day in his effort to force the college up to a higher plane; and at the next meeting of the board there was a semi-official intimation that the president ought to be able to get on better and with less friction with his faculty. Said an honored alumnus of one of our most renowned institutions, "The students' notebooks in physics for the year 1890 bring just as high a price as those for 1898"! Yet the president of that institution found it impossible to dislodge this calcined and fossiliferous instructor even from his position on the committee on Course of Study, much less from the university; and what hope

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for advancement could possibly exist under such a counselor!

A distinguished member of the United States Senate once declared, "I love my Alma Mater for all that she has enabled me to be and to do in spite of her!" — a seeming paradox that will be readily understood by every thoughtful graduate who has at last found his true place in the world's economy. The spirit of this age accepts the desirability and the necessity of sound and sane training of a very high order, if we are to be saved from the friction and irritation and irretrievable loss that always follow in the train of ignorance and its consequent weakness. Public and private treasure is poured out most freely to secure this more satisfactory preparation for a larger life. But the wear and tear and waste and delay must continue almost unbearable, unless the business of education is regarded in a business light, is cared for by business methods, and is made subject to that simple but all-efficient law of a proper division of labor and of intelligent and efficient organization, — a division of labor which brings the men who are students of the classics, of the sciences, of the literatures, of philosophy, of history, under the wise direction and immediate control of the man who is necessarily and most desirably a student of humanity; with a responsibility which is coincident with the work in hand, and with an authority entirely commensurate with this responsibility. Whatever of executive difficulties and perplexities will then remain, they will not be the peculiar difficulties and perplexities of to-day.

One of the Guild.

THE FORESTS OF THE YOSEMITE PARK.

THE coniferous forests of the Yosemite Park, and of the Sierra in general, surpass all others of their kind in America, or indeed in the world, not only in the size and beauty of the trees, but in the number of species assembled together, and the grandeur of the mountains they are growing on. Leaving the workaday lowlands, and wandering into the heart of the mountains, we find a new world, and stand beside the majestic pines and firs and sequoias silent and awestricken, as if in the presence of superior beings new arrived from some other star, so calm and bright and godlike they are.

Going to the woods is going home; for I suppose we came from the woods originally. But in some of nature's forests the adventurous traveler seems a feeble, unwelcome creature; wild beasts and the weather trying to kill him, the rank tangled vegetation armed with spears and stinging needles barring his way and making life a hard struggle. Here everything is hospitable and kind, as if planned for your pleasure, ministering to every want of body and soul. Even the storms are friendly and seem to regard you as a brother, their beauty and tremendous fateful earnestness charming alike. But the weather is mostly sunshine, both winter and summer, and the clear sunny brightness of the park is one of its most striking characteristics. Even the heaviest portions of the main forest belt, where the trees are tallest and stand closest, are not in the least gloomy. The sunshine falls in glory through the colossal spires and crowns, each a symbol of health and strength, the noble shafts faithfully upright like the pillars of temples, upholding a roof of infinite leafy interlacing arches and fretted skylights. The more open

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portions are like spacious parks, carpeted with small shrubs, or only with the fallen needles sprinkled here and there with flowers. In some places, where the ground is level or slopes gently, the trees are assembled in groves, and the flowers and underbrush in trim beds and thickets as in landscape gardens or the lovingly planted grounds of homes; or they are drawn up in orderly rows around meadows and lakes and along the brows of cañons. But in general the forests are distributed in wide belts, in accordance with climate and the comparative strength of each kind in gaining and holding possession of the ground, while anything like monotonous uniformity is prevented by the grandly varied topography, and by the arrangement of the best soil beds in intricate patterns like embroidery; for they are the moraines of ancient glaciers more or less modified by weathering and stream action. These moraines the trees trace over the hills and plateaus and wide furrowed ridges, and far up the sides of the mountains, rising with even growth on levels, and towering above one another on the long rich slopes prepared for them by the vanished glaciers.

Had the Sierra forests been cheaply accessible, the most valuable of them commercially would ere this have fallen a prey to the lumberman. Thus far the redwood of the Coast Mountains and the Douglas spruce of Oregon and Washington have been more available for lumber than the pine of the Sierra. It cost less to go a thousand miles up the coast for timber, where the trees came down to the shores of navigable rivers and bays, than fifty miles up the mountains. Nevertheless, the superior value of the sugar pine for many purposes has tempted capitalists to expend large sums on flumes and railroads to reach the best forests, though perhaps none of these enterprises has paid. Fortunately, the lately established system of parks and reservations has put a stop to any great extension of the business hereabouts, in its most destructive forms. And as the Yosemite Park region has escaped the millmen, and the all-devouring hordes of hoofed locusts have been banished, it is still in the main a pure wilderness, unbroken by axe clearings except on the lower margin, where a few settlers have opened spots beside hay meadows for their cabins and gardens. But these are mere dots of cultivation, in no appreciable degree disturbing the grand solitude. Twenty or thirty years ago a good many trees were felled for their seeds; traces of this destructive method of seed-collecting are still visible along the trails; but these as well as the shingle-makers' ruins are being rapidly overgrown, the gardens and beds of underbrush once devastated by sheep are blooming again in all their wild glory, and the park is a paradise that makes even the loss of Eden seem insignificant.

On the way to Yosemite Valley, you get some grand views over the forests of the Merced and Tuolumne basins and glimpses of some of the finest trees by the roadside without leaving your seat in the stage. But to learn how they live and behave in pure wildness, to see them in their varying aspects through the seasons and weather, rejoicing in the great storms, in the spiritual mountain light, putting forth their new leaves and flowers when all the streams are in flood and the birds are singing, and sending away their seeds in the thoughtful Indian summer when all the landscape is glowing in deep calm enthusiasm, like the face of a god, — for this you must love them and live with them, as free from schemes and cares and time as the trees themselves.

And surely nobody will find anything hard in this. Even the blind must enjoy these woods, drinking their fragrance, listening to the music of the winds in their groves, fingering their flowers and plumes and cones and richly furrowed boles. The kind of study required is as easy and natural as breathing. Without any great knowledge of botany or wood-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

craft, in a single season you may learn the name and something more of nearly every kind of tree in the park.

With few exceptions all the Sierra trees are growing in the park, — nine species of pine, two of silver fir, and one each of Douglas spruce, libocedrus, hemlock, juniper, and sequoia, — sixteen conifers in all, and about the same number of round-headed trees, oaks, maples, poplars, laurel, alder, dogwood, tumion, etc.

The first of the conifers you meet in going up the range from the west is the digger nut pine (*Pinus sabiniana*), a remarkably open airy wide-branched tree forty to sixty feet high, with long sparse grayish green foliage and large cones. At a height of fifteen to thirty feet from the ground the trunk divides into several main branches, which, after bearing away from one another, shoot straight up and form separate heads as if the axis of the tree had been broken, while the secondary branches divide again and again into rather slender sprays loosely tasseled with leaves eight to twelve inches long. The yellow and purple flowers are about an inch long, the staminate in showy clusters. The big rough burly cones, five to eight or ten inches in length and five or six in diameter, are rich brown in color when ripe, and full of hard-shelled nuts that are greatly prized by Indians and squirrels. This strange-looking pine, enjoying hot sunshine like a palm, is sparsely distributed along the driest part of the Sierra among small oaks and chaparral, and with its gray mist of foliage, strong trunk and branches, and big cones, seen in relief on the glowing sky, forms the most striking feature of the foothill vegetation.

Pinus attenuata is a small slender arrowy tree, with pale green leaves in threes, clustered flowers half an inch long, brownish yellow and crimson, and cones whorled in conspicuous clusters around the branches and also around the trunk. The cones never fall off or open until the tree dies. They are about four inches long, exceedingly strong and solid, and varnished with hard resin forming a waterproof and almost worm and squirrel proof package, in which the seeds are kept fresh and safe during the lifetime of the tree. Sometimes one of the trunk cones is overgrown and imbedded in the heart wood like a knot, but nearly all are pushed out and kept on the surface by the pressure of the successive layers of wood against the base.

This admirable little tree grows on brushy sunbeaten slopes, which from their position and the inflammable character of the vegetation are most frequently fire-swept. These grounds it is able to hold against all comers, however big and strong, by saving its seeds until death, when all it has produced are scattered over the bare cleared ground, and a new generation quickly springs out of the ashes. Thus the curious fact that all the trees of extensive groves and belts are of the same age is accounted for, and their slender habit; for the lavish abundance of seed sown at the same time makes a crowded growth, and the seedlings with an even start rush up in a hurried race for light and life.

Only a few of the attenuata and sabiniana are within the boundaries of the park; the former on the side of the Merced Cañon, the latter on the walls of Hetch-Hetchy Valley and in the cañon below it.

The nut pine (*Pinus monophylla*) is a small, hardy, contented-looking tree, about fifteen or twenty feet high and a foot in diameter. In its youth the close radiating and aspiring branches form a handsome broad-based pyramid, but when fully grown it becomes round-topped, knotty, and irregular, throwing out crooked divergent limbs like an apple tree. The leaves are pale grayish green, about an inch and a half long, and instead of being divided into clusters they are single, round, sharp-pointed, and rigid like spikes, amid which in the spring the red flowers glow brightly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The cones are only about two inches in length and breadth, but nearly half of their bulk is made up of sweet nuts.

This fruitful little pine grows on the dry east side of the park, along the margin of the Mono sage plain, and is the commonest tree of the short mountain ranges of the Great Basin. Tens of thousands of acres are covered with it, forming bountiful orchards for the red man. Being so low and accessible the cones are easily beaten off with poles, and the nuts procured by roasting until the scales open. To the tribes of the desert and sage plains these seeds are the staff of life. They are eaten either raw or parched, or in the form of mush or cakes after being pounded into meal. The time of nut harvest in the autumn is the Indian's merriest time of all the year. An industrious squirrelish family can gather fifty or sixty bushels in a single month before the snow comes, and then their bread for the winter is sure.

The white pine (*Pinus flexilis*) is widely distributed through the Rocky Mountains and the ranges of the Great Basin, where in many places it grows to a good size, and is an important timber tree where none better is to be found. In the park it is sparsely scattered along the eastern flank of the range from Mono Pass southward, above the nut pine, at an elevation of from eight to ten thousand feet, dwarfing to a tangled bush near the timber-line, but under favorable conditions attaining a height of forty or fifty feet, with a diameter of three to five. The long branches show a tendency to sweep out in bold curves, like those of the mountain and sugar pines, to which it is closely related. The needles are in clusters of five, closely packed on the ends of the branchlets. The cones are about five inches long, — the smaller ones nearly oval, the larger cylindrical. But the most interesting feature of the tree is its bloom, the vivid red pistillate flowers glowing among the leaves like coals of fire.

The dwarf pine or white-barked pine (*Pinus albicaulis*) is sure to interest every observer on account of its curious low matted habit, and the great height on the snowy mountains at which it bravely grows. It forms the extreme edge of the timber-line on both flanks of the summit mountains — if so lowly a tree can be called timber — at an elevation of ten to twelve thousand feet above the sea. Where it is first met on the lower limit of its range it may be twenty or thirty feet high, but farther up the rocky wind-swept slopes, where the snow lies deep and heavy for six months of the year, it makes shaggy clumps and beds, crinkled and pressed flat, over which you can easily walk. Nevertheless in this crushed, down-pressed, felted condition it clings hardily to life, puts forth fresh leaves every spring on the ends of its tasseled branchlets, blooms bravely in the lashing blasts with abundance of gay red and purple flowers, matures its seeds in the short summers, and often outlives the favored giants of the sunlands far below. One of the trees that I examined was only about three feet high, with a stem six inches in diameter at the ground, and branches that spread out horizontally as if they had grown up against a ceiling; yet it was four hundred and twenty-six years old, and one of its supple branchlets, about an eighth of an inch in diameter inside the bark, was seventy-five years old, and so tough that I tied it into knots. At the age of this dwarf many of the sugar and yellow pines and sequoias are seven feet in diameter and over two hundred feet high.

In detached clumps never touched by fire the fallen needles of centuries of growth make fine elastic mattresses for the weary mountaineer, while the tasseled branchlets spread a roof over him, and the dead roots, half resin, usually found in abundance, make capital camp fires, unquenchable in the thickest storms of rain or snow. Seen from a distance the belts and patches darkening the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mountain sides look like mosses on a roof, and bring to mind Dr. Johnson's remarks on the trees of Scotland. His guide, anxious for the honor of Mull, was still talking of its woods and pointing them out. "Sir," said Johnson, "I saw at Tobermory what they called a wood, which I unluckily took for heath. If you show me what I shall take for furze, it will be something."

The mountain pine (*Pinus monticola*) is far the largest of the Sierra tree mountaineers. Climbing nearly as high as the dwarf albicaulis, it is still a giant in size, bold and strong, standing erect on the storm-beaten peaks and ridges, tossing its cone-laden branches in the rough winds, living a thousand years, and reaching its greatest size — ninety to a hundred feet in height, six to eight in diameter — just where other trees, its companions, are dwarfed. But it is not able to endure burial in snow so long as the albicaulis and flexilis. Therefore, on the upper limit of its range it is found on slopes which, from their steepness or exposure, are least snowy. Its soft graceful beauty in youth, and its leaves, cones, and outsweeping feathery branches, constantly remind you of the sugar pine, to which it is closely allied. An admirable tree, growing nobler in form and size the colder and balder the mountains about it.

The giants of the main forest in the favored middle region are the sequoia, sugar pine, yellow pine, libocedrus, Douglas spruce, and the two silver firs. The park sequoias are restricted to two small groves, a few miles apart, on the Tuolumne and Merced divide, about seventeen miles from Yosemite Valley. The Big Oak Flat road to the valley runs through the Tuolumne Grove, the Coulterville through the Merced. The more famous and better known Mariposa Grove, belonging to the state, lies near the southwest corner of the park, a few miles above Wawona.

The sugar pine (*Pinus Lambertiana*) is first met in the park in open, sunny, flowery woods, at an elevation of about thirty-five hundred feet above the sea, attains full development at a height between five and six thousand feet, and vanishes at the level of eight thousand feet. In many places, especially on the northern slopes of the main ridges between the rivers, it forms the bulk of the forest, but mostly it is intimately associated with its noble companions, above which it towers in glorious majesty on every hill, ridge, and plateau from one extremity of the range to the other, a distance of five hundred miles, — the largest, noblest, and most beautiful of all the seventy or eighty species of pine trees in the world, and of all the coniferous race second only to King Sequoia.

A good many are from two hundred to two hundred and twenty feet in height, with a diameter at four feet from the ground of six to eight feet, and occasionally a grand patriarch, seven or eight hundred years old, is found that is ten or even twelve feet in diameter and two hundred and forty feet high, with a magnificent crown seventy feet wide. David Douglas, who discovered "this most beautiful and immensely grand tree" in the fall of 1826 in southern Oregon, says that the largest of several that had been blown down, "at three feet from the ground was fifty-seven feet nine inches in circumference" (or fully eighteen feet in diameter); "at one hundred and thirty-four feet, seventeen feet five inches; extreme length, two hundred and forty-five feet." Probably for *fifty-seven* we should read *thirty-seven* for the base measurement, which would make it correspond with the other dimensions; for none of this species with anything like so great a girth has since been seen. A girth of even thirty feet is uncommon. A fallen specimen that I measured was nine feet three inches in diameter inside the bark at four feet from the ground, and six feet in diameter at a hundred feet from the ground. A comparatively

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young tree, three hundred and thirty years old, that had been cut down, measured seven feet across the stump, was three feet three inches in diameter at a height of one hundred and fifty feet, and two hundred and ten feet in length.

The trunk is a round, delicately tapered shaft, with finely furrowed purplish-brown bark, usually free of limbs for a hundred feet or more. The top is furnished with long and comparatively slender branches, which sweep gracefully downward and outward, feathered with short tasseled branchlets, and divided only at the ends, forming a palmlike crown fifty to seventy-five feet wide, but without the monotonous uniformity of palm crowns or of the spires of most conifers. The old trees are as tellingly varied and picturesque as oaks. No two are alike, and we are tempted to stop and admire every one we come to, whether as it stands silent in the calm balsam-scented sunshine, or waving in accord with enthusiastic storms. The leaves are about three or four inches long, in clusters of five, finely tempered, bright lively green, and radiant. The flowers are but little larger than those of the dwarf pine, and far less showy. The immense cylindrical cones, fifteen to twenty or even twenty-four inches long and three in diameter, hang singly or in clusters, like ornamental tassels, at the ends of the long branches, green, flushed with purple on the sunward side. Like those of almost all the pines they ripen in the autumn of the second season from the flower, and the seeds of all that have escaped the Indians, bears, and squirrels take wing and fly to their places. Then the cones become still more effective as ornaments, for by the spreading of the scales the diameter is nearly doubled, and the color changes to a rich brown. They remain on the tree the following winter and summer; therefore few fertile trees are ever found without them. Nor even after they fall is the beauty work of these grand cones done, for they make a fine show on the flowery, needle-strewn ground. The wood is pale yellow, fine in texture, and deliciously fragrant. The sugar, which gives name to the tree, exudes from the heart wood on wounds made by fire or the axe, and forms irregular crisp white candy-like masses. To the taste of most people it is as good as maple sugar, though it cannot be eaten in large quantities.

No traveler, whether a tree lover or not, will ever forget his first walk in a sugar-pine forest. The majestic crowns approaching one another make a glorious canopy, through the feathery arches of which the sunbeams pour, silvering the needles and gilding the stately columns and the ground into a scene of enchantment.

The yellow pine (*Pinus ponderosa*) is surpassed in size and nobleness of port only by its kingly companion. Full-grown trees in the main forest, where it is associated with the sugar pine, are about one hundred and seventy-five feet high, with a diameter of five to six feet, though much larger specimens may easily be found. The largest I ever measured was a little over eight feet in diameter four feet above the ground, and two hundred and twenty feet high. Where there is plenty of sunshine and other conditions are favorable, it is a massive symmetrical spire, formed of a strong straight shaft clad with innumerable branches, which are divided again and again into stout branchlets laden with bright shining needles and green or purple cones. Where the growth is at all close half or more of the trunk is branchless. The species attains its greatest size and most majestic form in open groves on the deep well-drained soil of lake basins at an elevation of about four thousand feet. There nearly all the old trees are over two hundred feet high, and the heavy, leafy, much-divided branches sumptuously clothe the trunk almost to the ground. Such trees are easily climbed, and in going up the wind-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing stairs of knotty limbs to the top you will gain a most telling and memorable idea of the height, the richness and intricacy of the branches, and the marvelous abundance and beauty of the long shining elastic foliage. In tranquil weather, you will see the firm outstanding needles in calm content, shimmering and throwing off keen minute rays of light like lances of ice; but when heavy winds are blowing, the strong towers bend and wave in the blast with eager wide-awake enthusiasm, and every tree in the grove glows and flashes in one mass of white sunfire.

Both the yellow and sugar pines grow rapidly on good soil where they are not crowded. At the age of a hundred years they are about two feet in diameter and a hundred feet or more high. They are then very handsome, though very unlike: the sugar pine, lithe, feathery, closely clad with ascending branches; the yellow, open, showing its axis from the ground to the top, its whorled branches but little divided as yet, spreading and turning up at the ends with magnificent tassels of long stout bright needles, the terminal shoot with its leaves being often three or four feet long and a foot and a half wide, the most hopeful-looking and the handsomest treetop in the woods. But instead of increasing, like its companion, in wildness and individuality of form with age, it becomes more evenly and compactly spiry. The bark is usually very thick, four to six inches at the ground, and arranged in large plates, some of them on the lower part of the trunk four or five feet long and twelve to eighteen inches wide, forming a strong defense against fire. The leaves are in threes, and from three inches to a foot long. The flowers appear in May: the staminate pink or brown, in conspicuous clusters two or three inches wide; the pistillate crimson, a fourth of an inch wide, and mostly hidden among the leaves on the tips of the branchlets. The cones vary from about three to ten inches in length, two to five in width, and grow in sessile outstanding clusters near the ends of the upturned branchlets.

Being able to endure fire and hunger and many climates this grand tree is widely distributed: eastward from the coast across the broad Rocky Mountain ranges to the Black Hills of Dakota, a distance of more than a thousand miles, and southward from British Columbia near latitude 51° to Mexico, about fifteen hundred miles. South of the Columbia River it meets the sugar pine, and accompanies it all the way down along the Coast and Cascade mountains and the Sierra and southern ranges to the mountains of the peninsula of Lower California, where mountain and tree find their southmost homes together. Pinus ponderosa is extremely variable, and much bother it gives botanists who try to catch and confine the unmanageable proteus in two or a dozen species, — *Jeffreyi, deflexa, Apacheca latifolia*, etc. But in all its wanderings, in every form it manifests noble strength. Clad in thick bark like a warrior in mail, it extends its bright ranks over all the high ranges of the wild side of the continent: flourishes in the drenching fog and rain of the northern coast at the level of the sea; in the snow-laden blasts of the mountains, and the white glaring sunshine of the interior plateaus and plains; on the borders of mirage-haunted deserts, volcanoes, and lava beds, waving its bright plumes in the hot winds undaunted, blooming every year for centuries, and tossing big ripe cones among the cinders and ashes of nature's hearths.

The Douglas spruce grows with the great pines, especially on the cool north sides of ridges and cañons, and is here nearly as large as the yellow pine, but less abundant. The wood is strong and tough, the bark thick and deeply furrowed, and on vigorous quick-growing trees the stout spreading branches are covered with innumerable slender swaying sprays handsomely clothed with short

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leaves. The flowers are about three fourths of an inch in length, red or greenish, not so showy as the pendulous bracted cones. But in June and July, when the young bright yellow leaves appear, the entire tree seems to be covered with bloom.

It is this grand tree that forms the famous forests of western Oregon, Washington, and the adjacent coast regions of British Columbia, where it attains its greatest size and is most abundant, making almost pure forests over thousands of square miles, dark and close and almost inaccessible, many of the trees towering with straight imperceptibly tapered shafts to a height of three hundred feet, their heads together shutting out the light, — one of the largest, most widely distributed, and most important of all the Western giants.

The incense cedar (*Libocedrus decurrens*), when full-grown, is a magnificent tree, one hundred and twenty to nearly two hundred feet high, five to eight and occasionally twelve feet in diameter, with cinnamon-colored bark and warm yellow-green foliage, and in general appearance like an arbor vitæ. It is distributed through the main forest from an elevation of three to six thousand feet, and in sheltered portions of cañons on the warm sides to seven thousand five hundred. In midwinter, when most trees are asleep, it puts forth its flowers. The pistillate are pale green and inconspicuous; but the staminate are yellow, about one fourth of an inch long, and are produced in myriads, tingeing all the branches with gold, and making the tree as it stands in the snow look like a gigantic goldenrod. Though scattered rather sparsely amongst its companions in the open woods, it is seldom out of sight, and its bright brown shafts and warm masses of plumy foliage make a striking feature of the landscape. While young and growing fast in an open situation no other tree of its size in the park forms so exactly tapered a pyramid. The branches, outspread in flat plumes and beautifully fronded, sweep gracefully downward and outward, except those near the top, which aspire; the lowest droop to the ground, overlapping one another, shedding off rain and snow, and making fine tents for storm-bound mountaineers and birds. In old age it becomes irregular and picturesque, mostly from accidents: running fires, heavy wet snow breaking the branches, lightning shattering the top, compelling it to try to make new summits out of side branches, etc. Still it frequently lives more than a thousand years, invincibly beautiful, and worthy its place beside the Douglas spruce and the great pines.

This unrivaled forest is still further enriched by two majestic silver firs, *Abies magnifica* and *Abies concolor*, bands of which come down from the main fir belt by cool shady ridges and glens. Abies magnifica is the noblest of its race, growing on moraines, at an elevation of seven thousand to eight thousand five hundred feet above the sea, to a height of two hundred or two hundred and fifty feet, and five to seven in diameter; and with these noble dimensions there is a richness and symmetry and perfection of finish not to be found in any other tree in the Sierra. The branches are whorled, in fives mostly, and stand out from the straight red purple bole in level or, on old trees, in drooping collars, every branch regularly pinnated like fern fronds, and clad with silvery needles, making broad plumes singularly rich and sumptuous.

The flowers are in their prime about the middle of June: the staminate red, growing on the under side of the branchlets in crowded profusion, giving a rich color to nearly all the tree; the pistillate greenish yellow tinged with pink, standing erect on the upper side of the topmost branches; while the tufts of young leaves, about as brightly colored as those of the Douglas spruce, push out of their fragrant brown buds a few weeks later, making another grand show.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The cones mature in a single season from the flowers. When full-grown they are about six to eight inches long, three or four in diameter, blunt, massive, cylindrical, greenish gray in color, covered with a fine silvery down, and beaded with transparent balsam, very rich and precious-looking, standing erect like casks on the topmost branches. If possible, the inside of the cone is still more beautiful. The scales and bracts are tinged with red, and the seed wings are purple with bright iridescence.

Abies concolor, the white silver fir, grows best about two thousand feet lower than the magnifica. It is nearly as large, but the branches are less regularly pinnated and whorled, the leaves are longer, and instead of standing out around the branchlets or turning up and clasping them they are mostly arranged in two horizontal or ascending rows, and the cones are less than half as large. The bark of the magnifica is reddish purple and closely furrowed, that of the concolor is gray and widely furrowed, — a noble pair, rivaled only by the *Abies grandis*, *amabilis*, and *nobilis*, of the forests of Oregon, Washington, and the Northern California Coast Range. But none of these northern species form pure forests that in extent and beauty approach those of the Sierra.

The seeds of the conifers are curiously formed and colored, white, brown, purple, plain or spotted like birds' eggs, and excepting the juniper they are all handsomely and ingeniously winged with reference to their distribution. They are a sort of cunningly devised flying machines, — one-winged birds, birds with but one feather, — and they take but one flight, all save those which, after flying from the cone nest in calm weather, chance to alight on branches where they have to wait for a wind. And though these seed wings are intended for only a moment's use, they are as thoughtfully colored and fashioned as the wings of birds, and require from one to two seasons to grow. Those of the pine, fir, hemlock, and spruce are curved in such manner that, in being dragged through the air by the seeds, they are made to revolve, whirling the seeds in a close spiral, and sustaining them long enough to allow the winds to carry them to considerable distances, — a style of flying full of quick merry motion, strikingly contrasted to the sober dignified sailing of seeds on tufts of feathery pappus. Surely no merrier adventurers ever set out to seek their fortunes. Only in the fir woods are large flocks seen; for, unlike the cones of the pine, spruce, hemlock, etc., which let the seeds escape slowly, one or two at a time, by spreading the scales, the fir cones when ripe fall to pieces, and let nearly all go at once in favorable weather. All along Sierra for hundreds of miles, on dry breezy autumn days, the sunny spaces in the woods among the colossal spires are in a whirl with these shining purple-winged wanderers, notwithstanding the harvesting squirrels have been working at the top of their speed for weeks trying to cut off every cone before the seeds were ready to swarm and fly. Sequoia seeds have flat wings, and glint and glance in their flight like a boy's kite. The dispersal of juniper seeds is effected by the plum and cherry plan of hiring birds at the cost of their board, and thus obtaining the use of a pair of extra good wings.

Above the great fir belt, and below the ragged beds and fringes of the dwarf pine, stretch the broad dark forests of *Pinus contorta*, var. *Murrayana*, usually called tamarack pine. On broad fields of moraine material it forms nearly pure forests at an elevation of about eight or nine thousand feet above the sea, where it is a small well-proportioned tree, fifty or sixty feet high and one or two in diameter, with thin gray bark, crooked much-divided straggling branches, short needles in clusters of two, bright yellow and crimson flowers, and small prickly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cones. The very largest I ever measured was ninety feet in height, and a little over six feet in diameter four feet above the ground. On moist well-drained soil in sheltered hollows along streamsides it grows tall and slender with ascending branches, making graceful arrowy spires fifty to seventy-five feet high, with stems only five or six inches thick.

The most extensive forest of this pine in the park lies to the north of the Big Tuolumne Meadows, — a famous deer pasture and hunting ground of the Mono Indians. For miles over wide moraine beds there is an even, nearly pure growth, broken only by glacier meadows, around which the trees stand in trim array, their sharp spires showing to fine advantage both in green flowery summer and white winter. On account of the closeness of its growth in many places, and the thinness and gumminess of its bark, it is easily killed by running fires, which work widespread destruction in its ranks; but a new generation rises quickly from the ashes, for all or a part of its seeds are held in reserve for a year or two or many years, and when the tree is killed the cones open and the seeds are scattered over the burned ground like those of the attenuata.

Next to the mountain hemlock and the dwarf pine this species best endures burial in heavy snow, while in braving hunger and cold on rocky ridgetops it is not surpassed by any. It is distributed from Alaska to Southern California, and inland across the Rocky Mountains, taking many forms in accordance with demands of climate, soil, rivals, and enemies; growing patiently in bogs and on sand dunes beside the sea where it is pelted with salt scud, on high snowy mountains and down in the throats of extinct volcanoes; springing up with invincible vigor after every devastating fire and extending its conquests farther.

The sturdy storm-enduring red cedar (*Juniperus occidentalis*) delights to dwell on the tops of granite domes and ridges and glacier pavements of the upper pine belt, at an elevation of seven to ten thousand feet, where it can get plenty of sunshine and snow and elbow-room without encountering quick-growing overshadowing rivals. They never make anything like a forest, seldom come together even in groves, but stand out separate and independent in the wind, clinging by slight joints to the rock, living chiefly on snow and thin air, and maintaining tough health on this diet for two thousand years or more, every feature and gesture expressing steadfast dogged endurance. The largest are usually about six or eight feet in diameter and fifteen or twenty in height. A very few are ten feet in diameter, and on isolated moraine heaps forty to sixty feet in height. Many are mere stumps, as broad as high, broken by avalanches and lightning, picturesquely tufted with dense gray scalelike foliage, and giving no hint of dying. The staminate flowers are like those of the libocedrus, but smaller; the pistillate are inconspicuous. The wood is red, fine-grained, and fragrant; the bark bright cinnamon and red, and in thrifty trees is strikingly braided and reticulated, flaking off in thin lustrous ribbons, which the Indians used to weave into matting and coarse cloth. These brown unshakable pillars, standing solitary on polished pavements with bossy masses of foliage in their arms, are exceedingly picturesque, and never fail to catch the eye of the artist. They seem sole survivors of some ancient race, wholly unacquainted with their neighbors.

I have spent a good deal of time trying to determine their age, but on account of dry rot, which honeycombs most of the old ones, I never got a complete count of the largest. Some are undoubtedly more than two thousand years old; for though on good moraine soil they grow about as fast as oaks, on bare pavements and smoothly glaciated overswept granite ridges in the dome

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

region they grow extremely slowly. One on the Starr King ridge, only two feet eleven inches in diameter, was eleven hundred and forty years old. Another on the same ridge, only one foot seven and a half inches in diameter, had reached the age of eight hundred and thirty-four years. The first fifteen inches from the bark of a medium-sized tree — six feet in diameter — on the north Tenaya pavement had eight hundred and fifty-nine layers of wood, or fifty-seven to the inch. Beyond this the count was stopped by dry rot and scars of old wounds. The largest I examined was thirty-three feet in girth, or nearly ten in diameter; and though I failed to get anything like a complete count, I learned enough from this and many other specimens to convince me that most of the trees eight to ten feet thick standing on polished glacier pavements are more than twenty centuries of age rather than less. Barring accidents, for all I can see, they would live forever. When killed, they waste out of existence about as slowly as granite. Even when overthrown by avalanches, after standing so long, they refuse to lie at rest, leaning stubbornly on their big elbows as if anxious to rise, and while a single root holds to the rock putting forth fresh leaves with a grim never-say-die and never-lie-down expression.

As the juniper is the most stubborn and unshakable of trees, the mountain hemlock (*Tsuga Mertensiana*) is the most graceful and pliant and sensitive, responding to the slightest touches of the wind. Until it reaches a height of fifty or sixty feet it is sumptuously clothed down to the ground with drooping branches, which are divided into countless delicate waving sprays, grouped and arranged in most indescribably beautiful ways, and profusely sprinkled with handsome brown cones. The flowers also are peculiarly beautiful and effective: the pistillate very dark rich purple; the staminate blue of so fine and pure a tone that the best azure of the high sky seems to be condensed in them.

Though apparently the most delicate and feminine of all the mountain trees, it grows best where the snow lies deepest, at an elevation of from nine thousand to nine thousand five hundred feet, in hollows on the northern slopes of mountains and ridges. But under all circumstances and conditions of weather and soil, sheltered from the main currents of the winds or in blank exposure to them, well fed or starved, it is always singularly graceful in habit. Even at its highest limit in the park, ten thousand five hundred feet above the sea on exposed ridgetops, where it crouches and huddles close together in dwarf thickets like those of the dwarf pine, it still contrives to put forth its sprays and branches in forms of irrepressible beauty, while on moist well-drained moraines it displays a perfectly tropical luxuriance of foliage and flowers and fruits.

In the first winter storms the snow is oftentimes soft, and lodges in the dense leafy branches, pressing them down against the trunk, and the slender drooping axis bends lower and lower as the load increases, until the top touches the ground and an ornamental arch is made. Then, as storm succeeds storm and snow is heaped on snow, the whole tree is at last buried, not again to see the light or move leaf or limb until set free by the spring thaws in June or July. Not the young saplings only are thus carefully covered and put to sleep in the whitest of white beds for five or six months of the year, but trees thirty and forty feet high. From April to May, when the snow is compacted, you may ride over the prostrate groves without seeing a single branch or leaf of them. In the autumn they are full of merry life, when Clark crows, squirrels, and chipmucks are gathering the abundant crop of seeds and cones, and the deer come to rest beneath the thick concealing branches. The finest grove

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the park is near Mount Conness, and the trail from the Tuolumne soda springs to the mountain runs through it. Many of the trees in this grove are three to four or five feet in diameter and about a hundred feet high.

The mountain hemlock is widely distributed from near the south extremity of the high Sierra northward along the Cascade Mountains of Oregon and Washington and the coast ranges of British Columbia to Alaska, where it was first discovered in 1827. Its northmost limit, so far as I have observed, is in the icy fiords of Prince William's Sound in latitude 61°, where it forms pure forests at the level of the sea, growing tall and majestic on the banks of the great glaciers, waving in accord with the mountain winds and the thunder of the falling icebergs. Here as in the Sierra it is ineffably beautiful, the very loveliest evergreen in America.

Of the round-headed dicotyledonous trees in the park the most influential are the black and goldcup oaks. They occur in some parts of the main forest belt, scattered among the big pines like a heavier chaparral, but form extensive groves and reach perfect development only in the Yosemite valleys and flats of the main cañons. The California black oak (*Quercus Californica*) is one of the largest and most beautiful of the Western oaks, attaining under favorable conditions a height of sixty to a hundred feet, with a trunk three to seven feet in diameter, wide-spreading picturesque branches, and smooth lively green foliage handsomely scalloped, purple in the spring, yellow and red in autumn. It grows best in sunny open groves, on ground covered with ferns, chokecherry, brier rose, rubus, mints, goldenrods, etc. Few, if any, of the famous oak groves of Europe, however extensive, surpass these in the size and strength and bright airy beauty of the trees, the color and fragrance of the vegetation beneath them, the quality of the light that fills their leafy arches, and in the grandeur of the surrounding scenery. The finest grove in the park is in one of the little Yosemite valleys of the Tuolumne Cañon, a few miles above Hetch-Hetchy.

The mountain live oak, or goldcup oak (*Quercus chrysolepis*), forms extensive groves on earthquake and avalanche taluses and terraces in cañons and Yosemite valleys, from about three to five thousand feet above the sea. In tough, sturdy, unwedgeable strength this is the oak of oaks. In general appearance it resembles the great live oak of the Southern states. It has pale gray bark, a short, uneven, heavily buttressed trunk which divides a few feet above the ground into strong wide-reaching limbs, forming noble arches, and ending in an intricate maze of small branches and sprays, the outer ones frequently drooping in long tresses to the ground like those of the weeping willow, covered with small simple polished leaves, making a canopy broad and bossy, on which the sunshine falls in glorious brightness. The acorn cups are shallow, thick-walled, and covered with yellow fuzzy dust. The flowers appear in May and June with a profusion of pollened tresses, followed by the bronze-colored young leaves.

No tree in the park is a better measure of altitude. In cañons, at an elevation of four thousand feet, you may easily find a tree six or eight feet in diameter; and at the head of a side cañon, three thousand feet higher, up which you can climb in less than two hours, you find the knotty giant dwarfed to a slender shrub, with leaves like those of huckleberry bushes, still bearing acorns, and seemingly contented, forming dense patches of chaparral, on the top of which you may make your bed and sleep softly like a Highlander in heather. About a thousand feet higher it is still smaller, making fringes about a foot high around boulders and along seams in pavements and the brows of cañons, giving hand-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

holds here and there on cliffs hard to climb. The largest I have measured were from twenty-five to twenty-seven feet in girth, fifty to sixty feet high, and the spread of the limbs was about double the height. Of all the fifty species of American oaks north of Mexico, as far as I know, only two — the white oak of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, and the live oak of Florida — surpass the mountain live oak in size, while in beauty and calm strength it is not surpassed by any.

The principal riverside trees are poplar, alder, willow, broad-leaved maple, and Nuttall's flowering dogwood. The poplar (*Populus trichocarpa*), often called balm of Gilead from the gum on its buds, is a tall stately tree, towering above its companions as they rise about its strong gray bole, gracefully embowering the banks of the main streams at an elevation of about four thousand feet. Its abundant foliage turns bright yellow in the fall, and the Indian-summer sunshine sifts through it in delightful tones over the slow-gliding waters when they are at their lowest ebb.

The flowering dogwood is brighter still in these calm brooding days, for every branch of its broad head is then a brilliant crimson flame. In the spring, when the streams are in flood, it is the whitest of trees, white as a snowbank with its magnificent flowers four to eight inches in width, making a wonderful show, and drawing swarms of moths and butterflies.

The broad-leaved maple is usually found in the coolest boulder-choked cañons, where the streams are gray and white with foam, over which it spreads its branches in beautiful arches from bank to bank, forming leafy tunnels full of soft green light and spray, — favorite homes of the water ousel. Around the glacier lakes, two or three thousand feet higher, the common aspen grows in fringing lines and groves which are brilliantly colored in autumn, reminding you of the color glory of the Eastern woods.

Scattered here and there or in groves the botanist will find a few other trees, mostly small, — the mountain mahogany, cherry, chestnut, oak, laurel, and nutmeg. The California nutmeg (*Tumion Californicum*) is a handsome evergreen, belonging to the yew family, with pale bark, prickly leaves, fruit like a green-gage plum, and seed like a nutmeg. One of the best groves of it in the park is at the Cascades below Yosemite.

But the noble oaks and all these rock-shading, stream-embowering trees are as nothing amid the vast abounding billowy forests of conifers. During my first years in the Sierra I was ever calling on everybody within reach to admire them, but I found no one half warm enough until Emerson came. I had read his essays, and felt sure that of all men he would best interpret the sayings of these noble mountains and trees. Nor was my faith weakened when I met him in Yosemite. He seemed as serene as a sequoia, his head in the empyrean; and forgetting his age, plans, duties, ties of every sort, I proposed an immeasurable camping trip back in the heart of the mountains. He seemed anxious to go, but considerately mentioned his party. I said: "Never mind. The mountains are calling; run away, and let plans and parties and dragging lowland duties all 'gang tapsal-teerie.' We 'll go up a cañon singing your own song, 'Good-by, proud world! I 'm going home,' in divine earnest. Up there lies a new heaven and a new earth; let us go to the show." But alas, it was too late, — too near the sundown of his life. The shadows were growing long, and he leaned on his friends. His party, full of indoor philosophy, failed to see the natural beauty and fullness of promise of my wild plan, and laughed at it in good-natured ignorance, as if it were necessarily amusing to imagine that Boston people might be led to accept Sierra manifestations of God at the price of rough camping. Anyhow, they would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have none of it, and held Mr. Emerson to the hotels and trails.

After spending only five tourist days in Yosemite he was led away, but I saw him two days more; for I was kindly invited to go with the party as far as the Mariposa big trees. I told Mr. Emerson that I would gladly go to the sequoias with him, if he would camp in the grove. He consented heartily, and I felt sure that we would have at least one good wild memorable night round a sequoia camp fire. Next day we rode through the magnificent forests of the Merced basin, and I kept calling his attention to the sugar pines, quoting his wood-notes, "Come listen what the pine tree saith," etc., pointing out the noblest as kings and high priests, the most eloquent and commanding preachers of all the mountain forests, stretching forth their century-old arms in benediction over the worshiping congregations crowded about them. He gazed in devout admiration, saying but little, while his fine smile faded away.

Early in the afternoon, when we reached Clark's Station, I was surprised to see the party dismount. And when I asked if we were not going up into the grove to camp they said: "No; it would never do to lie out in the night air. Mr. Emerson might take cold; and you know, Mr. Muir, that would be a dreadful thing." In vain I urged that only in homes and hotels were colds caught, that nobody ever was known to take cold camping in these woods, that there was not a single cough or sneeze in all the Sierra. Then I pictured the big climate-changing, inspiring fire I would make, praised the beauty and fragrance of sequoia flame, told how the great trees would stand about us transfigured in the purple light, while the stars looked down between the great domes; ending by urging them to come on and make an immortal Emerson night of it. But the house habit was not to be overcome, nor the strange dread of pure night air, though it is only cooled day air with a little pure dew in it. So the carpet dust and unknowable reeks were preferred. And to think of this being a Boston choice! Sad commentary on culture and the glorious transcendentalism.

Accustomed to reach whatever place I started for, I was going up the mountain alone to camp, and wait the coming of the party next day. But since Emerson was so soon to vanish, I concluded to stop with him. He hardly spoke a word all the evening, yet it was a great pleasure simply to be near him, warming in the light of his face as at a fire. In the morning we rode up the trail through a noble forest of pine and fir into the famous Mariposa Grove, and stayed an hour or two, mostly in ordinary tourist fashion, — looking at the biggest giants, measuring them with a tape line, riding through prostrate fire-bored trunks, etc., though Mr. Emerson was alone occasionally, sauntering about as if under a spell. As we walked through a fine group, he quoted, "There were giants in those days," recognizing the antiquity of the race. To commemorate his visit, Mr. Galen Clark, the guardian of the grove, selected the finest of the unnamed trees and requested him to give it a name. He named it Samoset, after the New England sachem, as the best that occurred to him.

The poor bit of measured time was soon spent, and while the saddles were being adjusted I again urged Emerson to stay. "You are yourself a sequoia," I said. "Stop and get acquainted with your big brethren." But he was past his prime, and was now as a child in the hands of his affectionate but sadly civilized friends, who seemed as full of old-fashioned conformity as of bold intellectual independence. It was the afternoon of the day and the afternoon of his life, and his course was now westward down all the mountains into the sunset. The party mounted and rode away in wondrous contentment, apparently; tracing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the trail through ceanothus and dogwood bushes, around the bases of the big trees, up the slope of the sequoia basin, and over the divide. I followed to the edge of the grove. Emerson lingered in the rear of the train, and when he reached the top of the ridge, after all the rest of the party were over and out of sight, he turned his horse, took off his hat, and waved me a last good-by. I felt lonely, so sure had I been that Emerson of all men would be the quickest to see the mountains and sing them. Gazing awhile on the spot where he vanished, I sauntered back into the heart of the grove, made a bed of sequoia plumes and ferns by the side of a stream, gathered a store of firewood, and then walked about until sundown. The birds, robins, thrushes, warblers, etc., that had kept out of sight, came about me, now that all was quiet, and made cheer. After sundown I built a great fire, and as usual had it all to myself. And though lonesome for the first time in these forests, I quickly took heart again, — the trees had not gone to Boston, nor the birds; and as I sat by the fire, Emerson was still with me in spirit, though I never again saw him in the flesh. He sent books and wrote, cheering me on; advised me not to stay too long in solitude. Soon he hoped my guardian angel would intimate that my probation was at a close. Then I was to roll up my herbariums, sketches, and poems (though I never knew I had any poems), and come to his house; and when I tired of him and his humble surroundings, he would show me to better people.

But there remained many a forest to wander through, many a mountain and glacier to cross, before I was to see his Wachusett and Monadnock, Boston and Concord. It was seventeen years after our parting on the Wawona ridge that I stood beside his grave under a pine tree on the hill above Sleepy Hollow. He had gone to higher Sierras, and, as I fancied, was again waving his hand in friendly recognition.

John Muir.

ENGLAND.

WHO would trust England, let him lift his eyes
To Nelson, columned o'er Trafalgar Square,
Her hieroglyph of Duty, written where
The roar of traffic hushes to the skies;
Or mark, while Paul's vast shadow softly lies
On Gordon's statued sleep, how praise and prayer
Flush through the frank young faces clustering there
To con that kindred rune of Sacrifice.

O England, no bland cloud-ship in the blue,
But rough oak, plunging on o'er perilous jars
Of reef and ice, our faith will follow you
The more for tempest roar that strains your spars
And splits your canvas, be your helm but true,
Your courses shapen by the eternal stars.

Jay Lincoln.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A COMIC CHESTERFIELD.

To one who loves the bypaths and blind alleys of character there are some periods which have a fascination above others. A biographer's judgment of an epoch is not that of the serious historian. Certain centuries are museums of instructive tendencies and movements, where every hero is a type to be analyzed and docketed; others, again, are a poor harvest field for the earnest inquirer, but an excellent hunting ground for the connoisseur. These last are indeed times of stagnation, when the life of a nation turns, as it were, upon itself, and gives rise to a crop of eccentricities. But the division is not absolute; for in an industrious epoch, when new things are in the air and men are busy reforming the world, one may come suddenly upon a tare in the wheat in the shape of an idle and farcical gentleman who is cast only for comedy.

Few periods in the history of England give such honest pleasure to all schools of historians as the eighteenth century. There are tendencies and movements enough to please the most philosophic. There are sounding wars over the whole globe for the tactician, and there are essays in reform for the constitutionalist; and above all, there is the social life, where elegance reached its perfection, from Sir Pertinax and Lady Prue under Queen Anne to the Whig salons, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and the court of Carleton House. At last the century dies out in the smoke of revolution. The old universal elegance is discredited, and there is an unrest abroad which gives birth to romanticism, fanaticism, and a new philosophy. The comic is out of season in the period of strenuous earnestness, and when a belated exponent arises, he takes the color of his times, and is as earnest in his absurdities as his fellows are in their wisdom.

Such a comedian out of season we find in that Earl of Buchan whose vagaries for long delighted the polite Scots world. He had the misfortune to be overshadowed by two famous brothers, and his considerable talents were rated below their proper value. "A curious, irascible, pompous ass," Mr. Henley has called him; and even Sir Walter, who had an unfailing tenderness toward his fellows, can speak of him only as "a trumpery body." Trumpery, indeed, he was, but he was a fool of parts and distinction. He toiled at his trifling business more than most great men at their work, and he had that finest perquisite of folly, an unfailing self-deception. He aspired to play all parts. He must be the *grand seigneur* of the house of Buchan, the literary dictator of his time, the patron of the arts, the friend of princes, and the complete gentleman. It is this belated activity, this itch after greatness, which redeems him from insignificance, and gives the story of his life the quaintness of a moral fable.

He was born in 1742, the son of the tenth Earl of Buchan and Agnes, daughter of Sir James Steuart of Coltness. The poverty of his family must have been great, though Lord Campbell, in his Lives of the Chancellors, seems to have exaggerated it. As a child, judging from his later character, he must have been an intolerable prig. He picked up his education at random, partly under a private tutor, partly at the universities of Glasgow and Leyden. At Glasgow he was the pupil of Foulis, the printer, where he added etching and designing to his already numerous hobbies. But we know little of those early years. The family seem to have kept to themselves in their poverty, and the most we hear of the young Cardross is in a charming letter from his younger brother, Thomas Er-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

skine, at St. Andrews, who writes with a simplicity and vigor which the head of the house would have done well to imitate.

At Leyden he had met Lord Chatham, and struck up a friendship with him. Meantime, he failed to gain a commission in the Guards, and served for a few years in the 32d Cornwall regiment of foot. In 1766 Chatham offered to make him secretary to the embassy at Lisbon (a post which two years later was given to the future Lord Malmesbury), but he is said to have declined it on the ground of his rank. It would ill become him, he said, to serve under Sir James Gray, who was only a baronet. Dr. Johnson once applauded this folly: "Sir, had he gone secretary while his inferior was ambassador, he would have been a traitor to his rank and his family." But it may very well be that he was traduced, for at the time his thoughts were far above mundane rank. The family had removed to Bath, and the old earl had become a Methodist. The young Cardross followed his father's example, and for a time was the darling of devout ladies. The Erskine stock had before this bred a religious enthusiast. His great-great-grandfather had suffered in the Covenanting cause, and Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, those pioneers of nonconformity, were far-away cousins. In Edinburgh his mother had given him a strict Presbyterian upbringing, and now at Bath a bevy of pious women of the Lady Huntingdon school hailed him as a youthful Timothy. After his father's death, in 1767, he had "the courage to make public profession of his opinions, which drew upon him the laugh and lash of all the witlings of the Rooms." Three ministers were nominated as his chaplains, and one wonders if the poor gentlemen were paid. But the *dévot* was not the part which he aspired long to play, and with his return to Scotland we find that the secular speedily triumphed over the religious.

For the rest of his long life Buchan was content to remain a Scots magnate, and confine his energies to his own corner of the land. At first he lived in Edinburgh, at a house in St. Andrew Square, but in 1786 he bought the estate of Dryburgh, and retired to Tweedside. His ambition was to be a Scots Mæcenas, and for this he must have his country villa. Here he filled the part of the great man in retreat, cultivating his hobbies, maintaining a huge correspondence, and issuing now and then to patronize Edinburgh society. To begin with he was wretchedly poor; but, by a parsimony which seems scarcely indigenous to his nature, he paid off his father's debts, and in half a century raised his own income from two hundred to two thousand pounds. The habit of economy in time became a disease, and this "*Mæcenas à bon marché*," as Scott called him, won a reputation for meanness. Yet the quality hardly deserves the name, for it was far indeed from ordinary avarice. He had in the highest degree the instinct of spending; he loved to figure as a philanthropist; but he must do everything with a stint, and get the best value for his money. He was the opposite of Aristotle's magnificent man, for he spoiled his parade of magnanimity by a comic littleness in its details. He would encourage the humanities, so he presented a silver pen for competition among the students in Aberdeen. The unhappy boys were to be examined all night, and the happy winner was not to receive the pen, but merely have his name inscribed on a small medallion to be hung on the prize.

His home was Scotland, and he affected a patriotism; but he was too great for a province, and must needs be a citizen of the world. If we are to believe his letters, his countrymen were as little to his liking as the inhabitants of Tomi to Ovid's. "I have been ungenerously requited by my countrymen," he wrote, "for endeavoring to make them happier

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and more respectable. This is the common lot of men who have a spirit above that of the age and country in which they act, and I appeal to posterity for my vindication. I could have passed my time much more agreeably among Englishmen, whose character I preferred to that of my own countrymen, — in a charming country, too, where my alliance with the noblest and best families in it, and my political sentiments, would have added much to my domestic as well as civil enjoyments; but I chose rather to forego my own happiness for the improvement of my native country, and expect hereafter that the children of those who have not known me, or received me as they ought to have done, will express their concern and blush on account of the conduct of their parents." And he concludes in proud Latin: "Præclara conscientia igitur sustentor, cum cogito me de republica aut meruisse quum potuerim, aut certe nunquam nisi divine cogitasse."

The Buchan family was Whig, and in this poor nobleman there was a strain of genuine radical independence, which in his greater brothers made the Lord Chancellor Erskine the friend of the Revolution and the foe of prerogative, and Harry Erskine the "advocate of the people." He did his best to reform the method of electing Scots peers, and in 1780 published a "Speech intended to be spoken at the Meeting of the Peers for Scotland for the General Election of Her Representatives, in which a plan is proposed for the better Representation of the Peerage of Scotland." His thoughts on the matter seem, indeed, to have wavered. Sometimes he pleases to talk of himself as a "discarded courtier with a little estate." He apologizes for not making more of his "insatiable thirst of knowledge, and genius prone to the splendid sciences and the fine arts," by calling himself "a nobleman, — a piece of ornamental china, as it were." But he claimed kinship with Washington, whom he called "the American Buchan," and sent him a snuffbox made from the oak which sheltered Wallace after the battle of Falkirk. In return Washington sent him his portrait, and "accepted the significant present of the box with sensibility and satisfaction." An intense pride in his own order and his long descent was joined with a contempt for others of the same persuasion. "I dined two days ago tête-à-tête with Lord Buchan," writes Scott. "Heard a history of all his ancestors whom he has hung round his chimney-piece. From counting of pedigrees, good Lord, deliver us!" But he had also not a little of the proud humility of his brother the chancellor, who, when a young man, used to declare, "Thank fortune, out of my own family I don't know a lord!"

The first and most earnest of the earl's hobbies was the cultivation of his own domains. He published in the Bee some curious essays on the art of idleness, in which the hero is invariably a gentleman of good family, who, after racketing in town, repents of his ways, and returns to respectability and agriculture. From the world of Brooks' and Almack's our hero flies to the planting of timber and the culture of fruit trees, till "he becomes so much master of the principles, practice, and duties of husbandry that he is soon able to originate and direct in all the operations, as the paterfamilias of Columella, and becomes quite independent of his land steward, bailiffs, and old experienced servants." He has essays on country life with a far-away hint of Gilbert White, essays in an absurd rococo style, but now and then full of real observation and genuine feeling. One piece, To the Daughters of Sophia on the Dawning of Spring, begins: "Alathea, Isabella, Sophia, my dear girls, the daughters of my dearest friends! the delightful season of verdure is come. Rise up, my fair ones, and come away; for, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." Then comes a vivid little piece of genre painting, though to be sure the style is execrable, and the essay concludes with a kind of farmer's diary, exactly in the Selborne manner. His Letters in Imitation of the Ancients have the same honest country note amid their sham classicalism. Dryburgh and Melrose and the Eildons are strangely unrecognizable, but the good Tweedside birds and flowers and skies are there, though he calls a planting a "vernal thicket," and the Cheviots "undulatory forms of mountain."

After agriculture, antiquities were his special province. In 1780 he founded the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, at a meeting held in his house in St. Andrew Square. The first idea was a sort of *académie Ecossaise*, to be called the Caledonian Temple of Fame, which, through a complex system of balloting, was to canonize the names of famous Scots, living or dead. The university authorities and the Advocates' Library saw their occupation gone, and opposed the petition for a royal charter of incorporation; but the charter was granted through Buchan's influence at court. The earl's own antiquarian studies are numerous, — a memoir of Sir James Steuart Denham, an Account of the Parish of Uphall, an Account of the Abbey of Dryburgh in Grose's Antiquities, and sketches of George Heriot, Lord Mar the son of the Regent, and Drummond of Hawthornden. He kept up a lengthy correspondence on antiquarian matters with Nichols, and sent him Some Remarks on the Progress of the Roman Arms in Scotland during the Sixth Campaign of Africanus, which were published in vol. xxxv. of the Topographia Britannica. Sometimes the poor man was sadly duped. John Clerk of Eldin had a great passion for curiosities, and his unprincipled son, who was afterward the famous judge, used to amuse himself with manufacturing mutilated heads, which he buried in the ground. Then, some time or other, they would be *accidentally* discovered, and added to the ancestral museum. In an evil hour Lord Buchan came along, saw one of the heads, and, filled with admiration, carried it off and presented it to his new society. It is said that it remained for long in the collection of that excellent body.

But while he valued his agricultural and antiquarian achievements at their proper worth, it was as a patron of letters that my lord hoped to appeal to the admiration of posterity. His was the task to bring forth retiring merit, and to seal the fame of the great with his approbation. He appointed himself the special trumpeter of the poet Thomson, and he would fain have done the same for Burns and Scott. He erected at Dryburgh an Ionic temple, with a statue of Apollo inside and a bust of Thomson on the dome; and in 1791 he instituted an annual festival in commemoration of the poet, at which he solemnly crowned his bust with a wreath of bays. He asked Burns to attend; but the poet was harvesting, and sent a frigid Address to the Shade of Thomson, in imitation of Collins. Buchan distinguished himself by a silly pompous speech which seems to have irritated Burns, for two years later we find him sending a poem on Some Commemorations of Thomson to the Edinburgh Gazette: —

"Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae
Wi' meikle honest toil,
And claucht th' unfading garland there,
Thy sair-won, rightful spoil.

"And wear it there! and call aloud
This axiom undoubled: —
Would thou have Nobles' patronage?
First learn to live without it.

"'To whom hae much, more shall be given'
Is every great man's faith;
But he, the helpless, needful wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath."

Which is perhaps scarcely fair, for in all Buchan's folly there was little of this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vulgarity. The Erskines had learned the lessons of adversity too well in their own lives to be mere patrons of success. Later Burns seems to have forgotten his bitterness, for he sent a copy of "Scots wha hae," and a respectful and somewhat dithyrambic letter on the beauties of liberty, — which must indeed have charmed our gentleman's heart, for such fine sentiments were meat and drink to the dilettante radical. When the poet died, the earl added his bust (in Parian marble!) to his Ionic temple.

His essays in statuary were not all equally fortunate. The worst performance was the erection of a colossal statue of Wallace on a bank above the Tweed, on the day of the anniversary of Stirling Bridge, — a monstrosity which Scott prayed for lightning to annihilate. On its base was an inscription in Buchan's best style: —

"In the name of my brave and worthy country, I dedicate this monument as sacred to the memory of Wallace, —

'The peerless Knight of Ellerslie,
Who woo'd on Ayr's romantic shore
The beaming torch of liberty;
And roaming round from sea to sea,
From glade obscure or gloomy rock,
His bold compatriots called to free
The realm from Edward's iron yoke.'"

The unveiling was disastrous. The earl appeared before the statue with the speech in his hand and destiny on his brow, and at the discharge of a cannon the curtain was dropped. But to the horror of the honest enthusiast and the delight of the audience, the peerless Knight of Ellerslie was revealed smoking a huge German pipe, which some humorist had stuck in his mouth.

Buchan's relations with Sir Walter extended over many years, and were, on the whole, the most pleasing we have to record. Once when he examined a high-school class he praised young Scott's recitation, which the poet remembered to the end as the first commendation he ever received. In 1819, when Scott lay seriously ill, Buchan hurried to the house in Castle Street, found the knocker tied up, and concluded that the great man was on the point of death. He succeeded in elbowing his way upstairs to the sick-chamber, and was only dissuaded from entering by a shove downstairs from Peter Mathieson, the coachman. Scott heard the noise, and, fearing for the person of the feeble old man, sent James Ballantyne to follow him home and inquire his purpose. He found the earl strutting about his library in a towering passion. "I wished," he cried, "to embrace Walter Scott before he died, and inform him that I had long considered it as a satisfactory circumstance that he and I were destined to rest together in the same place of sepulture. The principal thing, however, was to relieve his mind as to the arrangements of his funeral; to show him a plan which I had prepared for the procession; and, in a word, to assure him that I took upon myself the whole conduct of the ceremony at Dryburgh." The good man's hopes were disappointed. He died before Sir Walter, and his great eulogium, in the style of the French Academicians, remained unspoken.

The earl's own works — such, at least, as he wished to preserve for posterity — are contained in a little volume called Anonymous and Fugitive Essays, published at Edinburgh in 1816. The preface is magnificently impersonal: "The Earl of Buchan, considering his advanced age, has thought proper to publish this volume, and to meditate the publication of others, containing his anonymous writings; that no person may hereafter ascribe to him any other than are by him, in this manner, avowed, described, or enumerated." The book begins with a series on the Art of Idleness, which contains some exalted thoughts on female education. A saying of his, "Women must be flattered grossly or not spoken to at all," is recorded by Burns, and was the subject of an indignant epigram; but here his lord-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ship is an enthusiast for sterling qualities, and sets common sense and housewifely virtues far above prettiness. His manner is sensibility run mad, as witness this sketch of the young Alathea: —

"Mamma, said Alathea one day, what is the reason that my pretty crested hen has forgotten her chickens that she was so fond of long ago, and is going along, like a fool, with the ducklings? My dear, I will tell you how this happens: the hen-wife cheated her, and put the duck's eggs into her nest, and she thought the eggs were her own and hatched them; by and by the ducks will take the water, and the hen will forsake them. A hen would not do this if she were at home, and had learnt to shift for herself in the fields by gathering seeds and corn; but we have brought hens about the house, and by having everything done for them by the servants, they have become silly and helpless. O mamma, what a terrible thing is this! Will you teach me to do everything for myself? Yes, my dear, I will with all my heart. . . . Thus I initiated my Alathea in the history of nations and in general politics, beginning with her at five years old. . . . I found one day Alathea in tears for the loss of one of her garters; I condoled with her, but told her that one of my own garters was worn through, so that I wanted one as well as herself, but that I was busy making another in its stead. I took out of my pocket a worsted garter half-wrought upon quills, and began to knit, saying it should not be long before I cured my misfortune. O mamma, will you teach me to make garters?"

And so on in the style of the Young Ladies' Companion. So much for the earl as an instructor of youth.

His classical imitations, which take up a great part of the book, have a very doubtful value. As became a liberal nobleman, he must profess an admiration for the republican bores of the early empire, especially Helvidius Priscus, whose statue, he says, stands in his hall. We may conjecture that his lordship's scholarship was not exact. He imitates Petronius Arbiter very clumsily, and he has many long letters purporting to be from Roman republicans, criticising the new régime, which are chiefly remarkable for their ineptness. Quintus Cicero writes an amusing letter to his brother Marcus in Britain, and Seneca has a fragment on the conduct of life. But such exercises are not without their humors, and now and then by a quaint phrase the author is betrayed. Petronius talks of "poor but elegant provincials," and the phrase in the earl's mouth is self-descriptive. "The Greeks," he says, "when they transgressed, *sinned* (as I may say) *in a superior style*," — which is exactly his lordship's code of ethics. He has some curious remarks on English prose style. Gibbon, Burke, and Junius have a "quaint, flippant, pointed manner;" Swift, Atterbury, and Hume, on the other hand, "remain in our age possessed of the chaste propriety and dignity of those who have set up the Greek historians for their models." "How glorious," he exclaims, "would it be for a band of such men to associate in Britain for chastising the meretricious innovators, who are encouraged by the tasteless people of the age to enervate our language and our manners!" But when we come to the Bacon imitations we find a really tolerable level of excellence. They are introduced by a circumstantial account of their finding which is in itself a pretty piece of romance. "Goodly senectude" is quite in the Baconian manner, and he has the trick of an apt display of learning. Sometimes we catch the note of a very modern sensibility which is out of place: "Wherefore my father, with a smile of amiable complacency and strict intelligence of my thought, did thus with great condescension apply himself to the train of my reflections." Among the Literary Olla he has a curious discussion of the char-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acter of a gentleman, in which he limits the application of the title to landed proprietors. He seems to have hated the young man about town with all the bitterness of a poor Scots magnate.

"They, then, go abroad, to take what is called the tour of Europe, with a selfish, slavish, pedantic *compagnon de voyage*, commonly called a leader of bears; and after having played monkey tricks at all the fashionable courts in Europe, and been plucked and fleeced by sharpers and opera girls, they come home when of age to join in recognizances with their worthy fathers; and, as a reward, are introduced into all the fashionable clubs as promising young men, *tout à fait aimables et polis*. Then you see them almost every night drunk in the boxes of the playhouse and opera house, flirting with the beauties of the day, who declare them to be 'Charming young men; but, good la! Charlotte, how naughty and roguish! I declare they flurry me exceedingly.'"

Finally, there are certain essays on taste, the inevitable subject of his age, where he shows a sanity and an acuteness little to be expected from the sentimentalist of the earlier letters.

His other excursions in literature are to be found mainly in his indefatigable correspondence. He established what he called his Commercium Epistolicum Literarium, a portion of which is now in the University library of Edinburgh. He worried Horace Walpole past endurance with his letters, till he "tried everything but being rude to break off the intercourse." Of his poetry we know only four lines, which he wrote with his own hand on the wall of St. Bernard's Well: —

"O drink of me only; O drink of this well,
And fly from vile whiskey, that lighter of hell.
If you drink of me only — or drink of good ale —
Long life will attend you — good spirits prevail.
Quoth the Earl of Buchan."

It is a small output for so busy a man, but literature was his hobby for a long lifetime. While Harry Erskine was winning the reputation of the greatest advocate at the Scots bar, and Thomas was drawing nearer to the woolsack, my lord remained peacefully in his shadowed garden, cultivating the insipid Muse.

His life was happy, if to feel confidence in one's worth and greatness be happiness. In the curious bundle of extravagancies which made up his character, not the least was this overweening pride. A subtle quality it was, compounded of glory of race and a consciousness of private preëminence. He felt himself a standard bearer in the van of European progress, the intellectual heir of the ages, and the equal of any great man of the past. He had no family, so he consoled himself with a reflection. "According to Bacon," he used to say, "'great men have no continuance,' and in the present generation there are three examples of it, — Frederick of Prussia, George Washington, and myself." He had no jealousy of his distinguished brothers. They were but broken lights of himself, faint reflections to show the full glory of the head of the house. Now and then he had a taste of plain speaking, but his armor of self-love was proof against it. Once he told the Duchess of Gordon, "We inherit all our cleverness from our mother;" to which the witty lady retorted, "Then I fear that, as is usually the case with the mother's fortune, it has all been settled on the younger children." It was a concession for him to admit that merit did not descend in unbroken line from the Erskine stock, but it only illustrates more fully his curious pride. He was greater than his race. He was no mere scion of a great house, but something beyond it, combining the virtues of a long ancestry with an alien virtue from the mother's side. His brothers had won distinction by following a trade, — a bitter thought ever to this Whig

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lord; but he comforted himself and took a modest pleasure in their success. Was he not the *fons et origo* of their prosperity? Once he told a guest, "My brothers Harry and Tom are certainly extraordinary men, but they owe everything to me." His friend looked his surprise. "Yes, it is true; they owe everything to me. On my father's death they pressed me for a small annual allowance. I knew that this would have been their ruin by relaxing their industry. So, making a sacrifice of my inclination to gratify them, I refused to give them a farthing. And they have both thriven ever since, — *owing everything to me.*"

If he was a fool, he was at least above any vulgar folly. The connection which gave him pride was with the great of past times, and it was only in the second place that he claimed kin with contemporary notables. Apparently, he was remotely related to Sir Thomas Browne, and he was never tired of calling him his "grandfather." Washington he used to call his "illustrious and excellent cousin." He believed that he contained all his ancestry in himself, and that the house of Buchan, as Lord Campbell has put it, "was a corporation never visited by death." "Nam genus et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi vix ea nostra voco" was a maxim which he could never acknowledge. He spoke of his ancestors' doings as his own, and used to amaze strangers at dinner by some such remark as "I remember I remonstrated strongly before it took place against the execution of Charles I." He patronized the King as he had never been patronized before, on the ground of "consanguinity to your Majesty," but always with a hint that the royal house was little better than a cadet branch of his own. George, with a humor rare in that pedestrian nature, took it in good part, and apparently was sincerely flattered by the emphasis laid on his Stuart descent. Buchan showered letters of advice upon him, and when by any chance the royal action met with his approval he was graciously pleased to signify his satisfaction.

In all this we are repeatedly reminded of Sir Thomas Urquhart. A little more genius, a little less providence, would have made Buchan a second Knight of Cromarty. The same insane pride of family which produced the Pantochronoxanon finds its parallel in the Erskine pedigrees. But Buchan was less mythologically and scripturally inclined. His ambitions did not reach to King Arthur, Hercules, Hypermnestra, and Noah; sufficient for him a decent Scots descent. Both had their imagination hagridden by historic figures: Urquhart by the Admirable Crichton, Buchan by half a score of heroes. He always thinks of himself in a historic setting, cutting a fine figure after some accepted pattern: sometimes it is Helvidius Priscus, or Brutus, or Pliny, or Lord Bacon; in his younger days it was Sir Philip Sidney. In an absurd preface to an edition of Callimachus he talks of "having endeavored from my earliest youth (though secluded from the honors of the state and the brilliant situation incident to my rank) to imitate the example of that rare and famous English character, in whom every compatriot of extraordinary merit found a friend without hire and a common rendezvous of worth." This, indeed, was the honest gentleman's ideal, and who shall scorn it? He wished to be a kind of dashing Mæcenas, a scholarly man of the world, a polite enthusiast, — and all on a scanty income and an inheritance of debt.

The result, had he been a man of sensitive nature, would have disappointed him; for he became a prince of bores, the walking terror of his generation. Even Scott, who hated unkindness, is betrayed into irritation. We find an entry in the Journal under September 13, 1826: "Dined at Major Scott, my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cousin's, where was old Lord Buchan. He too is a prince of bores; but age has tamed him a little, and, like the giant Pope in the Pilgrim's Progress, he can only sit and grin at pilgrims as they go past, and is not able to cast a faule over them, as formerly. A few quiet puns seem his most formidable infliction nowadays." And again under December 26: "Returned to Abbotsford this morning. I heard it reported that Lord B. is very ill. If that be true, it affords ground for hope that Sir John —— is not immortal. Both great bores. But the earl has something of a wild cleverness, far exceeding the ponderous stupidity of the Cavaliero Jackasso." A bore is frequently a wit out of season, and when "wild cleverness" is joined with an egotism beyond Sir Willoughby Patterne's, and the whole with utter tactlessness and the persistence of the horseleech, the result is tragic for a man's friends.

Vanity will always provide for the perpetuation of its features. Buchan's busts and portraits are scattered broadcast throughout Scotland. Like Mr. Austin Dobson's gentleman of the old school,

> "Reynolds has painted him, — a face
> Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace;"

and the picture, in Vandyke dress, still hangs in the hall of the Society of Antiquaries. Once he had himself done in crayons, and presented the portrait, with a eulogistic description written by himself, to the Faculty of Advocates; and in Kay's Edinburgh Portraits there is an excellent caricature in Highland costume. Lockhart has described his appearance in Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk: "I do not remember to have seen a more exquisite old head, and think it no wonder that so many portraits have been painted of him. The features are all perfect, but the greatest beauty is in the clear blue eyes, which are chased in his head in a way that might teach something to the best sculptors in the world. Neither is there any want of expression in those fine features, although indeed they are very far from conveying the same ideas of power and penetration which fall from the overhanging shaggy eyebrows of his brother."

Two years after the last entry quoted from Scott, the earl was gathered to the fathers who had been the glory of his life. He was buried at Dryburgh, and Sir Walter had the satisfaction of attending the funeral of one who had hoped to outlive him. "His lordship's funeral," he writes in his diary under April 25, "took place in a chapel amongst the ruins. His body was in the grave with its feet pointing westward. My cousin Maxpopple was for taking notice of it, but I assured him that a man who had been wrong in the head all his life would scarce become right-headed after death." And then in a kinder vein: "I felt something at parting with this old man, though but a trumpery body." Elsewhere Sir Walter has sketched the character of the dead. He had a Tory dislike of the Erskine politics, and in particular he could never abide the lord chancellor, so it is possible that his judgment of the Mæcenas who was so unlike the others is more tolerant than critical. "Lord Buchan is dead," he wrote, "a person whose immense vanity, bordering upon insanity, obscured, or rather eclipsed, very considerable talent. His imagination was so fertile that he seemed really to believe the extraordinary things he delighted in telling. . . . The two great lawyers, his brothers, were not more gifted by nature than I think he was; but the restraints of a profession kept the eccentricity of the family in order. Henry Erskine was the best-natured man I ever knew, — thoroughly a gentleman, — and with but one fault: he could not say 'No,' and thus sometimes misled those who trusted him. Tom Erskine was positively mad. I have heard him tell a cock-and-bull story of having seen the ghost of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

father's servant, John Barnett, with as much gravity as if he believed every word he was saying. Both Henry and Thomas were saving men, yet both died very poor: the latter at one time possessed two hundred thousand pounds; the other had a considerable fortune. The earl alone has died wealthy. It is saving, not getting, that is the mother of riches. They all had wit. The earl's was crack-brained, and sometimes caustic; Henry's was of the very kindest, best-humored, and gayest sort that ever cheered society; that of Lord Erskine moody and muddish. But I never saw him in his best days."

So wrote Sir Walter in his sick and weary latter years, and it is in the main the truth. We cannot sum up our comic Chesterfield save in a bundle of paradoxes. He had the mad Erskine blood and a more than Scots thriftiness. He was magnificent, but with a prudent aim; a lover of letters, with little real aptitude and an uncertain taste; a radical, with the soundest Tory instincts; a Scot, but itching always to be esteemed cosmopolitan; a parochial magnate, yet with an eye on the two hemispheres. A laughingstock to his contemporaries and a bore to his friends, his egotism shielded him from pain, and he lived happily among his books and prints and stuccoed gardens.

John Buchan.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

NORTH on the wind with pipes that faintly ring
The silver snowbirds blow; fox sparrows gay
Set down their load of music for a day
Only, and follow on the tawny wing;
The piercing sweetness that the whitethroats sing
Is hushed ere leaves are large; they die away,
The rosebreast's flutes; and passing, even in May,
The silent hermit holds his heart from spring.
Rich is my singing June, and lordlier song
The meadows and the river woods prolong.
Yet song is sweetest when the song has died;
For I am fashioned of so fragile clay
As most to love the things that pass away,
Though well I love the truer that abide.

Joseph Russell Taylor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PENNY WISE.

I.

It was a puzzling situation for Penny, one that she had not yet made clear in her own mind, and despite her husband's urging she was not ready for a decision.

"You g' 'long, an' don' you pester me no mo'; you des gwine make me spile dis soap," and Penny plunged her sassafras stick savagely into the bubbling pot.

"Penny, ole 'oman, lis'en ter reason," pleaded a whining voice. "Fur er man ter be selled, an' his wife done free, wid er pocket full er money" —

"I done mek hit all wid dese ole han's, ef I is."

"*Me*, er 'spounder er de gorspil, ter be selled by de crier, an' you won' buy me," continued the voice.

"You mought er thought 'bout dat when you gittin' so lazy Marse Jeems won' keep you," retorted the woman.

"Oh, my sister, lis'en ter de Good Word whar hit say dat de mish'nary moughten tote no bags ner scrips, — hit do say dat, Penny."

"Hit don' say he moughten tote er corn er er cotton sack 'dout huttin' uv he 'ligion, — I say dat," and the sassafras stick was raised high over her head by way of emphasis. "Nuffin' kin lay up an' lib on nuffin', but grasshoppers; an' grasshoppers, dey dies. Go 'way fum here, Jo Wilkerson, fur you 'min's me uv er grasshopper, 'deed you does, wid you' long lazy laigs an' you' 'backer-spittin' mouf, — you des bardaciously 'min's me uv 'im."

"You wa'n't borned free; you knows what 't is ter b'long ter somebody. Penny, oh, Penny," and the voice prolonged its whine, "how much money you got?"

"'Nough ter buy you, ef I wants ter, Jo, 'case Marse Jeems 'ud git shet uv you mighty cheap. Preachers don' fetch much when dey sells 'em, white er black, — ain' good fur much in dis country, 'cep'n' talkin' an' eatin' chickens."

"Penny, oh, Penny, buy me free! Ef you buy me free, I tu'n ober er new leaf. Buy me free, fur de lub er Gord, Penny!"

"Um! wha 's dat I smells? You Jo Wilkerson, cl'ar out fum here, — you done make me spile dis soap! Cl'ar out, I say!"

Argument with scorched soap and an angry woman was useless, and the lazy body shambled listlessly down the road.

Old Jo Wilkerson had belonged to Abe Wilkerson, a solid, amiable, but illiterate planter, and had been a family inheritance, there having been an Old Jo for five succeeding generations, who had descended along with bad debts and a clubfoot to the eldest son of the Wilkersons; but the latest heir, Jeems, was an offshoot from the old stock, cross, dyspeptic, and even-footed.

Abe had been gathered to his fathers a few months before, and now that a period of mourning was over, the dawning of the new day was marked. Such a clearing and cleaning and hammering of carpenters, such a sorting of negroes and tightening of the reins of government, held loosely for so long!

"Young marse hain't no Marse Abe, ner Miss Polly nuther," Jo ruefully acknowledged to the circle of dusky faces in the quarters.

Jo was incorrigible and inconsolable; coaxing availed little and lashing profited less, and at last Marse Jeems, aided and abetted by Miss Polly, had sworn a great black oath to sell Jo by the public crier at high noon on a Friday.

"Black Friday, — hangin' day, de day er quare happenin's an' onlucky tu'nin's," moaned Jo to his unsympathetic spouse.

The day dawned, bringing with it a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heavy Scotch mist, which ere noon had developed into a steady downpour of rain. About the court square lingered a motley group of idlers, all with their hands in their pockets, waiting for the sale.

"Yes, he 's the onluckiest, or'nerest nigger it ever has been my misfortun' to see," and a spurt of tobacco juice upset the equipoise of a wet bluebottle that was vainly trying to dry its feet on the damp, sticky doorsill. "It was a p'int o' the law whether he owned pap or pap owned him, but I 'm a-goin' ter settle of it to-day, shore."

"Jeems, don't be a-runnin' down of your own nigger. You spile the sale, an' he won't fetch nuthin'."

"I 'll take what he 'll fetch," said Jeems, shooting again at the bluebottle. "If I wait much longer, I won't be able to give him away."

The town clock struck twelve, and the crier shook himself and stamped his muddy boots, when slowly and dejectedly from some hidden corner drifted the luckless Jo.

"Give his p'ints, Jeems, give his p'ints!" came from the throng of idlers.

Jeems muttered something which was greeted with shouts of laughter, and Jo backed humbly against the wall. His hands were folded, his head was bowed, and something like a raindrop or a tear trembled on his cheek.

"Oh, my Lord, let de new marse's years be deef, an' de oberseer's eyes be blin'!" groaned Jo in the innermost depths of his anguished soul.

"Give his p'ints, Jeems, give his p'ints! Don't be back'ard 'bout braggin' on yer own!" called a voice from the crowd.

Jeems thrust his hands deeper into his capacious pockets, and grinned.

But bidders there were none. Again and again the crier raised his voice: the group was neither augmented nor diminished, — the group, prosperous with few wants, and wealthy with abundant health. Again and again their sallies provoked a ring of merriment, to die upon the moment of expectation.

"I 'm swamped if the nigger shan't git *one* bid," exclaimed Jeems, suddenly waking to a sense of his ancestral dignity, "if it 's just for the sake uv ole pap! I 'll go a picayune!"

A burst of applause greeted the announcement.

"I wanter own er nigger! I 'll go a bit!" yelled a ragged, dirty urchin, turning a double pirouette on his bare, muddy heel.

"Two bits!" "Fo' bits!" "Six bits!" "Dollar-naf!" came from various quarters.

There was a disturbance; a huge basket of clothes made its appearance above the heads of the bystanders, and Penny stood in the midst. A moment, — the basket was at her feet, her arms were akimbo, and an unspoken something commanded a respectful hearing.

"Gemmen," said Penny, "dar 's er law wha' passes things by de will, an' things widout de will, fum er man ter his son. Jo am one er dem things. Er man natcherly think mo' uv er thing 'case hit 's his'n. But I has heared, gemmen, how dat Eshaw selled his birfright ter dat sly coon Jake fur er mess er potash; an' er mighty big mess hit were, I 'll be boun'! Eshaw, he were er Jew. Marse Jeems, he ain' no Jew, but he start *he* birfright, which were Jo, wid er po'ly picayune. I 'se 'shame', gemmen, plumb 'shame'! In *my* Ole Miss's fambly, dey han's dey niggers down, lack dey han's de silber, wid dey cres'; ain' gwine ter sell dey teapot 'case hit 's ole an' built up cu'is, dey dat proud er de cres'. But dar 's folks *an'* folks. I 'se po' an' I 'se brack, but I 'se free an' I 'se proud, — Ole Miss, she l'arned me dat, — an' dey hain't no man er mine gwine be bid fur by de bit, by po' buckra ner quality nuther!"

The idling group were silent; for once their ready wit had played them false. Gravely, Penny drew from her capa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cious, indignant bosom a gray stocking foot, and crossing the court she stood before the astonished Jeems. "Misser Wilkerson," she said, "I 'se come ter buy dat nigger, an' I wants de cote-'ouse papers ter 'im; he 's wuf er hundud dollars, an' here 's de hundud fur 'im!"

One by one she laid the bills in the open palm, and silently Jeems put them in his pocket. Then from the region of the departing basket came the solemn malediction: "*You has sole ter-day yer birfright ter a nigger;* you has foul' ter-day de nes' yer farder lef' you; an' w'en you comes ter die, de sperrit ain' fergit it!"

II.

Penny did not believe that she had made a good bargain. The purchase money was the price of pride, — of pride stung to the quick. That Penny's husband, however worthless, should be made the scoff and butt of a public sale, should be bidden for a joke, was galling beyond expression to the honest soul. But if Jo had been incorrigible to his white master, he was exasperating to his black owner. Each Sunday morning invariably found the parson in the midst of his admiring flock, folding his clerical robe about him and rearing high his proud black head. But the week days told another story. Rising early to work, Penny would jog her lord, reminding him of certain things to be accomplished in her absence, — washing the dishes when he had breakfasted, feeding the chickens, mending the fire; but again and again had she returned to find the dishes guiltless of water, the chickens clamorous, the fire dead. Again and again had her wrath risen, even to threatening him with the "sperrit" of the dead Marse Abe; but again and again had the turbulent waters been stilled by the logical soundness of Parson Jo. Jo the free was to Penny a more impressive personage than Jo the bond, and now and then she paused with a growing feeling somewhat akin to awe as she listened to the unanswerable arguments.

"You see, Penny," and the voice had lost its slavish whine, "I cain't work, 'case dis body hain't able; de weakness er de flesh has b'ar me down sence I were a baby. I 'se ole 'fore my time, an' withered in my youf; I 'se call' ter talk, I is. 'Cordin' ter er figger er de Scriptur', I 'se er lily er de valley, I is; you is King Sol'mun, an' yer work is yer glory. You gotter work, Penny; but wid all yer glory, Sol'mun, you hain't built like I is!"

Penny began to feel confused. Jo, somehow, was growing beyond her reach.

"You see, Penny," continued the confident voice, "'cordin' ter de Book, what 's mine 's mine, and what 's yourn 's mine."

"You hain't got nuffin' but freedom, Jo," ventured Penny.

"I 'se got you, Penny," said Jo rebukingly. "In de eyes er de worl' you buyed me, and I b'longs ter you lack er dorg. By de witness er de Book I kin prube ter you dat you b'longs ter me lack er dorg." Wider and wider Penny's eyes opened. "Well! De Book, hit say let de 'omans keep dey mouf shet in de chu'ches. Den who gwine talk? De mens. Den who gwine boss? De mens. De Book, hit say de 'omans gotter keep dey heads kivered wid handkerchers. Den who gwine take dey hats off an' r'ar 'roun'? De mens. De Book, hit say dat er man stan' in de house er de Lord an' stribe ter please him; but de 'oman, Lord, she l'arn hit from ole Eve, but she do hit, she try ter please 'er ole man. Den ter who come de 'titlemints er de 'veriance er de saints? Ter de mens. An' las'ly, Sis' Penny, de Book, hit say, let de wives be 'sarvient ter dey husban's. I is yer husban', you is my wife. 'Sarvient' mean sarvant er someun, er min'in' er someun; de sarvant, he b'long ter de marster, an' de marster, he de boss: an' dar, by de wit-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness er de Book, *you*, Penny Wilkerson, am de slabe an' de sarvant er *me*, Josephus Wilkerson, de marster, praise de Lord!"

Penny bowed her head in silence; she was too stanch a follower of her faith to cavil at such unquestioned authority, and it was a waste of words to buffet against such logic. So she labored early and late, and Jo slept through the sunny noons, untrammeled, unmolested. Penny was conscientious to a degree worthy of a whiter skin, and, save an occasional burst of anger, the whistling of a safety valve, as it were, peace brooded over the thrifty cabin.

Lately Jo had seemed to improve; not only was the butter gathered and the teakettle steaming, but once the savory odor of a chicken, done just to a turn, greeted Penny's nostrils upon her arrival.

"Sumpin gwine happin," she muttered; "hit too good ter las';" but only a grunt of satisfaction met Jo's ear as she busied herself with the teacups.

"I'se gwine make de house comferble fur you, Penny, long 's I libs," murmured Jo, peering with half-closed eyes through a wreath of tobacco smoke.

"Hump!" responded Penny.

"What 's yours 's mine; what 's mine 's ourn, hain't it, Penny?"

"Hump!" and Penny cautiously moved to another part of the room, to evade the questioning.

The hush had preceded the storm, and the storm strengthened with its long threatening. Penny had kept her counsel, her woes were pent up in her own breast; she trusted her Bible, and she believed that she would live with Jo "twel def claim one er ter'r, no matter what he do," as she put it; but a great outburst came, which swept away her convictions, resolutions, and even her religious scruples, for the time, like mounds of sand.

In Jo's congregation there was one Sister Chaney, a sister who looked with admiring eyes upon the dusky shepherd, who in turn looked with paternal solicitude upon the comely sister. Sister Chaney was Penny's pet abhorrence.

"Yas," she said to Jo one notable Sunday, "she mighty innercent an' 'umble, mighty innercent; but w'en ever'body look'n' at dey hime, she cuttin' uv her eye 'roun' ter see what she kin cotch; w'en ever'body on dey knees er prayin', she peartin' up uv her Sunday fixin's."

"What was *you* doin', Penny?" queried Jo.

"I was er cotchin' de Fair-I-See an' de hypocrick in de markit places, I was!" snapped Penny. "Yas," she continued, warming to her subject, "*she* think you hain't got nuffin' eat fur Sunday, so *she* hafter hike 'roun' an' bake er ole po' cake fur Brer Jo. Sont hit by her own han's and wid her own love, did she? Think you hain't got de bestes' cook in de country right in dis kitchen here, now, do she? *She* gotter scrope her ole bar'l an' dreen her ole jug fur *you*, is she? I lay if I ebber cotch de wroppin's uv her leetles' finger in *my* house ergin, Jo Wilkerson, I break ever' bone in her body, — dar, now!" and over her head Penny raised the cake of discord, to hurl it with a crash of crockery into the midst of the squealing pigs.

Softly on tiptoe, with a sanctimonious wave of the hand, Jo retired. It was an unseemly scene for Sunday; besides, the domestic waters were just now too rough for logical sailing.

It was Monday night, and Penny had worked late into the dusk, but had stopped to buy a gorgeous handkerchief for Jo. She had been "des er leetle rough," and he was her "ole man twel def do come, arter all." Though painfully red and yellow, it was a flag of truce, an offering of peace.

Cheerily gleamed the lamp in the window of the cabin, and from the tiny chimney curled the hospitable smoke, reminding her pleasantly of the heat and light within. "Hit mought be worser, —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hit mought be heap worser," and Penny smiled softly to herself. There were voices within, — pleasant, confidential voices. "Mus' be comp'ny. I des peep fru de chink an' see."

Leaning back luxuriously, with his feet on the table and his pipe in his mouth, sat Parson Jo, the remnants of a dainty supper before him.

"Yas," said a voice, whose possessor seemed to be busied about the room, "dey *do* say dat hit scan'lous how she treat you." Penny could never mistake that voice.

"Yas," drawled Jo, in placid contentment.

"Makin' *you*, er 'zorter an' er 'spounder, wash de dishes, peel de 'taters, lack er whinin' nigger's nigger," continued the voice.

"Dat de truf," assented Jo.

"Dey *do* say dat she dat bardacious stingy dat she lock up all de vittles w'en she go out in de mornin', — lock 'em, hide 'em fum her husban'!"

"Dat so, sister," said Jo.

"Po', po' brudder!" moaned the voice. "Dat she lock up all de jam an' her ole blackberry cord'al; dat she mighty givey ter comp'ny, but she save hit des fur show."

"De Gord's truf, Sis' Chaney."

"Dey *do* say as how she buyed you ter own er nigger, des ter lady in de s'ci'ty plumb ober we all hones' Christuns."

"Des so, Sis' Chaney."

Penny's breath came fast and faster as she laid her ear closer to the chink.

"*I* don' know, Brer Wilkerson, *I* don' know nuffin', an' min' me, *I* hain't sayin' nuffin', but dey do say dat she bargains" — here Sis' Chaney came and laid her hand upon Jo's shoulder — "dat she bargains wid de debbil, dat she bargains in de grabeyard, dat she 's selled her soul an' body, dat she hoodoos in de nighttime!"

"De Gord's truf, Sis' Chaney. Hab mercy on her, *'case I cotch her!*"

"My po', po' brudder!"

Penny waited to hear no more; hot, breathless, eager, too furious for words, too angry for expostulation, on through the darkness she sped, until she sank exhausted upon the doorstep of Colonel Jones's dwelling.

"I wants ter see Marse Bev'ly, quick!" she gasped to the astonished servant.

Brokenly, incoherently, the story was poured into the ear of Ole Miss's only son. Now that it was told, Penny broke down.

"Nebber, nebber, Marse Bev'ly, has I had sech er tu'n sence Ole Miss died an' sot me free, — nebber, nebber, nebber! Er 'busin' er me in my own house, wha' Ole Miss lef' me; er eatin' er my own salt! Ain' no dorg gwine do dat; *he* lick de han' while hit feed 'im. Er 'zorter an' er 'spounder des er clinchin' er dem ole viper tales, des er waggin' uv he ole head aigewise lack er worfless ole blackbird! Er 'cusin' *me* er hoodoo an' er snortin' in de grabeyard! I lay I l'arn 'im how ter preach 'sarvience!" Penny paused for breath. "Now, Marse Bev'ly, I 'se po', an' I 'se brack, an' I 'se ignunt, but I 'se free, an' free I 'se gwine stay. Marse Bev'ly, what I gwine do?"

"Well, Penny," said the colonel after a moment's silence, "I am sorry that, after buying Jo, you and he cannot agree. Suppose you make one more earnest effort; heap coals of fire on his head, as it were."

"I cain't, Marse Bev'ly; hit 's mo'n I kin b'ar."

"It is a serious thing, Penny, this human intervention between those whom God has joined together. You believe that in marriage he shows the work of his hand, — do you, Penny?"

"Yas," hesitated Penny, "fur white folks, sometimes; but de niggers, dey hustles mos'ly fur deyse'fs, — *dey* ain' ast 'im."

"How about you and Jo, Penny?"

"De debbil, he crope in, sho', an' tie dat knot, Marse Bev'ly."

"Then you are fixed in your determination?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I cain't b'ar no mo', Marse Bev'ly. I gwine git shet er Jo. Now what I gwine do?"

"When I have an unruly slave, you know that I will not have him abused. Do you know what I do with him, Penny?"

"You sells him," whispered Penny, afraid of the sound of her own voice.

"You bought and paid for Jo, as I buy and pay for my slaves; and as Jo is unruly and worthless to you, I would sell him."

Gradually the enormity of the thing dawned upon her. Sell Jo, really and truly, — no threat, but a stern reality! Then her own injured feelings and slandered personality urged for vengeance.

"Marse Bev'ly," she said solemnly, raising herself with the weight of readjusted dignity, "I stribed ter sabe er lam', but I fin's dat I has nussed er sarpint. I gwine ter sell Jo fur de sabin' er my soul."

"Very well, Penny," said Colonel Jones. "I think that is the most sensible view to take of it; a woman of your worth and character can ill afford to waste her life upon the vagaries of a vagabond. There will be a trader from New Orleans in my office in the morning, at half past nine. Meet me promptly there with Jo. Good-night, Penny."

"Thankee, Marse Bev'ly. Good-night."

As the door closed she paused to recollect her swimming senses, then seated herself upon the steps of her former mistress's home. She would not ask a lodging in the house, for Marse Bev'ly would think her foolish. She would not seek the dwelling of a friend, for the kindly but thoughtless head would wag unmercifully. She could not go home to Jo and act a lie, — no, no! She could not lay her head beside his, draw the old lone-star quilt about them, and listen to the breathing of the traitor in the dark. One, then, would be as wicked as the other. No: she would stay where she was; she would sit on the step and wait until daylight.

She heard the familiar voices of the night. She counted the blinking stars, and wondered how near Ole Miss lived to them now; it was a long way off. She wondered if Ole Miss knew how she suffered to-night, — Ole Miss, who left her freedom and the cabin when she died. Ole Miss loved her, if she *was* black; she wondered if any one else would ever love her, — and the first tears since Penny's trouble dropped upon her hands. She wondered if freedom was a good thing, after all; all her trouble came with freedom, all her worry. Freedom was sweet, but trouble was bitter. Maybe Marse Bev'ly would buy her and her trouble back again; would buy her, and leave the trouble; would buy the trouble, and leave her; and, wearied out, she leaned her head upon her hands and slept.

The dawning found her at her own door; softly she lifted the latch. Sunken deep in the feathers snored the faithless Jo. Penny folded back the covers from the woolly head, and looked long and earnestly into his face. "Twel def do us part," she whispered. "He don' look lack he 'd do dat, he don', po' ole nigger! Look des lack leetle dead Jo, while he sleepin', de onlies' baby boy dat were ourn." There was a strange dimness in Penny's eyes. "But I seed her wid my own eyes, an' I heared him wid my own years, an' may de good Gord furgib me if I 'se gwine do er sin! I would n' done hit ef he had n' lied ter *her*, — lied 'bout *me!* I 'd er wuked fur 'im, I 'd er slabed fur 'im, but I cain't stan' dat. But maybe hit 'll wuk right bimeby; maybe de Lord 'll fix hit, somewhar, somehow, 'fore we dies, an' dey 'll bury Penny an' Jo sider one nur'r, unner de ole willer, bimeby, maybe. Good-by, Jo, good-by." Gently she turned, looking back as she paused in the doorway. "She tuk mighty good keer ter wash ever'thing an' put hit in hits place," said Penny, looking over the immacu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

late kitchen with hardening face; "but, Lord! she could n' fool me. I 'd er knowed somebody done been here 'dout seein' uv 'em."

Silently the fire was laid, and breakfast prepared without the accustomed song, — a breakfast as dainty as Penny's finances could afford. In the old familiar way she went to waken Jo. After much calling and shaking, a guttural sound issued from beneath the quilt. "Jo, Marse Bev'ly want you at de office at half pas' nine. Get up and eat yer breffus."

"Dat you, Penny?" and Jo pulled himself together, with a prodigious yawn.

"Dat me," said Penny grimly.

"Whar you stay las' night, Penny? Why n't you come home?" Penny's lip trembled, but her face grew harder. "Whar you stay las' night?" repeated Jo, now thoroughly awake and half sitting up in the bed. "I l'arn you how ter go skylarkin' 'roun', er stayin' 'roun' er nights an' er comin' home pouty!" No answer. "Here me er waitin' an' er waitin' an' er waitin', ain' got no supper, ner tea, ner nuffin'; mighty fine way ter 'sarve de teachin's er de 'postles!"

Penny's eyes flashed and her whole being quivered. "Jo, you lie, you knows you lie! If you *will* cote Scriptur', dar 's been ministerin' angils er debbils er varmints erbout dis house, an' dey lef' er cuss in hit. Git ready ter go ter Marse Bev'ly's!"

Jo cowered, slipped humbly into his clothes, and made his meal in silence.

"Yes," Colonel Jones was saying, "my mother set his wife free, and when Wilkerson put him up the wife bought him. He has proved too much for her; but he is a likely negro, and properly managed will be found available. I think that you can buy him for five hundred dollars, and he 's worth it."

"I 've seen him; I 'm willing," said a rough-looking individual, running his hand through his hair. "But it 's a new 'sper'ence to me. I ain' never bought a nigger from a nigger before."

"That 's all right. I 'll see to that."

"Penny," called the colonel, as the woman entered followed by the crestfallen Jo, "this is Mr. Blake from New Orleans, and he is willing to pay five hundred dollars for Jo."

"Yas, sar," said Penny, pulling at the corner of her apron, "but dat hain't right, Marse Bev'ly. I did n' gib but er hundud fur 'im."

"Why is n't it right?"

"I don' wanter make nuffin' off'n him, Marse Bev'ly."

"Business is business. Mr. Blake will give you five hundred; will you take it?"

"Yas, sar," whispered Penny.

Silently, stolidly, Jo watched the bills as they were counted one by one into Penny's shaking hand. He had been tried, condemned, and from his sentence there was no appeal. She had really and truly done it at last, — *she!*

Folding away her bills, Penny still lingered.

"Good-by, Jo," she ventured.

Jo vouchsafed no answer.

"Good-by, Jo."

Motionless he stood, like a piece of ill-wrought bronze. Harder and harder grew the look on Penny's face.

"I 'se got you in my pocket, Jo, and may you do me mo' good dar dan you ebber has out'n hit!" Turning, she neither paused nor wavered until she reached her little cabin. There, waiting at the gate, were numerous gossipers. Stumbling blindly past them, she shut the door behind her, and the unused key grated harshly in its socket.

III.

The sun bleached the clothes upon Penny's lines with impartial fervor; the sadirons turned upon their racks the polished faces of usefulness. But

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the mellow rhythmic song that was wont to rise from the little cabin was silent. The sassafras stick ploughed deep and often into the pot of boiling soap, which was never spoiled now by interruption; but Penny was not happy. She sought no counselors or confidants, and, always unpopular with her color, she became an object of special avoidance.

Late into the night burned the candle in the cabin, and now and again were visits to Marse Bev'ly, followed by anonymous gifts from Penny in charitable directions. A new pulpit, gaudy in fresh paint, glared upon the worshipers in Ebenezer Chapel; then appeared upon it a gorgeous Bible bound in red, the cover emblazoned with patriarchal scenes in painful blues and greens. Upon its first appearance there was a flutter of approbation; then bended heads and whispered explanations: "Penny done dat!" "Hain't gwine let 'er right han' know what 'er lef' han' do!" "She buyin' uv peace," said Ben-é, a black, withered little negress, rocking to and fro, as her hand instinctively sought the buckeye and rabbit foot in her pocket.

Poor Penny! She sat musing on her doorstep, watching the last rays of the setting sun. The week was done; tomorrow would be Sunday again. "Hain't no use!" she sighed. "I 'se buyed an' I 'se prayed, an' I 'se prayed an' I 'se buyed, but hit hain't fotch me no res'." Wearily she leaned her head upon her hand.

Afar down the lane a black speck broke the still sunlight, like a pebble cast into placid waters; a full, fresh voice met the silence with song: —

"Oh! who am dat er comin'?
Don' you grieve arter me.
Oh! who am dat er comin'?
Don' you grieve arter me.
Oh! who am dat er comin'?
Don' you grieve arter me, —
I don' want you ter grieve arter me."

Nearer and nearer came the song and the figure.

"'T is de old ship o' Zion,
Don' you grieve arter me.
'T is de ole ship o' Zion,
Don' you grieve arter me.
'T is de ole ship o' Zion,
Don' you grieve arter me, —
I don't want you ter grieve arter me."

At the corner of the fence the song was hushed.

"Um! ole Penny Wilkerson!" grunted Sis' Chaney. "She selled de ole man, an' now she taken wid de debbil. Fool man, fool 'oman — um!" With a contemptuous swish of her skirts the blot upon Penny's sunlight had vanished.

"De ve'y spit an' image uv my miz'ry," whispered Penny. "Yas, Lord, dar 's er 'oman at de bottom uv ever'thin' sneakin' an' mean; dar 's er 'oman at de bottom uv de bottomless pit, wha' de Scriptur' tell erbout, sho' dar be, Lord! Judas, he were er man, an' he taken he Lord an' sells 'im fur de pieces er silber; den he fling down de money an' go hang hese'f. Jo, he know de Scriptur', an' he say de husban' am lord er de wife; an' I taken my lord, which were Jo, an' I buys 'im, den I sells 'im fur fo' hundud mo'n I guv fur 'im! I 'se worser 'an Judas, I 'se badder 'n Peter wha' 'nied free times. Judas, he hang hese'f. Peter, he cry. Oh! my Lord, what *I* gwine do?" The anguished form rocked to and fro. "I 'se buyed an' selled what de Lord done sont me. Oh! my Lord, what I gwine do? I 'se cried twel de water won' drap no mo'. De hants, dey pester in de dead er de nighttime, an' de sperrits, dey cry in de wringin' er my in'ards. Oh! my Lord, what I gwine do?" Gradually the emotional storm became calmer, and the rhythmic rocking more gentle.

"I gwine wan'er on de face er de yeth,
Oh! my Lord, twel I fin' him!
I gwine *come unter my own ergain*,
Oh! my Lord, w'en I fin' him!
Gwine ter s'arch high an' low in de furrin lan',
Oh! my Lord, twel I fin' him!
Gwine take my lord by his po' brack han',
Oh! my Lord, w'en I fin' him!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Softer and softer, the plaint became a whisper: —

"Gwine ter fling de Judas money in de potter-
er's fiel',
Gwine ter pray in de place wha' 'nyin' Pe-
ter kneel,
Gwine ter make my peace wha' de hants
cain't steal,
Oh! my Lord, w'en I fin' him!"

The darkness fell, and Penny arose with a sense of lifted sorrow.

That night Marse Bev'ly received a final visit.

"Good-by, Marse Bev'ly. I gwine s'arch twel I fin' him. Ef I don't, ef I fails, ole Hardeman hain't gwine know me no mo'; de hants won' let me. Ef I don't, teck de home, Marse Bev'ly, de cabin dat Ole Miss guv me; let er betterer 'oman warm hit dan I has been. Ef I ain' come back in er year come Chris'mus, I hain't ebber come. I hain't leavin' nuffin' behin' 'cep'in' you an' yourn. Good-by, Marse Bev'ly."

The Sabbath morning beamed upon the just and the unjust in Ebenezer Chapel; the aggressive pulpit still glared upon the expectant congregation; Brer Jonah took his text from the great red book, upside down, in the old familiar way; but there was no Penny.

The little window lights were full of darkness; through the night the unlatched doors moaned and creaked in the wanton wind. No more the homely chimney sent up its line of blue. The tiny gate, slipping its moorings, dropped away; the garden gloried in a thistle growth, kissed here and there by morning-glories, vagrants, that laughed upon the sun and wound their idle arms around the prickly leaves. Old Brownie bravely laid her snowy eggs upon the unused hearth; then tucked a yellow brood beneath her wing. Old Tabby nursed with rare maternal pride a brand-new litter in the softest feather bed. The weeks slipped into months, the months became years. Marse Bev'ly swore the house was Penny's still, but Penny never came.

IV.

The summer sun of 1878 beat upon the busy mart of Memphis. Peace was within her borders, and the wheels of commerce, turned by the masses of hurrying, perspiring humanity, whirled hopefully. An atom of the seething mass, but part and parcel of the growing city, whither she had drifted at the closing of the war, Penny labored in the little cabin in Fort Pickering, and pondered many things. The trip to New Orleans had been futile; she did not find Jo. When freedom came her hope beat high, — surely she should find him now; and rumor after rumor she had chased from city to city, until, weary in heart and broken in health, she at last gave up the search. "De Lord know bes'," she whispered to herself; "someway er somehow, he gwine fix hit." She did not write to Marse Bev'ly; she had never learned to write, and she had a wholesome contempt for the "Linkum free niggers," so she would not trust her affairs to a more fortunate friend. Now and again the longing of homesickness almost overcame her. "I cain't, oh, I cain't!" she moaned; then faster and faster flew the brown hands at their work, and louder and louder rose the doleful song to drown her sorrow. Aloof she walked amongst her fellows; evening found her sitting with her gorgeous flowers, uncomforted, unsought.

"Yas, Sis' Wilkerson," said Brer Snowberry, the exhorter, "'cordin' ter de Scriptur', you gotter herd wid de flock; ef de sheeps don' herd, how de shepherd gwine know dey blate? Here you gwine on, year in an' year out, an' nebber has you darkined de door er de sanctumerry. Sis' Wilkerson," and Brer Snowberry lowered his voice solemnly, "dar 's sumpen on yer min', an' hit ain' let you res'; dar 's er sin dat er gnawin' at yer witles, lack de fox dat de fool boy done toted. Hit er gnawin' in de

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

daytime an' er cryin' in de darkness. Sis' Wilkerson, er 'fession 'fore de chu'ch am de onlies' way ter peace; hit 'll parge de sinlies' soul an' hit 'll puerfy de body. Make yer peace, Sis' Wilkerson!"

"Parson Snowberry," said Penny, her eyes gleaming with a dangerous light, "I makes my peace wid Gord, an' I don' wan' nobody pryin' inter hit, nuther. I has heared ernough ter keep my years opin, an' I bids you good-day. You kin lead er hoss ter water, but you cain't make 'im drink, an' I 'se gwine ter make hit hot fur somebody, ef dey comes pesterin' er me ergin. I 'beys de laws er man 'cordin' ter dose laws, an' de laws er Gord 'cordin' ter my own cornshuns, an' 't ain' nobody's business ef I 'se er sheep er er goat."

Reluctantly the parson took his departure. "Dar 's er hoodoo wukin' somewhar," he muttered, "an' dis am er peck er meal dat gwine be powerful hard ter sif';" and down the fennel common shambled the clerical ambassador.

Penny's tall sunflowers stifled in the heat. On the Arkansas side the spent sun trembled like a red unstable thing, then dropped like a ball into the muddy waters that lay beyond. Tears fell upon Penny's withered cheeks. "Youf all gone, an' de sin er de youf des er frettin' en de ole age!" She had made a resolve: she would go home to die, — go home to-morrow.

What was so beautiful as that August dawn! Is nature's heart so dead to human needs — the human, fashioned in the form of God — that she can laugh before impending holocausts, and give no sign or warning of the coming doom? To-day Penny would go home! Without were excited voices, — what were they to her? The negroes of that locality were always excited. To-day she would go home. How sweet to tread the earth of Hardeman again, to teach their way of life to tangled morning-glory vines, to hear the creaking of the old well rope in the worn wheel, to drain the last drop from the crumple-handled gourd! To-day she would go home, — go home to die. What was it they were saying? Penny unbarred her door and listened. There were rolling eyes and lolling tongues, the joy of an appalling theme.

"Dar 's five cases er yaller fever on Front Street, — Hightallions; genuwine yaller fever!" "Who sesso?" "Doctors sesso! Bode er Helf gwine 'clar' hit. White folks, skeered plumb ter fits, gwine light out fum here, — ain' wait fur nuffin'!" "Wha' you gwine do?" "Gwine light out too!" "Wha' you gwine do?" "Yahw! yahw! gwine stay yere an' draw rations lack seb'nty — free — white folks fire, nigger shoecake, yahw! Yaller fever hain't gwine cotch er nigger brack es I is!" "Gwine cotch yaller nigger sho'!"

Yellow fever! Sadly Penny carried home the baskets of rough-dry clothes, lending here and there a helping hand to the hurried preparations; she would not go home to-day, — she would wait.

All day long the restless tide swept out from the fated city. Just one day, and at midnight the depots were lined with ashen-faced, frightened humanity. Millionaire and pauper, butcher and banker, men of differing complexions and nationalities, on a common level, united for once, with one mainspring of action. Boats, trains, drays, wagons, oxcarts, — everything affording locomotion was pressed into the fleeing caravan. The epidemic was declared, and again the human stream poured out, every fresh bulletin producing another exodus. Penny stood in her tiny doorway and watched the loaded trains go by. Over the unhappy city the arm of pestilence was stretched; no quarter was now exempt; all the world would soon be quarantined against her. Should Penny go?

The health officers were coaxing, cajoling, driving, forcing, and the last detachment for the camp had been formed; here was the last opportunity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Good-by, Penny Wilkerson!" shouted a spiteful voice down the road, — "good-by, ef you stays, an' gib our respec's ter ole Sat'n w'en you sees 'im!"

"Better come erlong, gal," said a quavering old voice. "De cuss er Gord am res'in' on dis here lan'. Hit gwine ter git mighty lonesome 'fore hit w'ar hitse'f out. Better come erlong, gal."

Parson Snowberry walked slowly by, dignified still, but fearing to breathe lest he should draw in the poison of infection: folded in a broad swathe and tied beneath his nose was a red and yellow bandanna; slung over his shoulder by the crook of a hickory stick, reposing in a blue cotton pillowslip lay the wealth and all the worldly goods of Parson Snowberry. At Penny's gate he paused. "Good-by, Sis' Wilkerson!" and the voice labored painfully beneath the handkerchief. "You has sumpen on yer min', an' you cain't git yer peace. Dar 's res' en de grabe fur de weary. Hab mercy on yer soul!"

"Um!" grunted Penny. "Mighty fine 'postle dat am! Feared ter trus' Gord fur 'nough ter breave de a'r, — hatter strain' hit fru er handkercher. Um!

"Niggers all gwine ter nigger's heaben, — all play, no wuk. *Dey* kin go. Penny hain't gwine be beholden ter none uv 'em, not even de guv'mint, while her ole head 's hot, nary time. Um! Lack ter see 'em dribe *me* inter timesarvin' lack dat, sho'!" Should she go? "Uv my own free heart an' body, min' you!" she said softly to herself, after a while. "Die 'dout fin'in' Jo, die 'dout furgibness, wid de Judas sin on de soul! But I sayed I wanter die, I sayed I gwine home ter die. I did n' s'arch fur hit, but de yaller fever, hit come an' seeked me out, hit fin' me whar I stays, — yas, an' I gwine stay, praise de Lord!"

A whistle of the engine, a puff of steam, a waving of hats and aprons to the lone figure in the doorway, and the motley freight of humanity was gone.

There had been a call for nurses: the Howards and Citizens' Relief were sadly overtaxed for want of efficient aid. Some came from the South, some from the North, noble souls; but the force was just now inadequate to face the visage of the Black Death.

Penny sat as of yore upon her steps and pondered. "I 'd druther nuss an' keer fur my own color, nuss 'em 'dout pay, des fur de lub er Gord, des fur de pargin' er de spot on de soul. But dey 's dat feared dey won' let me come er nigh 'em, po' fool niggers! 'Case I got er sorrer an' keep my mouf shet 'bout hit, dey think I got er hoodoo, an' dey won' let me tech 'em. I 'se gwine go fur er white folks' nuss. I 'se gwine fur ter gib dis sinful heart er call ter die."

In checked kerchief and snowy apron Penny stood before the superintendent of the nurses. "Had n't you better go into camp, auntie?" asked Mr. Johnson kindly. "Don't you think you are rather old for a fever nurse?"

"I hain't ole, sar," said Penny respectfully, opening her eyes wide upon him. "De folks dat 's got youf mos' leas'ways got keerliss ways too, sar. You hain't got no call but ter try me, sar."

"You are trustworthy, but are you strong?"

"I 'se b'ar'd an' boosted by de wing uv er mighty hope, sar," replied Penny solemnly.

So Penny watched and waited, wrestled face to face with death; now closing jaundiced eyes upon the world forever, breathing silently her own unrounded prayer upon the departing soul; now nursing an emaciated form into the fond security of a grateful convalescence.

Weary, but with unsleeping eyes, she wore the long night watches into dawn. She heard the wagon rattle on the cobbled street; she bent to hear her sleeping patient breathe. She heard the wagon stop; a pause, a smothered sob, then on upon its ghostly midnight rounds.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where, where was Jo? All bitterness was gone; to-night a longing moved her heart with the old youthful love. When they should come for her, — if they should come, — if he could be there, give that cry for her, it would be sweet to die. A tear that Penny would have scorned to own dropped upon her hand. Her patient stirred. She laid her hand upon his brow; so young, so scarred by sin, but he was yet some mother's boy, some woman's heart clung to him. The brown face softened, and she thought of hers and Jo's, their only one, so still to-night, asleep in Hardeman.

"Penny!" and no ungentle hand pushed aside the proffered cup. "It 's no use — I 'm going in the morning."

"All right, Marse Will," said Penny cheerily, still holding the cup, "but won' you take ole Penny 'long too, ter see yer mar?"

"I don't mean that, Penny. I mean I 'm going to — I mean it 's coming," he whispered, with a shudder. "Take the physic away — don't call — don't let anybody come — it 's coming quickly! Penny," he cried, "pray!"

Penny trembled from head to foot. "You hain't gwine die, Marse Will," she said soothingly. "I git er preacher yere ter you ter-morrer, — sho' I will."

"Pray!" repeated the voice.

"I 'se only er po' ole nigger," she sobbed. "I hain't fitten ter 'proach de th'one. Pray de baby pra'r yer mudder l'arned you, Marse Will."

"I can't," he moaned. "I have been wicked, I have forgotten God — I am dying — pray for me, Penny!"

Reverently the old negress knelt beside the bed. "O Gord, my Lord!" she sobbed, "lis'en ter de po' ole nigger prayin' fur Marse Will! De nigger hain't fitten, but Marse Will cain't pray fur hese'f! Furgit, O Gord, dat he stray off wid de goats, dat he ain' hear de call er de Shepherd, dat de hin er de Gorspil ain' nustle 'im unner her wing! Take 'im des lack he am, wid 'pentance at de las'! Er defbed 'pentance, Lord, worf mo'n no 'pentance 't all. O my Gord, make 'im lack er leetle baby!"

"Amen," came the whispered response.

"Er leetle baby dat gwine sleep in 'is mudder's arms, an' gwine trus' 'em while he sleeps! Hit on'y er po' ole nigger dat promus, but he gwine trus', Lord!"

Softly came the words, "I trust."

"Take 'im, Lord, an' tell 'im 'bout hit w'en he come, lack de lovin' mudder whisper en de leetle baby's year. Amen!"

"Amen!"

Gently the dawn light sifted through the shutters. The dawn of life had sought the chamber first. The smile of peace lay on the wan young face. The thin white fingers, clasping close a poor brown palm, had loosed their hold: that hand had led from darkness into light.

"I des go home an' pearten up er leetle," Penny said to the day nurse, — "I feels so cu'is and shaky, — but I be back bimeby. Po' lam'!" she sighed, and the door closed behind her.

Through the whole day Penny sat alone in her cabin, — the first day home in many weeks.

"I do feel mighty cu'is," she mused. "Dar 's er singin' in my years, an' er sneakin' feelin' in my back, lack I done hilt er col' key ter hit. I won'er whar Jo be now? Po' Jo, *my* Jo. Won'er what make me feel so cu'is? Hit mought be de def an' de pra'r. Ain' nuffin' mobe me lack dat sence I been er nussin'. Hit been er age sence I put up er pra'r erfore, but I feeled what I pray, — de Lord, he know hit. Po' lam', he know whar leetle Jo be, now. I won'er whar *my* Jo gwine sleep dis night? Ef I des could git 'im back, my Lord! Hit gittin' plumb dark. I allus putten de lamp en de winder w'en hit dark, 'case hit make hit look sorter cheersome outside. Um! um! been erway so long I mos' furgit hit." Wearily she rose. "Do feel mighty cu'is. Don' think I go back

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter-night. I ain' got nobody ter sen'. I des sleep here twel mornin'." Scrupulously neat, she carefully polished the little chimney with the corner of her apron, then placed her beacon close against the pane.

"Be dar yerly en de mornin'," she whispered. "I des tired," and with unsteady steps she sought her bed.

"Look! dar 's light in Miss Wilkerson's winder, — she done come home," said one ration-drawing neighbor to another.

"I des bardaciously knowed she would; she won't do good fur lub er money," said the other. "Lis'n!" Floating from the little cabin came a song: —

"I t'ought I heared de angil say,
Dese bones 'ill rise ergin."

"Mighty fine time ter come singin' 'roun' w'en folks am des er dyin' lack sheep!" said lean Pete, who, by reason of a little prevarication, drew double rations. "Better be yearnin' hones' bread. Um!"

"Gwine ter take wings an' fly erway,
Dese bones 'ill rise ergin."

A figure paused without the cabin door. "I hates ter pester folks," he soliloquized, — "at nighttime, too, — but I 'se gotter sleep some'rs, an' dar 's er light in dar. Singin', too! Ain' no fever in dar, — I kin resk dat." Softly he raised his stick and knocked. Again the voice rose with quivering intensity:

"Oh! how you know,
Oh! how you know, my Lord,
Dese bones 'ill rise ergin?"

"Singin' mighty loud. Moughtn' heared me. Des knock ergin." The voice died into a sigh, —

"Dese bones 'ill rise ergin!"

"I des bardaciously walk in, den 'polygize, — kin do hit han'some-lack. I ain' furgit." Boldly lifting the latch, the ragged figure stood upon the threshold. "'Scuse me, lady," he said, with an old-time bow. "I" — A pause; his eyes rolled wildly. There upon the mantel sat the old blue china hen; there was the old bow basket in its place by the hearth, — he would know it among a thousand.

"Whar is I? Whar be I? I 'se hoodooed! Oh, Lord, I 'se done gone plumb daf'!"

"Dese bones 'll rise" — moaned the woman, tossing to and fro upon the bed.

"My Gord! Penny!" he cried.

"How you know, my Lord?" sobbed the voice.

"Penny! it 's Penny! — *my* Penny! Jo done come back ergin," he whispered, laying a hand upon the burning brow.

Eagerly she peered into his face with the hard, fixed gaze of delirium, then sank upon the pillow with the same heart-rending wail.

"Gord done sont me here dis night, an' here I gwine stay, wid de fever er 'douten de fever. I 'se hern an she 's mine twel def us do part." Jo dropped upon his knees, laid his face upon Penny's burning palm, and wept.

Bravely, heroically, he strove for Penny at the jaws of death; for never was there more faithful slave or gentler ministering spirit than was Jo.

Gradually the light of recognition beamed within the old wife's eyes. Then joy was born in the midst of pestilence, and smiles in spite of sorrow; stories were told without reserve, and honest pardons granted.

"Yas, Jo," and Penny fondly leaned her thin cheek upon her spouse's grizzled head, "I 'se been weighted in de balance an' done been foun' wantin'. Dey foun' me penny wise an' plumb foolish, but de Lord, he done been good ter me."

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CHILDHOOD OF LOUIS XIII.

NOT many of those who know Paris can have failed to travel over the few miles which separate the great city from the little town of St. Germain-en-Laye. It stands well above the Seine, overshadowed by its castle, the famous home of many kings. Famous, too, is the beautiful terrace overlooking the curves of the river and distant hill-encircled Paris, and not less so the deer forest, to which the straight garden alleys lead imperceptibly by green ways. The castle and the older chapel by its side have been recently restored, and the effect has been to enhance the naturally modern look of the stately pile of buildings. The moat is still there, though now dry, and the arched entrance is still strongly guarded, but the finely proportioned windows, the broad stone balconies, the red brick and white facings of the walls, all give the impression of a house built for dignity and pleasure rather than for mere defensible strength. Nowadays the spacious rooms have been converted into a museum, and naturally a sense of chill and desertion fills them. Three hundred years ago, the empty courtyard and silent house were full of life and preparation. Henri IV. was at last blessed with an heir to the throne he had so hardly won, and St. Germain-en-Laye, pleasant, healthy St. Germain, with its big gardens and fresh breezes, was selected for the Dauphin's nursery. The boy was born at Fontainebleau on the 27th of September, 1601. Six days earlier, Henri, proudly confident in the future, had sent for one Dr. Jean Herouard, and had said to him, "I have chosen you to take charge of the health of my son, the Dauphin. Serve him well."

This Jean Herouard must have been a born lover of children, a kindly and sympathetic man, — better and wiser, indeed, than most of those charged by the King with his son's upbringing. The doctor regarded his new post as a great and solemn trust; and that he might acquit himself well in it, he began a journal, in which he set down "day by day and hour by hour such observations as might give him a solid judgment in the future, and lead the health of the prince to a happy issue, together with an account of his particular tastes and fancies, . . . so that no speech or action in any way remarkable has been omitted that might serve as a guide to the education of a prince." Such was the diary which Dr. Jean Herouard, court physician, set himself to write throughout the long years during which he served the young Louis as Dauphin and as King. For every succeeding generation it remains one of the most curious studies of child life ever made. Indeed, no other book, old or new, has quite the same interest, blending, as it does, child psychology with educational methods, vivid pictures of society with old medical lore, boyish games and lessons with side insights into history. Some of the daily entries would doubtless weary many readers by their very minuteness; much of the extraordinary grossness of the nursery life would painfully revolt them; but for the student, whether of children or of past social customs, the book is of deep interest, while for any real knowledge of that enigma of history, Louis XIII., it is priceless.

As Herouard describes him, the child Louis — or rather the Dauphin, for he had no name until his public christening when he was five years old — was a passionate, loving child, jealous and sensitive, morbidly fearful of ghosts, of ridicule, and of punishment, whilst at the same time warlike in his tastes, and hardy enough in all physical exercises.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What his upbringing made him is a difficult problem to solve, for throughout his life Louis was overshadowed by those he lived with and crippled by constant ill health; but what that training was can be learnt in Herouard's journal, and a very curious training it seems to have been.

The composition of the household at St. Germain-en-Laye was, to modern ideas, a fundamentally strange one. When, a month after his birth, the Dauphin was brought there by the royal gouvernante, Madame de Monglat, the nursery was already occupied by the King's three legitimatized children, the sons and daughter of Gabrielle, Duchess of Beaufort, who had died in 1598. These three were known as the Duke, the Chevalier, and Mademoiselle de Vendôme. Later on, Madame de Verneuil's son and daughter swelled the number of the Dauphin's half brothers and sisters. The boy, Henri de Verneuil, was within a month of the Dauphin's age; the girl, Gabrielle, somewhat younger. In course of time, the five younger children of Queen Marie de Medici came to complete the nursery party: Elizabeth, Christienne, the Duke of Orleans (who died when five years old, before he had received a name), Gaston, Duke of Anjou, and, last of all, Henriette Marie, the Henrietta Maria who was to play her part in English history. The children of Mesdames des Essars and Moret do not appear at any time to have been brought up with the rest; for though the King legitimatized these children, he never treated them as quite on an equality with those of Beaufort and Verneuil. Each of the children living at St. Germain had his or her own room, with special nurses, tutors, waiting women, valets, and pages; the Dauphin had in addition his gentlemen, his bodyguard, and his enfants d'honneur. These last, sons of the nobility, brought in their turn tutors and attendants. Generally speaking, the nurses attached to the royal children had their own babies living with them, and sometimes their husbands as well. The whole of this huge motley crew, men, women, and children, living together in scant privacy, was farmed or boarded out to Madame de Monglat. When Louis was taken from her care to be placed under that of his governor, at the age of eight, his fervent hope that he should no longer be farmed would seem to confirm Herouard's accusation that Madame de Monglat was stingy. And not only was she none too liberal in household matters, but on more than one occasion she showed an eagerness to seize on actual money in a way surprising in a great lady.

One day, when the Dauphin was five years old, the Duke of Sully came out to St. Germain well supplied from the treasury with pocket money for the prince. The news of the Surintendant's arrival set the whole household astir, eager for a share in the expected spoils. Madame de Monglat hurried the Dauphin into the courtyard of the castle to receive Sully with as much honor as if he had been the King himself. To please the great man, the little prince put his enfants d'honneur and other attendants through a drill with their toy harquebuses and swords. At the end of the show Monsieur de Sully gave the Dauphin fifty crowns, which his mock soldiers seized out of his hands so quickly that he had scarce time even to feel them. At last but one piece remained, which he held fast in spite of the efforts of Madame de Monglat's tailor to get it from him. "Hé hé, he's trying to take it from me!" shouted the child. Madame de Monglat took it, gathered together all the rest of the coins from the reluctant hands of their possessors, and *kept them all.* The prince did not complain, but soon after he said, "But I, too, was a soldier, and I did n't get any money."

Herouard always maintained that a certain reluctance to both spend and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

give, which characterized Louis in later years, was the direct result of Madame de Monglat's teaching and example.

Theoretically, the Dauphin was the head of the household at St. Germain, and though the discipline to which he was subjected was severe enough, the theory was carried out in all seriousness. The difference made between him and his own brothers and sisters was considerable. They called him "Monsieur" and "papa petit." Between him and his legitimatized half brothers and sisters, the children of Beaufort, Verneuil, Essars, and Moret, the gap was enormous. By them the simple Monsieur was generally changed into "mon maître," whereas he called them "féfé" and "sœu-sœu," in distinction from the "mon frère" and "ma sœur" which he used to his legitimate brothers and sisters. The Dauphin from his earliest infancy was under no illusion concerning these féfés and sœu-sœus. "They are another race of dogs," said he one day to some one who spoke of the Duke and Chevalier of Vendôme as his brothers. "My race is the best, and then féfé Vendôme and féfé Chevalier, and then féfé Verneuil, and then that little Moret comes last." When he heard of "that little Moret's" birth, he sobbed out: "He 's not papa's; he 's his mother's. I will give you a hundred blows if you call him my brother."

One day, Herouard records the following conversation: "Monsieur le Dauphin, Madame des Essars has a daughter. There is another sœu-sœu for you. Papa intends to have her brought here for the christening, and you are to be godfather." "How will they bring her?" he asked. "In a litter, Monsieur." "Ah, yes," said he, nodding his head and smiling; "and if it were mamma's litter I would climb upon the mules, and I would make them run so and run so till they tumbled down."

Once, when he was three years old, he came into the castle chapel, — St. Louis's chapel, which no one will ever see again except in the brand-new copy which the Republic has had built, — and there found the Chevalier and Mademoiselle de Vendôme saying their prayers on hassocks. Now the use of hassocks in church was a privilege of the blood royal, and the Dauphin was enraged at the presumption of his half brother and sister. "Get up, get off there!" he shouted. "Pray to God on the floor." And the two children obeyed. But in spite of some outbursts of jealousy, the Dauphin was fond of his half-brothers, Alexandre, Chevalier de Vendôme, and Henri de Verneuil, whilst they were all boys together. On one occasion, when the Chevalier left for a long absence, Louis, with ill-suppressed tears, gave him a watch because it was his very own to give. After any separation, he eagerly welcomed both him and Verneuil back to St. Germain. At the same time, whilst we read of the jealous ill will which occasionally the Dauphin undoubtedly showed toward his half brothers and sisters, it is interesting to remember the various fates which befell them in after years when he had ascended the throne. Alexandre, Chevalier de Vendôme, was left to die in prison; Moret fell on the battlefield fighting the King; the Duke of Vendôme and his sister, then Duchess of Elbœuf, lived exiled from court, and often in a foreign land; Henri de Verneuil found safety in insignificance.

The family of children at St. Germain, however, did not always submit to the Dauphin's whims. One quaint little scene shows his eldest sister standing up for the rest. The King had directed Madame de Monglat to give the Vendôme and Verneuil children their dinner with the Dauphin and his sisters. Louis received the order to allow Verneuil and the Chevalier to dine with him as a terrible insult. "Valets should not dine with their masters," he said angrily. Little Madame Elizabeth preached at him from her end of the table: "Ha Jésus, Monsieur, you must not do like

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that. Nobody thinks you the King's only son. One must n't have fancies. One gets spanked for them, — smack, — smack. Mamanga will whip you." The Dauphin held his peace, for whipping was no empty threat in the nursery at St. Germain.

When Louis was six years old, the King thus wrote to Madame de Monglat, the "mamanga" of nursery language: "I am vexed with you because you have not sent me word that you have whipped my son, for I wish and command you to whip him every time he is willful or naughty, knowing by my own experience that nothing will do him so much good." And yet to modern ideas Madame de Monglat does not seem to have erred on the side of leniency. From the time the little prince was two years old "fouetté pour être opiniâtre" was a very frequent entry of Herouard's.

In spite, however, of the Dauphin's outbursts of tyranny in the nursery, the children were really fond of one another; Louis and Elizabeth, who was afterward Queen of Spain, were especially attached. He admitted her to as much equality with himself as a girl could hope for from one born to be a king. They shared a good deal of their life together; indeed, they were even popped into the same bath. This is Herouard's entry, which in its way is as striking as anything in the book: "2 August, 1608. Bathed *for the first time*, put into the bath, and Madame with him. He rubbed himself with the vine leaves." The Dauphin was seven, and "Madame," as Elizabeth was always called, a year younger. True, an entry in his fourth year testifies to the fact that he had his feet washed with a damp cloth; when he was six, Herouard says: "They washed his feet in tepid water in the Queen's basin. It was the first time." But such events are rarely recorded. Baths were obviously medicinal, and were strewn with vine leaves or fresh rose petals to impart healing properties. In one such bath Louis sailed a little fleet of boats laden with the wet red roses, saying they were bound for India and Goa. He stayed in the water for three quarters of an hour, and passed the day in bed to recover from the fatigue. Happily, when he was eight years old his father taught him to swim in the Seine, and afterward he was fond of the pastime. In later years he frequently indulged in a bath in his own room. Even as a child he did not like dirt nor the grossnesses of life which disfigured his nursery; and he very early began to develop that love of privacy and decorum which made his court such a contrast to the warm, wanton rush of life in which men lived in the days of Henri le Grand.

Nothing is odder in the customs which prevailed in St. Germain-en-Laye than the access which all classes had to the castle. One day a peddler woman from Paris found her way into the Dauphin's nursery, and amused him by her rough dancing. Another time Louis refused to eat his dinner until three gypsies had been turned out of the room; they smelt, he declared. During another dinner "he sat silent, carried away by the joy of hearing a flageolet played by a lame beggar. After playing some time the man said in a gruff voice, 'Monsieur, drink to me.' The Dauphin turned red, and cried, 'I wish him to go.' 'But, Monsieur,' said I [writes Dr. Jean Herouard], 'he is a poor man; you must not send him away like that.' 'Poor people must not come here.' 'Not even if they play as well as he does?' I asked. 'Let him play downstairs. I was amazed at him. I drink only to papa and mamma.'"

To drink to a person was a compliment which a Dauphin paid to very few. Gypsies Louis always especially disliked to have near him. Once when a company of them found their way into the great hall of the castle to celebrate a wedding by a dance, — as was the cus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tom among all the poor in the neighborhood, — he commanded his gentlemen not to dance with them. "You shall not touch the hands of those horrid women; they are so dirty," he said. "I shall have a great fagot of juniper lighted in the hall to purify it."

When he was deputed by the King to take his place in the Maundy Thursday ceremony of washing the feet of the poor, Louis rebelled. "I 'll wash the girls' feet," he said, "but not the boys'. But when he stood before the outstretched feet, basin and towel before him, and the princes of the blood and the great officers of the household on either hand, he shrank back in disgust. "I won't; they smell!" he sobbed. "But the King does it," urged Madame de Monglat. "Ah, but I 'm not the King," answered the Dauphin.

And yet many instances of kindness prove that this shrinking from the poor was a shrinking of taste, and not of heart. As a child he was generally sensitive to suffering, whether of men or animals. He who hated of all things to ask a favor would beg a soldier off punishment, or stop a bear fight because of his pity for the dogs, or bid an old man sit in his presence, or cry at the sight of his mother chiding an attendant. His care of the birds snow-bound in the great frost of 1608 is one among many instances of his love of animals. "They cannot keep the Dauphin near the fire," writes Herouard. "He is always by the windows overlooking the meadows. Whilst writing my ink freezes. He supped at a quarter to seven. The cover froze to the glass and the glass to the 'tasting dish' [for the Dauphin had his taster as the King had]. At supper he told me all about the little birds caught in the snow, which he had had put in an aviary on his balcony.

"'I have a company of birds,' he said. 'There is a chaffinch who is the captain, and another chaffinch who is the lieutenant, and another who is the ensign. There is a lark who is the drummer, and a goldfinch who is the piper. And every day I have an earthen pot of hot ashes put there, and they come round it, two by two, to warm themselves, and they sing. And then I put wine in the water they drink, and the drummer got drunk.'"

Louis must have got the wine from some of his attendants, for it was not served at his table until after he had, at the age of eight, left St. Germain for the Louvre. Herouard disapproved of wine, and early taught Louis those habits of temperance which he practiced throughout life. The child preached what he learnt. One day his sister Elizabeth came to sup with him at the Louvre.

"Sister," said he, "you are too young to drink wine. Now I am eight years old I drink it, but I am a year older than you. Butler Giles, don't give my sister wine. She is too young."

Some of the most interesting entries in the journal are those which describe the children's games and pastimes. In a land like France, where a nobleman would sooner serve in the army as a common soldier than not serve at all, and where dueling was practiced to an extent which was the despair of the government and an outrage to the feelings of other nations, it was natural that games of soldiers should be the most popular. Toy swords and harquebuses, mimic armor, drilling and sentry duties, even lead soldiers and toy cannon, were the joy of the Dauphin and his companions. When the child is four years old his doctor writes, "He seems cramful of war and weapons." But children always have played at soldiers, and probably always will; it is more interesting to learn what other and more peaceable amusements they had three hundred years ago. These children played with paints and brushes, they dirtied their pinafores with mud pies, they had dolls and toy carts, and above all figures and animals of every kind made in the pot-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teries at Fontainebleau. Sometimes they made gardens, and sometimes houses with the stones and mortar which the builders of Henri's new castle left lying about. Occasionally very elaborate toys were given them, as when Madame Elizabeth received a toy room with a decapitated Holofernes lying abed in it, while Judith stood by contemplating his head. Now and then curious glimpses into character can be got from the children's games. The Dauphin, for instance, one day, almost before he could speak, revealed his dislike of Concini, his mother's favorite. The child was playing at coach with four dolls who represented the Queen and her ladies. "Where 's my wife's place, Monsieur?" asked Concini. "Ugh," said the Dauphin, pointing to a little ledge outside the back of the toy coach. That was good enough for the Queen's foster sister, Madame Concini. Fourteen years later Louis looked on while Concini, Maréchal d'Ancre, fell murdered on the bridge of the Louvre. A few weeks afterward his miserable wife was carried through the streets of Paris to the place of her execution.

Some of the Dauphin's keenest pleasures were found in painting and music; for Florence, with all her glorious traditions of art, threw her influence over this son of a Medici. Louis was always skillful in whatever was to be done by the hand, and in nothing did he show this more in early childhood than in his use of paints and brushes. As an older boy he excelled in the construction of mechanical toys, and it is interesting to remember that this dexterity and love of handicrafts reappeared in his descendant Louis XVI. a hundred and fifty years after. To illustrate the Dauphin's love of painting Herouard tells the following anecdote of him in his sixth year: "He pretended to be asleep this morning for fear of a whipping for his naughtiness the night before." (It was a disagreeable custom to whip the children in the early morning for their willfulness overnight, — a habit which was continued after Louis became King when he was eight years old.) "The Dauphin begged Madame de Monglat not to punish him, and 'all day I will be so good. I 'll say my prayers and repeat my verses, and I will paint you a beautiful little cherubim.'

"'Oh, you don't know how to paint fine weather,' answered Madame de Monglat.

"'Yes, I do. I should take white, and then blue, and then flesh color, and for the sun I should take yellow and red; and then I should take white and yellow and make a face, and that would be the moon.'"

Somewhere up above the nursery Herouard had a little study, which was often a refuge for the child on wet days. There was kept Gesner's animal book, the atlas, and the book of Roman antiquities, wherein Louis saw, not Coliseums and Pantheons, but Fontainebleau, where the happy autumn months of every year were passed. There, too, Herouard told stories, — charming nonsense stories to the baby Dauphin, stories of St. Louis and Daniel and Goliath as the child grew older.

"I shall learn all the stories in the Bible," said Louis, after listening to the history of Goliath, "and tell them to papa, because they are true. My sister will tell stories of the wasp who stung the goat's back, which are not true, but I shall tell only true stories."

Herouard's Bible stories must have been better teaching for Louis than the sort of religious education which he picked up from the women who surrounded him. The following conversation with his nurse, when he was three years old, is a good example. She was endeavoring to extract something of a moral out of a furious storm of passion into which he had fallen with his father and his gouvernante.

"Monsieur," said she, "you have been very naughty. You must not do so."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I 'll kill mamanga, I 'll kill all the world, I 'll kill God ! " he answered with great sobs.

"Oh no, Monsieur, you must not kill God ; you drink his blood every time you drink wine," answered the nurse.

"Do I drink the blood of the good God? Then I won't kill him." The passion was calmed, but at the cost of how strange a chaos of belief !

Besides the pleasure of the picture books and the stories which supplied a large part of Louis's scanty education, Herouard also taught him how to write letters to his father and mother. Surely no more natural and charming letters exist than these, of which, fortunately for us, the doctor has preserved copies in his journal. Here is the first, written in the baby talk which the child used whilst the doctor guided the little fingers over the paper. The trilled *r* is missing, and sometimes the *l*, for it was long before Louis could pronounce these letters.

Juin, 1604 (not quite three years old).

Papa ie say ben equivé non pa enco lisé. Moucheu de Oni m'a annoié un home amé et un beau caoche ou é ma maitesse l'infante, é une belle poupée a theu-theu. I m'a pomi un beau gan .li pou couché, ie ne sui pus peti anfan. Jay ben chau dan mon bechau, ma pume est fo pesante ie ne pui pu equivé, ie vous baise te humbleman lé main papa é à ma bone maman é sui papa vote te humbe é te obeissan fis é cheuiteu.

DAUFIN.

What with Louis's lisp and the doctor's spelling, a translation seems not unnecessary. The Monsieur de 'Oni is Rosny, soon afterward Duke of Sully, the famous Surintendant. The Infanta is Anne of Austria, afterward Louis's wife, and always the subject of much nursery jesting. The sœu-sœu is probably Madame Elizabeth, for at three the Dauphin had not mastered the more formal "ma sœur," and Rosny is not likely to have brought Mademoiselle de Vendôme, generally known as sœu-sœu, a doll.

Papa, I know how to write, but not how to read. Monsieur de Rosny has sent me a man in armor and a fine coach with my mistress the Infanta in it, and a beautiful doll to sissy. He has promised me a fine big bed to sleep in. I am not a little child any longer. I was very hot in my cradle. My pen is very heavy, I cannot write any more. I very humbly kiss your hands, papa, and my dear mamma's, and am, papa, your very humble and very obedient servant.

DAUPHIN.

The following letter to Queen Marie de Medici, written when he was four, is perhaps one of the prettiest of them all ; it is, moreover, the only childish letter addressed to his mother. Henri often wrote in reply, but Louis one day asked wistfully why his mother never wrote. "Papa tells me," he said, "that she makes ever so many smudges ; but if she wrote to me, even if there were smudges, I should take care of the letter."

October 17, 1605.

Mamma, I want so much to see you and my little brother of Orleans, and if you do not come soon, I shall get my white riding coat and my stockings and boots, and I shall get on my little horse and go patata, patata. Mamma, I shall start to-morrow, early in the morning, for fear of the flies. Mamma, they tell me you have something pretty for me, and I want so much to see it. Do come, dear mamma. It is such fine weather, and you will find me so good. Meantime I am, mamma, your very humble and very obedient son.

DAUPHIN.

As for the baby he was in such a hurry to see, when it arrived in the following February, it turned out to be a girl. The Dauphin eagerly desired to have a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brother, and when not only Orleans but Anjou was born, he said proudly, "Now we are three to serve papa."

In spite of the fact that Henri was a severe and often impatient father, it is clear that his children regarded him with great affection. He teased them and chastised them, but he also loved them with an almost feminine tenderness. Certainly no childish impression more profoundly modified Louis's life than his love and reverence for his father; not all his mother's adverse teaching, not all her wanton undoing of Henri's work, could efface this impression from the mind of the boy. The uncertain driftings of the early years of his reign, after the fall of the regent, were but efforts to return to the policy which Henri had cherished, and Marie de Medici had overthrown; and Richelieu's limitless power in later years was possible only because Louis recognized in his minister these opinions and aspirations which he associated with the memory of his father. It is impossible to give the many anecdotes which would illustrate how ready the Dauphin was to adopt his father's tastes and prejudices, and how lastingly they stayed by him; but two little stories will serve to show how fond they were of each other. Henri often rode out to St. Germain to visit his children and share in their games. One day, as he was leaving, Louis followed him to the top of the staircase, silent and sad.

"What, my son, have you not a word to say to me?" asked the King. "Are you not going to kiss me when I go away?"

The Dauphin began to cry silently, doing his best to hide his tears before all the company. The King, changing color and nearly crying himself, took him in his arms, kissed and embraced him, saying: "I shall say as God says in the Scriptures, 'My son, I am well pleased to see these tears. I will give heed to them.'"

"When Monsieur le Dauphin got back to his room, I [Jean Herouard] asked him what the King had said. 'He told me to learn to shoot an harquebus,' answered the Dauphin. I pressed him, but he stuck to it. I left him, and he cried long and heartily."

The last of the Dauphin's birthdays that the father and child ever passed together was celebrated by a little feast. The King drank to the Dauphin's health.

"My son," he said, "I pray God I shall be able to give you a whipping twenty years hence."

"No, no, if you please, papa."

"What, don't you want me to be able?"

"No, no, if you please."

Eight months later, Henri's murdered body was brought back to the Louvre. "Ah, if I had only been there with my sword!" sobbed the little eight-year-old King. A few mornings after, his nurse found him lying awake in his bed, sad and thoughtful.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"Nurse, I am wishing so hard that my father had lived twenty years longer, and that I were not King."

Lucy Crump.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COÖPERATION IN THE WEST.

SINCE the flannel weavers of Rochdale began the work which has made them famous, it is to be doubted if there has been a coöperative movement which has been more successful than that of the coöperative creameries developed in the last ten years by the farmers of certain of our Western and Northwestern states. What these farmers have accomplished deserves attention for its significance, and still more for its promise.

Their business, which amounted at the beginning of the decade only to a few hundred dollars, has so grown that it now involves millions of dollars; yet they have had none of the benefits of the composite coöperation of the great wholesale societies of England and Scotland. They have had, to be sure, some measure of benefit from the little information that they had about these bodies, but in the main they have been forced, unaided, to solve the serious and important problems which have confronted them.

The individual coöperators as well as the individual coöperative societies of Great Britain have had the stimulus of composite coöperation. The growth of the English and Scottish societies, which remains one of the marvels of coöperation, has been most pronounced since the "wholesales" were founded. The two wholesales — that of Manchester established in 1864, and that of Glasgow in 1868 — have not only been a great common bond between the individual members, but, joining the many thousands of coöperators in a close and sympathetic union, have handled a volume of business amounting in 1898 to ninety million dollars. In a certain sense, these wholesales stand as the parent bodies. Each individual society has a direct interest in the wholesale, and may be said to be tributary to it. Just as union in America and federation in Canada have brought common strength through the exercise and resulting development of the powers of state and province, so strength has come to these coöperative bodies through further combination.

In our Western states coöperation has advanced with none of this composite influence. The farmers have engaged as individuals. Probably they have never had any general interest in coöperation as it is practiced in Great Britain: first, because, with few exceptions, they have never given it study; and secondly, because they have been absorbed with their own problems. While in the English and Scottish societies many different lines of commerce and manufacturing are represented, uniting diverse interests and giving a greater total strength, these creamery coöperators have been confined to one product. What these farmers shall accomplish when coöperative in many branches is quite out of estimate. Lord Rosebery, in an address before the cooperative congress in Glasgow, in 1890, used an expression which has since become very popular among English and Scottish coöperators: "The number of your members, the extent of your capital, and the great principle of the union of interests which guides the movement, in my opinion, constitute nothing less than a state within a state."

If the other departments of the farm, the shop, and the store shall ever be placed on as stable a coöperative foundation as the one on which many hundreds of Western creameries now rest, we shall have in this country a state within a state that will be of colossal proportions.

It was not an atmosphere of sentiment, or even of philanthropy, in which the coöperative creameries were begun. Their organizers did not begin as disciples of Bellamy, or followers of the Oneida and Amana communities; it is proba-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ble that very few of them had ever heard of Brook Farm. But the fact that their plans were almost devoid of theory suggests a reason for the success which has been reached.

This coöperative movement in the West has made most rapid progress in the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois. Dairy farmers in other states have been testing it, and as the advantages of the system become more widely appreciated, and the slight chance of failure, when sound business principles are followed, becomes more apparent, wider areas will be covered. Exact data are not available as to the number of coöperative creameries in the Western dairy districts, nor are official figures obtainable to show the output and the value of the product, but, speaking broadly, the volume of business transacted in the year 1898 was upwards of thirty million dollars. In view of the fact that the movement is less than a decade old, and that there has been but one branch of enterprise, the efforts of these farmers will bear comparison with the British wholesales.

The value of the creamery products of the United States, it may be noted in passing, amounted in 1895, the latest year for which national statistics are available, to over five hundred million dollars. A very large amount of butter is still made, in some of the states, on farms, under the old individual plan; but should the ratio of coöperative creamery increase shown in several of the Western states continue, and the coöperation spread more widely, the entire production of the country must be largely influenced.

As a further indication of the magnitude of this movement, it may be noted that in the state of Minnesota, where ten years ago there were no coöperative creameries, now, out of a total of six hundred and fifty, four hundred and fifty are coöperative; that in Wisconsin about one thousand out of sixteen hundred are coöperative; while in Iowa, despite the fact that unsound business principles have here and there prevailed to the detriment of coöperation, more than one third of all the creameries of the state are coöperative at present.

In some of the Western states joint-stock companies carry on the business, the stockholders not necessarily being residents of the community. They may or may not include the patrons of the creamery among their stockholders. In some cases the coöperative plan is adhered to, the creamery being established as a joint-stock company, but conducted along coöperative lines.

Mr. Henry E. Alvord, chief of the dairy division in the bureau of animal industry of the Department of Agriculture in Washington, in a letter to the writer speaks of the subject of coöperation among creameries from the national point of view. He says: —

"There are now about ten thousand creameries and cheese factories in the United States, and the number is gradually increasing. The rapid growth in the new territory west and south of Minnesota is partially offset by the discontinuance and consolidation of creameries in the older and more thickly settled dairy districts. The tendency in Minnesota and the Dakotas seems to be towards organization upon the coöperative plan, which to my mind has very great advantages. In Nebraska and Kansas there is a decided preference for the proprietary system, stock companies establishing a central manufacturing plant, and then a number of outlying skimming stations, which can be reached usually by rail. In Iowa, although the dairy industry was there mainly developed through coöperative creameries, there seems to be a reaction, and the establishments are passing into the hands of single proprietors, partners, or stock companies. This does not seem to be because there is any real advantage in the proprietary system; and in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deed, I still argue that the coöperative form is the more truly economical for the farmer. But the trouble seems to be that some of the farmers cannot or will not pull together, and lack the business experience and capacity necessary to successful management."

These coöperative creameries have had other influences than those strictly commercial. The necessity, for one thing, that there should be an absolutely pure and cleanly supply of milk has stimulated a better order of affairs on the farms and in the farmhouses. The increase in the revenue of the farmer, and the regularity and constancy of this increase, have helped him to give his family added comforts hitherto beyond his reach. Before the establishment of the high creamery standard, there were nearly as many kinds of butter as there were farmers, and almost as many prices. All this is now changed, and the butter made in the flourishing coöperative creamery of to-day, whether sold for the European market, for the critical cities of the East, or for consumption at the country cross-roads, is pure, sweet, and rich, — as was not always the case in the days of farm churnings.

The organization of a typical Western coöperative creamery is very simple. Prospective members meet at a convenient farmhouse or town hall, adopt a constitution and enact by-laws. The best results seem to be reached in districts of a radius not exceeding five miles, the creamery being established near a railway station and near the centre of the district. Usually from thirty to fifty farmers sign the registration agreement, and these pledge the number of cows from which they will supply milk. It has been found that a capital of from two thousand to three thousand dollars is ample for the average coöperative creamery, larger capital being unnecessary and tending to unsatisfactory results.

The organization agreement is direct and clear. It sets forth the object, — to manufacture butter, though cheese-making is also provided for, the manufacture to be at actual cost; names the officials, as president, secretary, and so on; provides for a board of directors, consisting of the officers and three trustees, and this body is also a board of audit. The by-laws fix the bonds for the treasurer and provide for the sinking fund, which is maintained by setting aside a uniform sum each day, usually five cents for every hundred pounds of milk received. In a creamery using two million pounds of milk a year, this ratio yields a sinking fund of a thousand dollars for general repairs and the like, which at any time may easily be reduced if found too large.

At least twice a month the milk from the cans of each farmer is tested as to the amount of butter fat it contains, and the result determines the farmer's credit upon the books of the secretary. The test also serves to show if there has been any adulteration. Should a farmer be found adulterating his milk with water or anything else, or should he be found guilty of skimming it, he is fined: for the first offense, ten dollars; for the second, twenty-five dollars; for the third he forfeits all interest in the association and all claims for milk theretofore delivered, having, of course, sufficient time and opportunity in which to offer defense.

While this new and powerful coöperative element has been making remarkable progress during the decade soon to close, it would be unfair not to note the reverses it has encountered. In most of the states it is impossible to obtain any clear data as to the number of failures, but in the state of Minnesota, where some effort has been made to collect such material, they appear to have been about twelve per cent of the total. These failures, however, should be charged up mainly to the earlier years of the decade, when the enterprise was so largely tentative, and when some of the farmers had not yet learned the necessity of maintaining strict business principles. I think

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is but fair to say that, where ordinary sagacity and business sense have been applied, the failures in coöperative creamery work in the West have been fewer than in any other line of business.

The situation in one of the larger counties of Minnesota illustrates the practical character of the movement. The introduction of the coöperative creamery has practically revolutionized the financial transactions of the county. There are in the shire twenty-nine creameries on the coöperative plan, having a membership and patrons numbering about twenty-seven hundred farmers; also one creamery on the stock-company plan, and two cheese factories. The cash receipts from these creameries aggregate perhaps a million dollars a year.

When the first of them was established, about ten years ago, there were twenty-four mortgage foreclosures in the county in one year. In 1894 there was but one, in 1895 none, in 1896 three. In 1897 the delinquent tax list was only one fifth as large as in 1887. The average deposits of the farmers in the banks of one of the towns of the county in 1886 were fifty-six thousand dollars, while the average in 1896 was three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. These do not include the deposits of the creameries of the vicinity; the latter, in 1898, averaging sixty thousand dollars. In 1889 farm lands sold at from ten to thirty dollars per acre; in 1898 they sold at from twenty-five to sixty dollars per acre.

The county depends wholly upon agriculture. About the time these coöperative creameries were established, the successive failures of the wheat crop had left the farmers in a deplorable condition. There were no manufacturing plants to which they might look for relief, and there was no raw material to dispose of had there been manufacturing plants. With no outside aid of any kind, in spite of coöperative failures among Western farmers in other lines, relying solely upon one another and their belief in the virtue of genuine coöperation, these farmers undertook the experiment. They have since proved to their own satisfaction the practical benefits of businesslike coöperation, while all unconsciously they have given the rest of the world's toilers an object lesson and an inspiration.

But no consideration of this form of coöperation in the United States is complete or adequate without recognition of the coöperation of the East, and more particularly of the New England states. So far as the writer has been able to ascertain, coöperation in dairying in New England began in the year 1879, when a number of farmers gathered in the town of Hatfield, Massachusetts, and, under the supervision of Mr. Henry Alvord, chief of the dairy division of the Department of Agriculture, established a coöperative dairy. It became operative the following year, and was swift to demonstrate its fitness to be recognized as a pioneer in an important field of economic endeavor.

Associated dairying had flourished in the state of New York for some years prior to this, having much the same form and spirit; indeed, as early as the year 1860 the farmers of that state united in groups in the manufacture of cheese on an association basis.

From the time the Hatfield coöperators began their work the movement steadily gained in scope and power, and it is not too much to say that out of it has grown one of the most important features of the industrial life of New England. Very much the same methods are here followed as those which are practiced in the West. In point of fact, the West has drawn liberally upon the East for suggestions. Here, as in the West, success has invariably followed when to honesty of purpose have been added business sagacity and an insistent recognition of the rights of others.

Recently, while making a study of a phase of English coöperation in Rochdale, the home of the movement, my at-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tention was called to a novel feature, — or rather, an attendant feature, since it was not a part of coöperation, — the competition of coöperative organizations in like lines of effort. This novel element has appeared in America, also, and an interesting example of it is shown in Vermont. There are over two hundred and fifty creameries and cheese factories in that state, many of which are coöperative. A well-informed gentleman residing in Vermont, who is much interested in the coöperative movement, has called the writer's attention to the competition which has sprung up among the coöperative creameries there; noting the fact that, in a state no larger than Vermont, so many creameries introduce unfortunate conditions through the sharp competition among them.

In any study of coöperation, this feature of what might be termed internecine or abnormal activity, no matter what the form of coöperation, has unusual significance.

Vermont furnishes an excellent illustration also of the remarkable growth of the coöperative movement. One of the first coöperative creameries in the state was established in 1880. It now uses the cream from the milk of some three thousand cows, making from eight to ten tons of butter per day under one roof, a total output for the year of upwards of three million pounds.

Doubtless this form of coöperation would be still more widely extended in New England but for the amount of milk shipped to the large cities. In Connecticut, for example, over three hundred and fifty million quarts of milk are annually produced, very much of which is not available for creamery use, as it goes direct to the city consumer in the form of milk. There are, however, over fifty creameries in the state, and of this number about forty are coöperative. Incidentally, it is of interest to note that, through the advanced methods of modern dairying made possible by the agricultural education of the latter part of the present century, the average yield of milk from a single cow in Connecticut has increased from 277.2 gallons in 1860 to 425.4 gallons in 1898.

Massachusetts is known, at home and abroad, as a manufacturing state, and yet the value of the agricultural property of the commonwealth had reached, in 1895, the enormous sum of two hundred and twenty million dollars, two thirds of the value of all the manufacturing plants in the state. The value of the product of her creameries increased from eighty thousand dollars in 1880, the year that coöperation in creameries was introduced into New England through Massachusetts, to nearly two million dollars in 1895; and I presume the figures for the past year, 1899, will, when available, show a still more significant contrast.

Out of forty-one creameries in Massachusetts at present under the authority of the commonwealth, thirty-four are coöperative. An interesting fact in connection with the butter trade of this state is that, according to the estimate made by the dairy bureau, the amount of butter consumed was larger in the year 1898 by nearly two hundred and forty-five thousand pounds than it would have been but for the stringent laws enforced against fraudulent butter. That is to say, the consumption was that much larger than it would have been had imitation butter been allowed full and free sale.

In all the New England states the farmers have been as keenly alive to the dangers of fraud as the farmers of the West, and in each state stringent laws are in force providing severe penalties for the sale of fraudulent butter. It is of interest to note in this connection that the average annual production of oleomargarine in the United States is now less than fifty million pounds, while from 1886 to 1897 inclusive over five hundred million pounds of it were made, representing a value of nearly thirteen million dollars.

In the New England as well as in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Western states, the coöperative movement has received a substantial though indirect impetus from the great agricultural colleges and experiment stations. Very many of these institutions hold what are known as dairy schools for farmers. Once a year, for six weeks or two months, either in winter or in summer, the farmers gather at these institutions, and are taught how to make butter, or how to make better butter than they have ever made before, how to care for their stock in more sensible ways, and the like. Quite naturally, a similar impulse, only more clearly defined, is given to the dairy interests by the young men who graduate from these institutions, and who take back to the farms so many new and sensible ideas; but these dairy schools for the farmers themselves are of large practical value in that they deal directly with the materials at hand, and present definite results in dollars and cents.

Broadly speaking, agricultural education is less than half a century old. Its influence upon the farm life of America, steadily increasing, has never been so large as at the present time, and in no department of farm life has it been more effective than in that of dairying. These dairy schools for farmers are in active operation now in thirty-one states. Not only is instruction given in the making of butter and cheese, teaching how the butter may be made so that it will yield invariably a higher market price than under old methods, but there are practical exercises in the testing of milk, a condensed study of the bacteriology of the dairy, with valuable lectures on the breeding and feeding of dairy cattle. Such instruction as this, on so large a scale, has never before been possible: it is a trustworthy handmaiden of coöperation.

Lord Rosebery's "state within a state" is not necessarily located in Utopia. Should coöperation be extended among the farmers of the United States as successfully in other lines as it has been carried on in the manufacture of butter, the state within a state will be more powerful in America than in Britain. Should this businesslike coöperation be expanded, until it embraces the production and the marketing of grains and grasses, the raising and selling of cattle, sheep, and hogs; should it indeed include at last the loom, the mill, and the shambles, there must come a readjustment of our entire economic relations, at once important and unique.

There have been coöperative efforts along other lines in this country: some of them successful; others, through a lack of that business sagacity the creamery coöperators have shown, failures. But while there has been a good deal of serious coöperative effort, there yet remains unoccupied the vast open field of national endeavor. From 1861 to 1899 the trade of all the coöperative societies in Great Britain has amounted to over one billion fifteen million dollars, while the net profits during that period have been upwards of sixteen million dollars. There appears to be no reason why, in a country whose people are as sympathetic with reforms as are our own, — or better, as sympathetic with readjustments, — success should not attend general, sensible coöperation.

While we need not look for any immediate readjustment of our industrial relations, simply because certain farmers have successfully demonstrated the value of sensible coöperation, — not ignoring, however, the chance that such readjustment may be nearer than we think, — let us give our attention to the ease with which all lines of farm life lend themselves to this form of enterprise.

You can scarcely mention a department of farm activity not adaptable to coöperation, when it is based on sound business principles. Take, if you will, wheat-raising, one of the chief industries of agriculture. While it is conducted by individuals on a larger scale than the creamery industry, with relatively larger losses and gains, there appears to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be no valid objection to general coöperation in wheat-growing. A dozen or even twenty farmers, in a given locality, might readily unite their forces in this occupation. In no sense need the idea of communal life be admitted, nor would there be need of any merging of ownership in lands: the coöperation would consist in the common buying and planting of seed, the joint ownership of the more expensive machinery, the establishing of an overseeing board, with a general superintendent of operations, a clerical official, and perhaps a treasurer. When the threshing stage was reached the question of fair market would arise. How would these coöperators be able to meet all the incidental expenses from seedtime to harvest, and secure a fair value for their wheat, no matter what the current market price? This might be difficult if there were but one or two such coöperative centres in a given state; but there appears to be no sound reason why each coöperative centre should not articulate with others in a given county or state, or group of states, for that matter. Nor is there any sound economic reason why these farmers, thus organized, should not maintain their own storage places: farmers have already shown that they are able, under the most distressing competition, to hold their wheat in their own elevators.

In short, the same kind of sensible coöperation that has been so successful among the creamery men may be adapted to the raising of sheep and cattle, to market gardening, be the scale large or small, to horticulture, to the raising of corn and of cotton. In any successful coöperative movement there must be thorough confidence, absolute honesty on the part of officials, a free and full understanding by all concerned of the problems arising, and a firm determination to keep the business within the control of its membership.

The farmers who are so successfully manufacturing butter have not only shown the financial soundness and the commercial importance of their effort, but they have demonstrated in a peculiarly interesting way the claims of a writer on coöperation: that it "injures no man's fortunes, causes no disturbance in society, needs no trades union to protect its interests, subverts no order, expects no gift, and asks no favor."

A little over a half century ago, the flannel weavers of Rochdale, holding to the "ready money" principle and maintaining that credit was a social evil, began, on a capital of twenty-eight pounds, a coöperative enterprise that has been as great a surprise to statesmen and economists as it has been a boon and a stimulus to laborers. In this thriving English city one may note certain tangible proofs not only of the power of coöperation, but of its vigor and endurance. While untoward conditions surrounded the handful of men who initiated modern coöperation in Rochdale; while, as they advanced so slowly, failure seemed so often imminent; while foes and lukewarm friends each exerted their baleful influence, yet the coöperation of the weavers made progress, until to-day, as you pass up and down the streets of the rushing city, and bear in mind its condition when the coöperative movement was here instituted, you marvel at the civic as well as the individual and personal proofs of the splendid strength of this great industrial enterprise. In the year 1844 this society had twenty-eight members; it now has over twelve thousand. In 1844 it had a capital of one hundred and forty dollars; in 1900 it has assets amounting to nearly two million dollars, while the profits of the business amount to upwards of three hundred thousand dollars a year. The creamery coöperators of our Western states have followed closely in the path of the weavers, from the hour when many of them saw, as did the men of Rochdale, distress and privation ahead, with little hope of relief under existing circumstances.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the preface of his edition of the History of the Rochdale Pioneers, issued in 1892, George Jacob Holyoake says: "The Italians have a proverb of unusual sagacity for that quick-witted people, namely, 'They who go slowly go far.' Coöperation has gone both slow and far. It has issued like the tortoise from its Lancashire home in England; it has traversed France, Germany, and even the frozen steppes of Russia; the bright-minded Bengalese are applying it, as is the soon-seeing and far-seeing American; and our own emigrant countrymen in Australia are endeavoring to naturalize it there. Like a good chronometer, coöperation is unaffected by change of climate and goes well in every land."

In view of the success of the farmers of the West as well as those of the East, and of the vast field before them, in common with the toilers in many lines of effort, it seems temperate to say that American coöperative industries may become one of the great standard business activities which register the rise and fall of national prosperity.

W. S. Harwood.

A GREAT MODERN SPANIARD.

At first thought, the existence in the Spain of to-day of a literature that ranks with the best of other countries in its modern quality of thought and in masterly form would seem to be a most remarkable phenomenon. But, after all, it is not so remarkable; for if there is a law in these things, the law must demand that literary activity shall persist so long as the language and the race that produced it may exist. If the land of Shakespeare has a great contemporary literature, why not the land of Cervantes and Calderon?

But the conditions are different, it is replied. England is mighty; Spain is weak. English-speaking peoples are literate; Spaniards are illiterate.

England, however, was an illiterate country when it produced Shakespeare, — probably more illiterate than Spain was in the day of Cervantes. Spain is still an illiterate country, — much less so, indeed, than when Don Quixote was written; but conditions not radically unlike those that prompted Cervantes to his immortal utterance prompt the eminent Spanish authors of the present. Now, as then, these conditions compel great thoughts to expression; and now, as it was then, the speaking has more regard to the quality of the audience than to its numbers. In the latter respect the audience has given little pecuniary encouragement. This constituency, however, we should bear in mind, is wider than that comprised in the few millions of the Iberian Peninsula. For as Greater Britain extends around the world and includes the American republic in its realm of letters, so Greater Spain is also world-embracing; and that its reading public is by no means inconsiderable is manifest in the numerous bookstores to be found in capitals like Mexico and Havana.

Aside from a group of brilliant dramatists that make the Spanish theatre of to-day a force as vital as it was in the times of Calderon and Lope de Vega, contemporary Spanish literature can show a list of eminent names in fiction. At its head stand Pereda, Galdós, Alarcon, Valera, Emilia Pardo Bazan, and Valdés. Less known, as yet, outside of their country are such authors as Navarrete, Ortega Munilla, Castro y Serrano, Coello, Teresa Arroniz, Villoslada, Amós Escalante, and Oller.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Armando Palacio Valdés, like Señora Pardo Bazan, is one of the relatively younger writers, and like that lady, who is regarded by not a few critics as the foremost woman novelist in the world, is one of the greatest figures in contemporary Spanish literature. But while Señora Pardo Bazan is an aristocrat by birth, and somewhat so in personal attitude, — though intrinsically democratic in subject and treatment, as an author, — Valdés is essentially a man of the people; radically democratic, and in religious matters transcending the limits of creed. Valdés stands high in the esteem of many English and American readers, to whom he has been made familiar by the translation of several of his novels; and he has enjoyed the rare distinction of the appearance of one of his novels in English, in serial form, here in the United States, prior to its publication in Spanish.

Valdés is a native of northern Spain. He was born in the province of Asturias, in a village called Entralgo, where his parents possessed a small estate, that is now his own property. Entralgo is situated in the wildest and most rugged part of Spain, and is partially described in the author's first novel, El Señorito Octavio, and partially in El Idilio de un Enfermo (The Idyl of an Invalid), his third important work. In the former, he speaks of a view near the village as "one of the most splendid and grandiose panoramas of the most beautiful province of Spain." Segada, as he calls his native village in the story, rises from the depths of the valley in the angle formed by a brook that runs from the neighboring mountains to the Lora. "A half league down the valley, which is not extensive, is to be seen a white group of buildings, — the town of Vegalora. Between the village and the town the river runs turbulent and clear, traversing and leaving at will that part of the valley most convenient to its course. As it changes its bed very frequently, the fields of maize and the meadows that border its banks are never certain of the morrow, and are as ready to regale ear and eye with their sonorously waving maize and their verdant turf as they are to torment the feet with their rounded or pointed pebbles. The people of Vegalora and Segada, in the space of forty or fifty years, have seen the river run over almost the entire surface of the valley. Notwithstanding this, in a little while after the river has forsaken any part of its bed a rich vegetation breaks forth, and the valley continues always picturesque and joyous like few others. On all sides it is surrounded by hills of a regular elevation, clothed with chestnut woods and gleaming meadows, except below, or on the Segada side. Here the hills occupy only the front rank; above them there rise enormous and craggy mountains, snow-covered from October to June, forming part of the wild cordillera that separates the provinces of the north from those of the centre. Vegalora was therefore the last council-town of the province, and beyond those immense and shadowy masses there extended the barren and dilated plains of Castile."

The mother of young Palacio was not resigned to the life of the village, and in the year of his birth the family removed to the maritime town of Avilés, where her own people lived. This town is the scene of Marta y Maria (Martha and Mary), the novel that caused Howells to give Valdés a most cordial introduction to the readers of the Editor's Study, in Harper's, and is pictured in that story under the name of Nieva. The lad ran about the town at complete liberty, acquiring, like so many coast-town boys, an extravagant liking for maritime life. He had exceedingly good and tolerant parents, and his childhood was happy. At the age of twelve years he was sent to study at the secondary school at Oviedo, the capital of the province, where he lived with his grandfather. He spent his summer vacations at Avilés or Entralgo, ac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cording to the whereabouts of his parents.

In Oviedo he made friends of several youths of literary proclivities, and this determined his own career. Nevertheless, he felt from the beginning a greater liking for philosophical and political studies than for *la bella literatura.* Oviedo, he says, is a very original place, and was more so in those days. It is the scene of one of his later novels, El Maestrante (The Cavalier), in which it goes by the name of Lancia.

He finished his school studies at the age of seventeen, and his parents sent him to Madrid to study jurisprudence, for which he felt an extreme liking. His one ambition was to become a professor of political economy, to which science he devoted many hours of his life at that time. In the meanwhile he lost almost completely the taste for literature with which his Oviedo friends had inspired him. Before completing his studies, he was appointed first secretary of the section of moral and political sciences in the Ateneo of Madrid. Having become a lawyer, he began to prepare himself for a professorship of civil law or of political economy. At that period he wrote and published several articles on religious philosophy. These attracted the attention of the publisher of the Revista Europea, and the young philosopher was honored with a proffer of the direction of that periodical. This he accepted, and for twenty-two years he was at the head of the most important scientific review in Spain.

To give a more animated aspect to the publication, Señor Valdés began to write and print humorous parodies of orators, poets, and novelists. This caused a revival of the literary tendencies of his adolescence. Meanwhile he eagerly read every class of work in the Ateneo. This was an epoch of great intellectual activity for him, and it undoubtedly determined his career.

When he had completed his series of parodies, it occurred to him to write a novel, and El Señorito Octavio was the result. This story now strikes its author as exaggerated, infantile, and ecstatic, and he says that he would like to efface it from his literary history. Two or three years later he wrote Marta y Maria. In the meantime he abandoned his project to achieve a professorship, and dedicated himself wholly to a life of letters.

In the year when Marta y Maria was published, Señor Valdés met in Candás — a hamlet of Asturian fisher folk, which he depicts under the name of Rodillero in his novel José — a girl of fifteen years, by the name of Luisa Prendes. This girl was from the neighboring town of Gigon, — pictured in El Cuarto Poder (The Fourth Estate) as Sarrió, — and the next year she became his wife. She was then scarcely sixteen years old, and the day of the wedding was his thirtieth birthday. He went to Madrid with his child wife.

"My married life was the sweetest idyl," he once wrote a friend. "The year and a half that it lasted I was happier than the angels in heaven and the immortals of Olympus. Then God called my wife to his choir of seraphim. I have never known another being who approached her in the virtues of the human soul. Eight years have passed [in 1893], and at this moment, as I write, my eyes are dimmed with tears. The story of my love may be found in Riverita, and that of my matrimony in Maximina (the second name of my wife). But my Luisa was undoubtedly more perfect than Maximina. When I read in a newspaper of this country these words, 'Where can Señor Valdés have found so ideal a character as that of Maximina?' my heart began to throb violently. I have never seen in the heroine of this novel more than a poor copy; the original was vastly superior.

"My life was completely broken. My son and my art were my salvation. But the loss, tingeing my life with an indeli-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ble cast of melancholy, confirmed me in my philosophical idealism. The man who has received from Heaven such a companion can be neither skeptic nor materialist."

Señor Valdés leads a quiet life, reading, working, enjoying physical exercise, and looking after his boy, now a lad of about fifteen years. His favorite reading is supplied by the Greek classics, Shakespeare, Molière, and Balzac. He abhors the materialistic tendency of French positivism, but at the same time he is fond of the natural sciences. Instead, however, of finding therein ground for credulity and skepticism, he sees more clearly each day that the grand enigma of existence can be solved only through the medium of faith. "Every man of feeling possesses the secret," he says. "In the silent enjoyment of this, and with a continuous and sustained activity, I live in a sweet melancholy which I would not exchange for all the empires of the earth."

In these words the author writes to an American friend about his daily life: "Literature continues for me a pleasure, as much when I read as when I write. On the other hand, I avoid the literary life, which here is sad and poor as you can hardly imagine. I believe that the spectacle of the general life of the world in all its rich variety is indispensable to the poet, but I find literary intercourse dismal. I therefore pursue a fairly sociable activity, but without literary society. I remember only that I am of that sort when I sit at my desk to write. The poets and the novelists of the present age do not lead the adventurous and interesting life of our colleagues of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Life, in normalizing itself and becoming more secure, has lost much of its poesy. Our biography is purely internal; and the little that is interesting and external about us costs labor to achieve. What I wish to convey to you is that I am much given to the exterior life; it pleases me to live in the greatest number of situations possible. There is hardly a page in my novels that I have not lived, or seen enacted before my eyes. Wherever I go, I like to dispossess myself of my character and my opinions, that I may assume those of the persons about me. In this way I have at times lived it all: vicious and virtuous, man of studies and man of the world, laborer, mariner, politician, and the rest. But do not believe that I have done this with literary intentions. Nothing of that sort! It is because I have a character but vaguely defined, and therefore I enjoy adapting myself to the medium in which I live. The happiest days of my life, apart from the year and a half when I was married, were those which I passed in living the life of a fisherman in a little village on the coast of Asturias. Life is bad and sad; but believe me, my friend, that we make it more sad and bitter by not knowing how to extract the little sugar that it contains."

We may see from this that Valdés has the prime qualification for a great novelist, in the modern sense, — that is, a revealer and interpreter of life, — for he has the power of identifying himself with the lives of others. When he describes his character as one that is but vaguely defined, it must not be understood as something shadowy and lacking individuality. It is rather one that shades off, and merges itself in the life of the whole. The walls of the personality, commonly so dense as to shut the individual into a cell of selfishness, dull to impressions from without and correspondingly meagre in spirit, are thus made tenuous and sensitive, delicately responsive to the world's movement. Hence they constitute but a slight barrier against the external, permitting him to make the life of others his own life, the sum of their experiences his own experience as well, and enriching his soul with the life of the world. This confers true individuality upon the personal unit that feels itself

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the centre of things, its bounds illimitably expanded.

With the heartiness, the wholeness, of his work there is therefore the deepest, keenest sympathy with all things; a clear vision that penetrates to darkest depths, that lifts itself to farthest heights, illuminating and clarifying. He shows us the things of every day and of common life as they are, but we are made to see them with his sense of proportion; and while we recognize them as the things we have always known, he endows them with unsuspected interest, and reveals their inherent character in a wealth of illustrative detail.

He refutes most convincingly the charge that realism in art exalts the trivial. He says that no one who has meditated upon the lofty problems of existence can speak depreciatively of trifles in life. The trivial, he maintains, is but a relative term; that which is a trifle for some is the great fact for others. "The death of a child, for example, is an insignificant event, a trifle, in every village, however small it may be; for the parents it is a principal fact, — perhaps the most important and transcendental of their lives. The deposing of an alcalde and his trial are a capital occurrence in any town, but a trifle for the province to which that town belongs. The incidents of a political struggle in any province are important facts there, and trifles for the nation. The revolutions that agitate and destroy the nation are facts of little moment in the lap of humanity. And following this order of reasoning, we comprehend how this very planet where we live is verily a sad and insignificant trifle in the depths of infinite space. Either no created thing has importance, or it has all importance. The last is what I believe, for in all things the divine substance is manifest, hidden or revealed. In the whole of the particular the general exhibits itself; in the whole of the finite, the infinite. Art is that which has the mission of revealing this; it is that which represents absolute truth in sensible images. The more particular, the more determinate, the object, the better will this be shown, for it will discover a new form of the infinite existence."

Valdés frankly confesses that he is neither pessimist nor optimist; or rather, that at times he is both. He says that if he wrote for the sake of popularity he would be ostentatiously optimistic, and carefully efface from his pages every pessimistic thought. But since pessimism represents one of the great phases of existence, one half of the truth attained by human understanding, and since the two elements will ever be factors in all creations of art, he feels that, should he confine himself to this side, he would show himself wanting in the artistic sincerity which he regards as indispensable to every literary work. For a work of art is no more than a manifestation of the way in which the artist's spirit has been beautified in the contemplation of nature. If this beautification is false, if the artist has not felt that which he says, a beautiful result is not possible. "Sincerity, therefore, if not the foundation, is the indispensable condition of every artistic production."

As to literary decadence, Valdés holds that it can be manifest only when authors strive to falsify their sentiments, with the gross intention of producing excessive effect, of affecting excessive originality. The principal cause of decadence in contemporary literature he finds in the vice which, very graphically, has been termed "effectism," the itching to awake in the reader, at any cost, vivid and violent emotions that accredit the inventiveness and the originality of the writer. "This vice is rooted in human nature, and more visibly in that of the artist. His spirit has something of the feminine that stimulates him to coquet with his reader, dangling before the eyes those qualities in which he believes he excels, just as women smile without other motive than to show their teeth when they are white,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regular, and dainty, or lift the skirt to show the foot when there is no mud in the street."

Our author remarks that French naturalism errs in supposing that realism is incarnated exclusively in that school. While recognizing the merits of naturalism, and admiring some of its most illustrious exponents, he protests that it represents only an insignificant part of life; far from being a definitive literature, as claimed by some of its greatest representatives, he is inclined to regard it as even more ephemeral than romantic literature. His ground for this is that it is characterized by gloominess and by a certain limitation. Among its merits he reckons its freshness, spontaneity, and, above all, legibility, qualities that make one think and feel something. But the rock on which many novelists affiliated with the modern French school find shipwreck is prosaism. "The novel is a work, not of science, but of art; it is the poem of our times, and its sole end is to express the life and the beauty of human beings and their relations."

We are not accustomed to think of the Spanish as a humorous people, though if we reflected a moment we should perceive that a race that produced a Cervantes could not well be other than humorous. Humor, indeed, is one of the foremost attributes of Spanish literature, and Valdés has his full share of the gift. His work is saturated with it, and it is of a rich, delicious, sympathetic sort, that somehow seems strikingly akin to the humor which we know as distinctively American, — perhaps more akin than the humor of any other nationality, not even excepting that of our brothers the English. In a discussion of the place of humor in literature, Valdés says that, in general, the style called humoristic is that which best reveals the personality of the writer; and this is easy of comprehension. "The humorous is an entirely original mode of expression," he says. "The writer appears completely on the scene, and does not permit affairs to develop according to their conventional logic, but in obedience to that of his own head." While the greater number of critics have considered Valdés an essentially humoristic writer, and while he allows that possibly humor may be that trait which is most intimate and genuine in his temperament, he declares that he is not its blind partisan, and holds that it has a place in fiction only under conditions of limitation and quality. Of the various kinds of humor, he defines one class as that which scoffs at all created things, setting a constant negation against every human sentiment, whatever it may be; seeing in all manifestations of the real nothing but vain appearances, and pausing only to destroy them. "There is also a form of humor that consists in a play of the imagination, which capriciously alters and transforms the logical order of natural relations; which is alert for paradoxical ideas and daring strokes, in the doing of which the author takes all his glory, without heed for the development of matters according to their nature. And finally, there is a humor that strives to set the vain appearance of things face to face with a lofty ideal that the author does not express, but permits to be divined." In the first-mentioned class he arrays a multitude of satirical writers, without faith in anything, and often without conscience; placing their genius at the service of their ruinous passions, attacking indiscriminately the good and the bad. In the second class Jean Paul Richter and Heinrich Heine are ranked as the two most notable models. "The third has been illuminated by a number of immortal spirits adored by humanity: Cervantes, Sterne, Molière, Dickens, etc. I love solely the humor of these. When the spirit places itself on a level so elevated that it reveals the misery to which it is subject at the time, and opposes thereto the permanent and divine principle that resides in all beings; when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the sublime contempt for the transitory penetrates our soul, and we joyously contemplate ourselves joined by an eternal bond to the Infinite Idea that animates creation, then I believe with Jean Paul that the humoristic form is the most beautiful and excellent of all; for it responds to the most elevated situation in which the spirit may find itself. This humor, implacable and disdainful of the ruinous and trivial manifestations of humanity, respectful of noble sentiments, of purity, of innocence, of loyalty, of sacrifice of self, of all, in short, that proclaims that, though we come from the shadow, we march toward the light, that we are citizens of heaven, — this humor is that which I delight to accept in the novel. The rest, above all the first, repel and make me indignant. I would break my pen to pieces before I would knowingly scoff at the good, the holy, and the beautiful."

There are conventions as to what may properly be subjects for literary treatment, and as to what may properly be said, that, as a rule, are more limited in the literature of our language than in that of most other countries. There is no call for the discussion, at this moment, of the merits or the justification of the respective attitudes upon this question of literary propriety. In a measure, it is a matter of local convention, — much as though the word "pantaloons" were something not to be uttered in polite society in one country, while the word "waistcoat" were under a similar ban in another. So far as manner of expression goes, Valdés is no exception to the custom of wider latitude in utterance, common to Latin tongues. But the impression made is by no means repellent; at the most, the effect is that of an engaging frankness, and not a few of us are disposed to question if our own literary morality would not be of a more robust quality if greater freedom in this regard were permissible.

Valdés is a writer intrinsically clean and pure in thought. He finds in the naturalistic French writers a mania for impudicity, which he has fortunately never met among the good writers of other countries. He says: "I abhor prudishness, but I detest as much, or more, the loathsome libertinage that is now displayed by some writers to whom God should not have given their talent, they employ it so badly. Having sufficiently considered this aspect, I am convinced of a sad truth. Back of the famous theories which they have invented in defense of their excesses there is hidden a sordid thought: that this procacity is the consequence, not of an absurd system, but of a commercial premeditation. In substance, it is that the books in which they accumulate brutal descriptions and obscene phrases sell better than those in which decency is respected. This conviction excuses me from adding another word; however, since there are still some innocent persons who believe that not only may one licitly break with pudicity, but that in this action is contained the principal merit of a novelist, I am going to say something to dissuade them. I firmly believe, like the naturalistic writers, that on this planet the last phase of animal evolution is represented by man; that, on this hypothesis, the study of his instincts and animal passions is of interest, and that it explains a great portion of his actions. But this study has for me solely an historical value; because, if man proceeds directly from the animal, every day separates him more and more therefrom: and upon this, and upon nothing else, progress is founded. We come, it is true, from the instinctive, from the unconscious, and from the necessary; but we march toward the rational, the conscious, and the free. Therefore, the study of all that refers to the rational, free, and conscious spirit as an explanation of the other great portion of human actions — the only noble and worthy ones — is very superior to the former.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is more interesting to study man as man than as animal, although the naturalistic school thinks otherwise. The material act of procreation confounds us, in effect, with the beasts; but man has added to this act a spiritual element, — that of chastity. To destroy this is to despoil ourselves voluntarily of a great conquest and retrograde to the beast. He who respects chastity respects not only the reason of others, but his own reason. Is this as much as to say that beauty is not expressible in that which refers to the union of the two sexes? By no means. I simply maintain that, for the manifestation of beauty, it is essential for us to show therein the Idea; and this may be made to appear only in adding to the material union that belongs to the beasts the spiritual element that belongs to man. That alone is good, beautiful, and true which conforms to the being or the nature of things. For beauty to appear in man, it is necessary that he should manifest himself as man, not as beast."

Discussing the question of theme in works of fiction, Valdés remarks: "The world of poesy and of its present form, the novel, is inexhaustible. It therefore displeases me to see the naturalistic Frenchmen, and those that faithfully follow in their track, persist in limiting their themes extremely, reducing them almost to a single one, — that of adultery. I well comprehend that in modern society adultery is perhaps the social relation that generates the greatest number of complications, and brings into play and tension the most recondite springs of the human soul; but although recognizing this, I believe it necessary to affirm that other relations exist that are equally or more worthy of translation to the novel. Love contains infinite shadings, in which adultery has no place; and aside from sexual love there exist sentiments and passions that may give being to many an interesting novel. In explanation, though not in justification, of the fact that in dramatic work the element of adultery almost always plays the leading part, it may be said that it is because the author has but little time and space at his command, and is compelled to appeal to passions that immediately generate the violent struggle and the formidable conflict. But in the novel — a more spiritual genus, because lacking the plasticity of the drama — the author is master of indeterminate time and space; he may calmly prepare his situations, and the production of vivid and strong emotions to force immediate applause is not essential. This privilege must therefore be used to conduct us to all the places where any interesting condition of life may be found."

What may be called the democratic tendency of art finds expression in some admirable words: "Realism, as a spiritual manifestation, maintains a close relation with all the other manifestations of our epoch, and is a direct consequence of the general movement of life. Our epoch is characterized by a grand sentiment of curiosity, by a vivid and constant observation of nature in science, by a tendency toward the equality of all men before the law, and by an invincible desire to scrutinize and analyze our passions and sentiments in the sphere of art. The man of this epoch wants to know everything and enjoy everything; he directs the objective of a powerful equatorial to the celestial spaces where moves the infinitude of the stars, as he applies the microscope to the infinitely small, whose laws are identical. His experience, joined to his intuition, has convinced him that in nature there is neither large nor small; all is equal. All is equally great, all is equally just, all is equally beautiful, because all is equally divine. Just as science studies with extreme solicitude that infinite world of corpuscles which our natural vision cannot perceive, and derives from its examination as rich a source of wis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dom as from astronomical mathematics and physics; just as politics, by means of long and painful labor, if not by vivid and cruel experimentation, has succeeded in elevating the condition of a great number of men condemned to perpetual degradation, realizing the sociological principle of equality before the law: so art, following the same impulse, has raised up certain beings that were condemned to perpetual ugliness, and has proclaimed them beautiful. In acquiring its political rights the lowly estate has acquired the right to beauty. The ancient poets, with rare exceptions, found worthy of their songs only the kings and warriors, the princesses and their sublimated loves, the heroic enterprises, the joys and the sorrows of the great ones of the earth. Those of today do not fear to soil their wings by descending to the abodes of the poor, to sing their feelings and their actions, often as interesting and heroic as those of the most famous warriors. Marguerite, Evangeline, Eugénie Grandet, poor children, born and reared in humble social spheres, are the beautiful heroines of our poems, — as beautiful and interesting as Helena, Dido, and Penelope. The beings who are worthy subjects for art have neither country nor social condition; they are born in all countries and in all classes of society. To be beautiful, it is only necessary for an artist to find them such, and to have adequate power to make them appear so to others."

Realist as he is, Valdés has little sympathy with certain manifestations of recent literature that have been classed as realism, and there is much about Ibsen and Tolstoi, as well as about the naturalistic Frenchmen, that he cannot stomach. He believes that at no time is there lacking talent for art, and the reason for the absence of good art at certain periods he ascribes to quite other causes. He attributes decadence, when there is no external reason for it, to a perversion of taste; that is, to the lack of a sane and adequate direction for artists. The origin of this perversion of taste, he holds, is not to be sought in momentary circumstances, in defects of schooling transmitted from one individual to another, or in fortuitous deviations. Its root is to be found, in his judgment, in the same principle that has engendered the great artistic superiority of the Occident as compared with Asia, in the greater development of individual energy. "The greater individual energy, the affirmation of its independence in the presence of nature, producing variety of character, is that which has elevated the Greek above the Hindu, and Occidental art above Asiatic. In the Oriental world there exist only types: hence the monotony of its poetical monuments, though often not wanting in beauty and sublimity. But that fecund principle for civilization, and singularly for the arts, which generated the Iliad, the Prometheus Bound, the Niobe, and the Parthenon; which later created the portentous works of the Renaissance, being exaggerated in modern Europe, and forced beyond its just limits, has produced a lack of balance, and has resulted in decadence. The exaggeration of individual energy and of independence has transformed those qualities into vanity. This is the worm that corrodes and paralyzes the force of contemporary artists."

Both Valdés and Señora Pardo Bazan have adopted the admirable custom of occasionally including with one of their novels a prologue setting forth their ideas in relation to literature. In this way they secure a wider public for such utterances than if published separately, for in the latter form their sentiments would be likely to gain but small circulation. The prologues which Valdés has written for his La Hermana San Sulpicio (The Sister St. Sulpice) and his Los Majos de Cádiz (The Gallants of Cadiz) are two of the most valuable essays

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon the art of fiction ever written. The opinions and appreciations which have been cited in the foregoing make but a small fraction of the rich fund of thought upon many phases of his art, comprised therein. It should be noted that in the prologue to La Hermana San Sulpicio Valdés makes a charming acknowledgment to Mr. Howells for frankly indicating to him his disapproval of a certain situation in the novel El Cuarto Poder. The two authors have for many years been intimate through correspondence, and Mr. Howells wrote Valdés that the situation in question seemed to him a romantic and false note that makes a discord in the truth that resides in the rest of the work. Valdés remarks that this chapter was that which had won for him the liveliest eulogiums, and had been praised as the best in the book. The words of the illustrious American, therefore, came like a jar of cold water emptied upon his head. But the Spanish author instantly saw that his friend was right, and resolved to perpetrate no more effectisms of the sort.

As to the material proper for a novelist's choice, however, he makes a very definite distinction between the avoidance of effectism and confinement to the commonplace in his ideas. He finds it necessary to protest against the absurd supposition that only common and ordinary events should find place in the novel. "On the contrary," he says, "life seethes with rare occasions, characters, and phenomena of such æsthetic value that their reproduction in art is not only desirable, but necessary." In this connection he says that it is curious to note what has happened in his own case, and presumably in that of all novelists. "I have often been blamed for the inverisimilitude of scenes or actions, when I have simply translated them from reality. On the other hand, no one has ever found inverisimilitude in the scenes that I have invented. The reason is that when I have witnessed or heard of some rare occurrence I have not scrupled to use it, knowing its truth; but when invention has been necessary, I have endeavored to avoid everything that seemed strange or improbable."

Realist as he is, he nevertheless holds that to live cradled in a gentle ideality is the best for the artist. "Imagination is the magic that transforms and embellishes the world. But one must at the same time take care to bathe himself frequently in the real, to approach the earth each moment: every time he touches it, like the giant Antæus, he will gather fresh strength. The fact has an inestimable value, which we may seek in vain in the forces of our spirit. All abstractions disappear before it; it is the true revealer of the essence of things, not the conceptions that our reason extracts from them; to that fact we must return in the last instance to found all judgments and to delight ourselves with any beauty. I therefore applaud without reserve that respect which good modern novelists show for the truth, and the care with which they avoid its falsification, even in the smallest details." Notwithstanding this, he says the first obligation of the artist is, not exactness, but to make felt the beautiful.

He finds not altogether admirable the scrupulosity that makes it necessary to seek a model for everything, and he reminds us that the great master painters did not work in this way: they carried nature in their heads; it was sufficient for them to have seen an object to be able to reproduce it at any time, however distant. "For the poet even this is not necessary. He bears in himself the soul of all humanity, and a slight sign is sufficient for him to divine the soul of any man. The poet and the saint are they in whom the profound identity of all beings best finds expression; for both know, intuitively, directly, without necessity of experience, the heart of man. 'Ye are hiding from me very grave faults,' said St. John of the Cross

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to his hearers. 'Do you not know that your souls form part of mine? Yourselves and mine are distinct beings in the world; in God, our common origin, we are one being, and we live one and the same life.'"

In the practice of his art, Valdés has been singularly loyal to the high standard that he has set. He is, of course, no exception to the fact that there has never yet lived an artist who has not departed from his ideal. But this departure has at no time been taken with deliberate intention, and he has ever been frank to acknowledge his shortcomings. He confesses that there are some chapters in his books that he would now take great pleasure in effacing, and he purposes to banish from his productions every false and unreal element; his endeavor being to produce an effect, not violent, but deep. His sole aspiration is to touch his readers, to bring to their thoughts and perceptions the beauty that ever passes unheeded before their eyes. He therefore seeks the simplest form for his work, with the purpose of giving verisimilitude to the picture; avoiding the idea that what is presented is a phantasmagory; striving to make it appear, on the contrary, that it is an integral part of the truth, something that has been experienced. He has no desire to make an astounding effect with his inventions, for he well knows what such things amount to; but he wishes to make his readers remember all their lives certain characters, whose originality and beauty he himself has felt, or which have impressed him profoundly in the course of his existence. To be guided by nature, not to do violence to her, is his principle. He feels that what every artist should do is to take her by the hand, and, like those modern divinators when they seek to discover the place where some object has been concealed, carefully follow the slightest impulses, until he reaches the spot where are hidden his treasures of the beautiful.

His first novel, El Señorito Octavio, with all its shortcomings, is a work full of brilliant promise, rich with the charm of description, and notable for a trait that strongly marks his writings, — a hearty detestation of the conditions that confer privilege of birth. A chief character in the book is a nobleman, whose essentially mean and base personality, covered with a varnish of manner, makes us feel that aristocracy itself is something essentially mean and base, bearing the seeds of inevitable decadence. That aristocratic lineage is quite likely to originate in meanness and baseness is made evident in much of his subsequent work. In Maximina, for example, we are told that the habitual attitude of the typical young aristocrat is one of universal depreciation of everything, and we find it expressed in these words that give reasons for his pride in himself: "I am owing ninety thousand dollars; I am a viscount, and am 'some pumpkins;' I play a powerful game of baccarat; an ancestor of mine used to put on Philip II.'s boots; I can drive a carriage like the best coachman; I wear such notable pantaloons that passers-by turn their heads to look; I have an affair with a ballet girl at the Royal Opera, and others are paying for it."

The strongest picture, however, of the worthlessness of aristocracy as an institution is given in the novel called La Espuma (Froth), which in the English translation is wrongly entitled Scum. It is a vivid presentation of the gilded and frivolous life of fashionable Madrid, in which the vulgar multimillionaire, with a freshly bought ducal title, plays a dominant part among the descendants of those whose rough metal of rank, similarly purchased centuries before, has by long usage been worn to polished elegance.

But that gentle birth is not necessarily synonymous with a decadent character is abundantly shown in the author's work. A most charming example is that of the manly young Marques de

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peñalta, in Marta y Maria, the second novel of Valdés, and an admirable work. A most sympathetic figure in this story is Don Mariano Elorza, a typical cultivated modern Spanish gentleman: liberal in views, sincerely religious, but making a distinction between religion and the clergy, "for whom he professed a sort of Voltairean enmity," and holding unchangeable faith in modern progress. He had an enthusiasm for new inventions, and if any interesting machine that he read about in the newspapers was not expensive he would send for it, although he had no use for anything of the kind, and his house was full of curious mechanical contrivances, all covered with dust. This lovable gentleman is marked by many of the kindliest traits, and the author individualizes him with such delicious touches, for instance, as a passion for the smell of fresh linen, so that he loved to go and hold his face in the closet where it was stored. Marta y Maria is the story of two sisters, — one domestic in character, and the other dreamily religious. The intense degree of selfishness that may characterize a devout nature is depicted with consummate delicacy. One thing that must impress the reader of this book is that the Spanish people there portrayed are remarkably like ourselves. The scene is in a town on the north coast, and in its essentials the life of the place seems much the same that one might find in a town on the New England coast, with minor differences of local color.

The north coast, in Asturias, is a favorite region of Valdés. It is the scene of José, a masterly study of humble life on shore and sea, and of El Cuarto Poder, while the scenes of Riverita and of Maximina are in part laid there. El Idilio de un Enfermo is a beautiful study of a primitive bucolic life.

In El Cuarto Poder the theme is that of the establishment of a newspaper in a little town where nothing of the kind had before existed, and the amount of trouble that was stirred up thereby. The fact that the men of the place used to slap one another's faces when enraged, and that they used to settle their difficulties with the fist, seems quite Yankee-like, and considerably at variance with our traditional conception of Spanish procedure in these matters, which we have been wont to fancy had a deal to do with knives and pistols. But such a thing as a duel was unknown in that region, until the innovating founder of the newspaper, fired with the desire for improving and modernizing the town, and desiring to bring its customs up to date, picked a quarrel with an editor elsewhere in the province, — after duly taking a course with a fencing master, expressly imported, — and precipitated a duel!

In Riverita we have a most captivating picture of boy life, stamped with truth on every page; and in Maximina, its sequel, the character of the heroine is one of the most exquisite in modern fiction. We are made to feel that it is as true as it is angelically beautiful. In the celebrated scene of the balcony, where Maximina and her husband stand and look at the midnight heaven, we have a noble example of the mysticism that forms a lofty trait of the author. Many eminent Spanish writers of the present, as of the past, have a strong mystical cast in their writings. This is natural, of course, in a land whose people are saturated with mysticism. We find it in Galdós, in Valera, in Pardo Bazan, and in Alarcon, as well as in Valdés. In El Origen del Pensamiento (The Origin of Thought), by Valdés, the ending of the novel is marked by it as by the pure harmony of a symphony's close. But the sublimest manifestation of this quality is found in La Fe (Faith), which in certain ways is the masterpiece of Valdés.

La Fe is the story of a youthful priest, a saintly character, who is made a skeptic by the reading of modern scientific and philosophical works. He is falsely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accused of crime, and is condemned to a long imprisonment. But his pondering over the riddle of life and his anguish of soul carry his understanding beyond the limitations of material science, and land him in a faith immensely higher than that which had been destroyed, so that his prison life is made an absolutely blessed one.

"Back of this life of appearances that surrounds us he saw the real life, the infinite life, and he entered into it with a heart filled with joy. In this infinite life everything is love, or, what is the same thing, everything is felicity. To enter therein is to step into the empire of Eternity. It is the life of the spirit. The world cannot change it, nor time destroy it, for it is the essence of time and of the world. He enjoyed life in God; beyond the realm of time, he lived at the very fountain head, ideal and perennial, of the imaginative world that envelops us all. His days no longer passed sadly and anxiously, as a part of time. He no longer feared the torment of will, no longer uttered pitiful complaints about his sins, about his vanquished resolutions; for he no longer loved his own works, however good they might have been, as once he had loved them; he loved only the Eternal. For works have their origin in the person, and he had rid himself of his; he had denied it with firmness. In the midst of a holy and sweet indifference he left God to work within his spirit. Forever exempt from doubt and incertitude, he knew that he had to desire but one thing, and all the rest would be added thereto. He was sure that the fountain of divine love that had been revealed within himself would nevermore be exhausted, and that this love would guide him eternally. The fear of destruction by death no longer perturbed him. Death, since his entrance into the life of eternity, had become incomprehensible. It was not necessary for him to descend to the tomb to obtain this life eternal; it sufficed him to join his heart to God in order to possess it and to enjoy it.

"He learned, in the end, once and forever, that man may save himself from grief and from death, not through reason, but through faith; that is, through a knowledge distinct from and superior to that which reason may give us. Since this knowledge had illumined his spirit, he had attained absolute felicity. Without inquietude for the future, without feeling for the past, hungering for nothing, neither refusing anything, his life had for some time been gliding by like a happy dream, like a sweet intoxication. He had let fall the burden of desires and of sorrows that had bound him to the earth. Set free from all illusion and from all effort, with neither fear of annihilation nor egoistic hope of resurrection, by the virtue of faith and of love he had learned how to reproduce in his soul the true kingdom of God."

In both La Fe and El Origen del Pensamiento the sophistical and morbid psychology of Lombroso and his school receives scathing condemnation, and in the latter the positivist philosophy meets with keenest ridicule. The shadow side of life prevails in El Maestrante, a heart-rendingly tragic book. But both in this and in El Cuarto Poder, which is tragical in its outcome, there is so much of the world's sunnier aspect that the sense of verity — which has to do with a life of infinitely commingled light and shadow, more or less of one and the other here and there — is not broken. El Maestrante has something of the inevitable movement of a Greek tragedy; and in that novel, too, one is made to feel the ruinous decadence of a worn-out aristocracy, which in fact is the great lesson of the book.

The merriest, sunniest work of Valdés is La Hermana San Sulpicio, vivacious as the nature of the Andalusian folk among whom its scenes are laid. It is an enchanting idyl. Los Majos de Cádiz is a comedy, in the true sense of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the word, of life among a lower social class. Like José and El Idilio de un Enfermo, it tells us that the same sentiments and passions, the same thoughts and emotions, have the same inherent interest among humble people as in higher ranks of life.

Valdés's latest work is La Alegría del Capitan Ribot (The Joy of Captain Ribot). Like La Hermana San Sulpicio and Los Majos de Cádiz, it is a story of the semi-tropical south of Spain, and exhibits Valencia as they depict Andalusia. There is a classic serenity in the pictures of the tranquil life in the luxuriant *huerta*, the wide-expanding garden of the ancient kingdom, with its orchards and its meadows forever green, and its villas imbedded in flowers beside the sea. It has the same gay sparkle, the same idyllic movement, as La Hermana San Sulpicio, but is informed with some of the deeper tones of life. For all lovers of wholesome art, it has a special value in being "a protest from the depths against the eternal adultery of the French novel," as the author wrote of it to a friend. In Doña Cristina, the lovely and devoted wife who is the heroine of this very human story, Valdés has created one of the most vital figures in recent fiction, hardly surpassed in sympathetic charm and gracious presentation by any other woman that lives in the world's literature.

We have seen that Valdés has been true to the office of the novelist in its highest sense, — that which transcends the rôle of mere entertainment to the function of the interpreter of life. He has shown us the heights and the depths, the sunshine and the shadows, of very much of human existence; and since he is still on the sunny side of fifty, we may expect to explore under his illuminating guidance many another province of the infinite realm of the beautiful, the true, and the good.

Less than two years ago, his country and ours, the land that he dearly loves and the land that we dearly love, were at war. Passions hateful in God's sight were aroused. Multitudes in each land were thinking all ill of the people of the other. But we have seen how a great writer of Spain has been true to the life of its people. Natural history tells us that in any species we can find no normal example that does not constitute a type of innumerable individuals that closely resemble it. We therefore may be sure that a country whose people have produced such types as Maximina, Padre Gil the convict-saint, and numerous other persons of kindly heart, noble mind, and beautiful spirit, all so genuinely human, that are found in the works of Valdés and his eminent contemporaries, — as in the past that country gave birth to the great soul of Cervantes, and inspired the lovely works of Murillo, — must possess unnumbered beings of similar worth.

Higher than any man-governed country in our allegiance is the fatherland of the spirit; and compatriots therein, with many of ourselves who understand and love them, are Valdés and those countrymen of his who are his brothers in heart and soul.

Sylvester Baxter.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POLITICAL HORIZON.

II. THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

In discussing the outlook for the presidential campaign of this year, we must consider the issues that divide the voters into different parties and factions, for it is to be a campaign mainly of issues. I endeavored to show in my previous article, by a brief review of the political history of the last thirty years, that the two great parties, as they are called, are dominated by socialistic tendencies and are professing socialistic purposes; and that from the socialism of protection has resulted the socialism of the transformed democracy, which embraces more and perhaps worthier objects for the application of the communistic principle, but which, for the moment, for obvious reasons, is the more dangerous to the community. Of course neither party is wholly socialistic. What I mean is that each party has partially adopted the idea that the state should participate in the business of production and distribution, and this is a socialistic idea. It is only a series of steps from this notion to communism, and the opponents of the doctrine of protection have moved onward. Perhaps the most significant demand made by them, in this respect, in 1896, was of the right of the state to interfere with the freedom of contract. If the government should be charged with all the obligations demanded by both parties, we should have the state assisting, as a partner, in the most important acts of production and distribution, in manufactures, in railroad transportation, in ship-building and ocean transportation, in agriculture, in banking, and, finally, for the compulsion and restraint of the wage-earner, in order to prevent the free disposition of his time and skill.

The movement of the farmers, the workingmen, the halfway socialists who followed Bryan, is not, however, so much a movement to obtain government aid for the poor and struggling — though it must become that eventually if conditions do not change — as it is a movement to take away the advantages, some real and some imagined, enjoyed, under the law, by what is loosely called the plutocracy. Already the exasperation caused by the obstinacy of the protected interests, and the disappointment due to the presence of protectionists in the Democratic party, have brought on what seems to be a war against property; not that private property has really anything like destruction to fear from the success of Mr. Bryan, but the conservative people of the country would shudder at any step taken in the general direction pointed out by the Chicago and the Populist platforms. There is no doubt that the larger number of men who voted for Mr. Bryan four years ago do not believe all that their platforms professed, and could not be induced to carry it out. The main danger is from the state of mind revealed in the Democratic and Populist platforms, — a state of mind that indicates a perilous belief, held by hundreds of thousands of voters, that the owners of wealth in this country are oppressing, through the law, those who have no wealth, and especially those who till the earth and who labor with their hands. And it is, unhappily, true that wealth and prosperity, created and fostered by law, are doing nothing to dissipate this belief; on the contrary, they are doing everything in their power to confirm it. Therefore, the first and the most important cleavage between voters separates those who believe in the use of the taxing power to promote commerce, and to increase the gains that come from com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

merce, from those who are at war with special privileges that are already conferred by law or that are threatened, and whose enmity against what they call the money power will inevitably gain force so long as the accomplishment of their immediate object is postponed.

The issue defined as the trust issue includes the tariff question, and is merely one form of expressing the fundamental and essential difference between the parties. Into this dispute has been flung the question of imperialism, and here the cleavage runs in the same general direction. Speaking generally, the Republican party favors imperialism, and the Democratic party is opposed to it; but there are a few Democrats who agree with the President's policy, and a larger and more influential body of Republicans who oppose it. It is an interesting fact that most of the Democrats who announce that they are imperialists belong to that faction of their party which has hitherto prevented it from keeping its pledge to reduce tariff taxation, though it is also the fact that among the leading Republican anti-imperialists are men who have labored strenuously in the cause of protection. The Democratic protectionists and imperialists are frankly in favor of the President's policy because they believe that the commerce of the country will be augmented by its adoption. The Republican anti-imperialists, or most of them, are opposed to the policy because they believe in the soundness of the assertions of our Declaration of Independence, that governments "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." They are opposed to the establishment of a government over alien people, especially against the will of these people, and they regard such an establishment as a denial of our own republican principles and a menace to our own institutions, as well as a wrong to the people upon whom we are to force our rule. Such a political faith is also natural to those who have adopted and held the essential doctrines of the Democratic party since the abolition of slavery. Imperialism and colonialism are necessarily hostile to the spirit of modern democracy. Its virtues and its vices, its truths and its fallacies, would all be outraged by the setting up of a republican imperialism over the Philippines. Moreover, as the question of the kind of government to be established in our dependencies comes to be discussed, a new cause of difference arises. The Republican party proposes to govern the islands outside of the Constitution. The adoption of this purpose must shock every Democrat, whether in 1896 he voted for Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan; for the theory that the government of the United States possesses any political power or jurisdiction whatever, except the power and jurisdiction bestowed upon it by the Constitution, is repugnant to every instructed Democratic mind and to many Republican lawyers. Congress also offends against democracy in giving exclusive or independent power to the Executive, as it has done in providing for the government of Hawaii, and as it is likely to do in respect of other islands. The issue of imperialism is likely to play the most important part in the debates of the coming campaign, and various phases of the question and its incidents will be presented to the voters by the party newspapers and stump speakers. The President and his party, in the first place, will be held responsible for the war with the Filipinos, and for all the evils of that and of the war with Spain. Mismanagement will of course be charged, and it seems likely that the censorship at Manila and the concealment and misrepresentation of facts will be grounds of accusation. The enormous cost of the war and the great increase of taxation will be urged. There will be an inquisition into the character and justice of the war in the presence of popular audiences. But the points which are likely to be most impressive in the West and the South will be the moral as-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pect of the question, the burdens of taxation imposed by our wars, and the charge that these are in the interest of the commercialism, for which the Republican party is said to stand. Senator Beveridge is believed to have stated the policy of his party in respect of the Philippines, — that is, that it is purely commercial; and the Democrats will seek to hold the Republican candidates to this. So it will come to pass that, from one end of the country to the other, we shall have an exciting political campaign over the policy of imperialism; and not only will the righteousness of the war and the propriety of the enforcement of the government of the republic upon other people by arms be debated, but the issue will be included as one of the counts in the general indictment against the Republican party, — that is, that it uses the powers of government, and especially the taxing power, for the purpose of promoting sordid interests and for increasing private gain; its answer being that, in these modern times, civilization is best promoted by the extension of commerce to hitherto savage and remote peoples, and that the United States is but fulfilling its destiny, and playing its legitimate part in the world's history, by bringing the savages of distant islands under civilizing influences. But this contention, again, will excite the fiery energy of the old Republicans who were in the thick of the fight of anti-slavery times, and we shall have the moral side of the question presented with force and eloquence.

On the leading issue, the personality of the candidates not being in question, let us grant that there is a strong probability that the Republican party would be defeated. Certainly, its antagonist would secure the majority of the popular vote, as it has generally succeeded in doing whenever the issue between the beneficiaries and victims of class legislation has been made with any degree of explicitness. But another question will obtrude itself, and that is the silver question, which was the centre of the discussion in the campaign of 1896. It is true that no administration, so far as we can foresee, is likely to be able to disturb the currency of the country during the coming four years. The money bill which has been enacted puts it out of the power of any President or Secretary of the Treasury to depreciate the country's currency by redeeming its securities and notes in silver. Nevertheless, there is danger still to be dreaded. This is shown by the fact that an important element of the force behind the money legislation of the present Congress is partisan, and emanates from men who look at all political questions from a partisan point of view. It was the opinion of these politicians, no later than the autumn of 1899, that "good politics" required that the money question should not be settled; that it should be kept open for campaign purposes. They believed that Republican success would be most certain if the presidential struggle of 1900 should be conducted upon the issue of 1896. But there has been an awakening, not so much of conscience as of intelligence. In the first place, the independent vote which gave to Mr. McKinley his majority rebelled against this kind of politics; but the rebellion would probably not have sufficed to change the determination of leaders who possess a large influence in the councils of the Republican party. It was doubtless the tight money market of the autumn of 1899 that led to the adoption of the money bill, which passed the House of Representatives soon after the opening of the session, and which, with some injurious amendments by the Senate, is now a law. The flurry of panic that disturbed the East may have had the slightest of causes, but the atmosphere which was engendered by it in financial centres was unpropitious. The veriest tyro in politics can understand why the administration did not wish to face a campaign in unprosperous times. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

money bill of this session is an effort to assure prosperity next summer, and it will probably succeed; again — for fate is often kind to us — our country is to be benefited by "good politics." The sensitiveness of the commercial and financial world to the suggestion of depreciated currency survives. Although the House of Representatives, standing for population, — the majority coming from the thickly settled parts of the country, which are rapidly extending toward the valley of the Mississippi, — is likely to become more and more effective as a defense of the single gold standard, and although the Executive will be powerless, nevertheless the election of Mr. Bryan, or any one holding his views, would doubtless disturb the money market and bring on a panic. The money issue is to intrude into the campaign, and the question is, How far is it to affect those who will strongly desire to oppose Mr. McKinley's reëlection on the economic and constitutional issues, and on the overshadowing issue of imperialism? In 1896 the money question was not complicated with any other issue. The large number of Democrats who voted for the Republican candidate believed that they were thereby aiding to save the nation from dishonor. How will they now choose between imperialism, the slight to the Constitution, and the policy under which tariff-protected trusts thrive, on one side, and a panic and the consequent unsettling of prices, on the other? In this silver or money issue, which is essentially a false issue, lies a large part of the strength of the Republican situation, and at this point the Democrats are once more, apparently, to give to their opponents an opportunity.

These being the issues, we may examine more intelligently the strength and weakness of the two parties in their relation to those issues, and the value of the personal equation. The Republican party is, for the moment, expressed most fully by President McKinley. He embodies all that it means. No President was ever more completely master of his party. Without the manners or the methods which made Jackson's domination obvious, — ostentatious, indeed, — Mr. McKinley has gained his ends as effectively as did his predecessor, and controls the legislative branch of the government. He is an exceedingly astute politician, and an examination of his mental processes, since before the Spanish war until now that the appropriate form of government for our colonies and the applicability of the Constitution to them are under consideration, is an interesting study. He has not at first favored any of the eventually prevailing forces in the great episodes in this new departure. He did not favor the war, but seemed to be driven into it. And yet he was, at the last, the chief instrumentality of the explosion. He did not favor the retention of the Philippines, but he warmed public sentiment to favor the policy which his opponents now call his, and he demanded the cession of the islands by the treaty of peace. He has insisted from the first that the power to rule colonies rests with Congress, but the only plan for government suggested by the executive department would make the President supreme in every one of the new territories as he is supreme in Hawaii. He asserted in his annual message that the Constitution protects the citizens of these new possessions, and Secretary Root took the opposite view. Both of them urged the establishment of free trade between the United States and Puerto Rico. Through the influence of the protected interests, the time came when the President advised Congress to defeat free trade, as he had already yielded on the applicability of the Constitution to our colonies. There is method in this mental progress. The President's mind moves no faster than the country's mind, or than his party's mind, which may be the same thing. His first expression is always the natu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ral, the almost involuntary response of the human mind to the suggestion of a new and strange idea. Then comes familiarity with the idea, — a turning of it over, as we say. Then incidents occur which modify the first repugnance to the suggestion of annexation, or of government outside of the Constitution; incidents follow and conditions arise that make it look as if the first impulse could not be carried out without wronging some one, without "running away from our responsibilities," without "subjecting ourselves to the scorn of other powers." Up to this time, the first idea, the natural expression of the normal American mind, is referred to retrospectively and regretfully, and finally it is enthusiastically abandoned in the name of duty. The President is a determinist, and fate has done it all. Meantime, the minds of many thousands of Americans have been keeping step with the President's mind, and his position is much stronger than it would have been if he had taken it boldly at the outset. I do not wish to be understood as saying that Mr. McKinley plans this progression; I say nothing about this. When I speak of its method, I refer to the method of a natural psychological law. Mr. McKinley is an exceedingly redoubtable person, because his mind works in unison with a very large percentage of American minds, and at about the same rate of progress. The Republican party has no candidate against him. For the first time in its history it approaches the national convention with one possibility only. Mr. McKinley is not only the party, representing everything that it stands for, but behind him is a combination of men who are the products and defenders of the Republican socialism, not one of whom is in politics to be President, but all of whom want to be next to the President, and feel that they must win. They believe in money, for gaining business or social or political ends. They are the "plutocrats," the "money power," who had nearly seven million enemies in 1896, and who would have had more if the nature of the issue of that year had not united all property interests, — both those who believe in government for private gain, and those who hold that government should consider merely the public welfare.

Mr. McKinley, being the Republican candidate, will have with him that large body of voters, including a very important percentage of the youth of the country, whose imaginations have been stirred by the achievements of battles, by the sense of national power which has been awakened by our victories, by a certain vanity in our growing bigness and importance, and by an honest pride in the mysterious disembodied spirit of the country, which Lowell sang so eloquently and exultingly in the Commemoration Ode. That this cannot be an enduring power, in view of the character of our recent wars, goes without saying. It is already weakening, but probably it will not be entirely worn out before the end of the presidential campaign. Another body of voters will accept Mr. McKinley and his policy because they have been convinced that we cannot abandon the Philippines with honor. Some think that we should be disgraced if we left them, and the Germans or some other European power seized them. Some have been taught that the controlling body of Filipinos now contending against us would murder all the natives who have been friendly to us, if we abandoned the islands. Upon minds that accept these suggestions, the argument that we may protect the islands, even if we do not retain them, produces no effect. There are also many thousands of good men who believe in spreading the gospel through the establishment of American government in the Philippines, and they will therefore support Mr. McKinley and imperialism. It is true that this vote is, normally, mainly Republican; but it is essential to the anti-imperialists that they should make some inroad upon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Republican strength, either by securing Republican votes for the Democratic candidate, or by putting into the field a third ticket, — this time headed by Republicans.

Mr. McKinley's strength on the issue of imperialism ought not to be underestimated by his opponents. It is clear that the impetus has been in his direction, and although there are convincing signs of a reaction, we do not know that the reaction has actually come. The issue will be stated very vaguely by the Republicans. They will present it to the country as a question of high morality, with incidental commercial advantages. It must be admitted that there is something attractive to the average good American — indeed, to the average and sometimes to the exceptional good man of any country — in the idea of elevating the humbler races, of "doing them good." Whitefield preached in favor of African slavery in this country, because he believed that it was the duty of Christians to save the souls of the negroes, and that a most effective opportunity to compel them to listen to the word, and to heed its teachings, was afforded by the ownership of their bodies. Whitefield has his successors. Besides the clerical influences, Mr. McKinley will have the ardent support of an enormous commercial power, — a power much more astute in politics than it was in Mr. Randall's day, with a much keener appreciation of the advantages of a government connection, and with a much firmer conviction of the duty of government to help the business interests. Thirty years ago the protected manufacturers stood alone, and throve under the protection of the sectional issue. Now to these are added those who want to build and sail ships; those who want to monopolize the trade with our new possessions; in brief, all those who want to tighten the cords which bind the public treasury to private business enterprises. It is a tremendous power, and, this year, it will struggle for an imperialism as general and inexplicit as possible; believing that the surer way to win will be by vague expressions of a benevolent desire to advance Christianity and civilization, through annexation and the spread of commerce. Constitutional and economic issues will therefore be minimized.

The Republican party will not avoid the trust issue, but will discuss it, and its general protestations against so-called trusts and monopolies and their tyranny will be nearly, perhaps quite as strong as those of the Democrats. The difficulty, apparently, in making the subject of trusts a party issue is that no politician can convincingly define a trust, point out its admitted evils, or suggest a remedy that does not seem like flying in the face of nature. So far as the Republican party is concerned, it believes that combinations are in accordance with a law of nature, and it cannot possibly, on this issue, win the votes of those who hate corporations, and who believe that there is something sinister in all accumulations of capital. On the other hand, it will have the support of those who are not for destroying combinations, although not the votes of those who are opposed to trusts that are the consequences of the protective tariff.

Imperialism and trusts are not the subjects on which Mr. McKinley and his party will conduct the campaign, if they can choose the issue. Firmly as they believe that they are doing the work of civilization in establishing the jurisdiction of the United States over distant islands and alien and savage or semi-civilized peoples, they must be very far from assurance as to the success of a campaign on the question of imperialism, as it will be raised. They have daily evidence, for example, of the existence of defection in their own party. They know that nearly all the gold Democrats who gave them the victory of four years ago are bitterly and aggressively hostile to imperialism.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is for this reason, partly, that they have tried to avoid, but not with complete success, any action that might give a definite form to the issue; intent, apparently, on securing a verdict on the general question before risking one on any of the particular questions that must eventually come up for discussion. The administration party will therefore undertake to hold its forces together by making the money question prominent. It knows that on this issue it has the country with it. This is an attested fact, — attested not only in 1896, but in the elections of 1897, 1898, and 1899. There is still life in the issue, and breath is blown into it most sedulously by the Democratic candidate of four years ago, who, of all men in the country, ought to be the most eager to see his poor dependence of 1896 disappear forever in oblivion. The Republican party is now the gold standard party. It stands for sound money, and this gives it so strong a hold upon the country that it will be impossible for the Democrats to defeat Mr. McKinley, if the money question is actually made the most prominent issue of the campaign.

The Democratic candidate seems also to be foreordained. There are signs of opposition to Mr. Bryan. There are indications that some of the Democratic politicians are wearying of his issue, and therefore of him. But they are not weary because they disagree with Mr. Bryan. They may or may not agree with him. They will tell you that they are opposed to the 16 to 1 policy because they do not see the necessary votes in it. The Democrats who opposed Mr. Bryan four years ago are out of the party, and they will have nothing directly to say in the convention, although the chance of securing their votes may possibly have some effect upon the attitude of the party in the campaign. As the organization exists, there are two factions. One, and doubtless the larger, is headed by Mr. Bryan, Senator Jones, and men of that kind, stirred to the very depths of their being, — apparently by the silver question, in reality by what they regard as the oppressions and corruptions of the thing they call the "money power." The other faction is venal, cunning, and a machine. Its leaders are ex-Senator Gorman, Richard Croker, John R. McLean, and some minor "bosses." The late William Goebel, of Kentucky, was one of the leaders of this faction, and would have been prominent in the campaign which it will make against Mr. Bryan in the convention, if it sees a reasonably good opportunity for nominating its own candidate. These men want a candidate of their own kind, and if they cannot have such a man, they will accept Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan will probably be nominated, and therefore the Republican party will have an opportunity to force the money question to the front. Against this the Democrats will struggle, and they are likely to succeed in making imperialism and commercialism the chief topics of discussion over an important area of the country. Their speakers and newspapers will dwell on these themes, and they must be answered; but, at the same time, the Chicago platform will be a part of the Democratic platform of this year, and the Democrats cannot run away from it nor escape the consequences of its adoption. No doubt Mr. Bryan would lose hundreds of thousands of votes by doing what is called "turning his back on silver." The question is, Will he gain the needed number of votes from anti-imperialists and trust opponents, in spite of the silver issue? He will of course make that issue of as little relative importance as possible, and in much the larger part of the country he will succeed; for it is perfectly true that campaign issues are not created by the politicians. Elections are lost and carried on the questions which appear most important to the voters, and interests vary in a country so large as ours. The silver question was universal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in 1896, because it was a real question, upon the settlement of which rested, in the minds of many, the prosperity and honor of the country. At present, the insistence of Mr. Bryan and his party is actually necessary to galvanize it into life. In the silver states the money question is likely to be the sole topic of discussion; in the Eastern states and in the large cities of the middle West, in consequence of Mr. Bryan's candidacy, it will be stronger than the Democrats will like to have it, — stronger at the polls than on the stump. In the great agricultural sections of the middle West and in the South it will be of little present interest. What force it will possess will be by way of tradition. The people there will insist on discussing trusts and imperialism, and there the struggle will come between the predilection for expansion, of which I have already spoken, and the arguments against it. There the Republicans will be obliged to face serious difficulties; for the Democrats will not consent to leave these issues vague and fugitive. They will exert all their power to bring their opponents to definite points, and it is comparatively easy to accomplish this in a political campaign; for a decided statement persisted in is always effective in bringing forth an answer, sooner or later, and the answer once made, the issue is joined.

The Democrats will oppose what they will call the Republican party's effort to overturn the principle of democratic government, to force our rule on an unwilling people, and that by a breach of good faith. They will denounce the war against the Filipinos as cruel and unjust. They will make the most of the administration's alleged recognition of slavery in Sulu. They will insist that the treaty of peace which bound us to pay $20,000,000 for a war was a blunder or a crime. They will point to the enormous increase of taxation, from five to eight dollars per capita; and they will once more, and this time with more effectiveness than ever before, raise up the monster of militarism with which to frighten the imaginations of a people who have heretofore always been sensitively nervous at the threat of a standing army. They will also charge that all this aggression in the East is in the interest of favored classes, that the money power is to gain from it all the advantages of imperialism, and that the "plain people" are to bear all its burdens. And with the voters who will be moved by such appeals as these will act the men who hold to the faith as it was taught by Washington, — faith in the democratic principle, faith in the virtues of peace and in the civilizing influences of the arts of peace, faith in the policy of isolation, — men who still believe that the Constitution is our great monument of civil liberty, and that any despite done to it, any slight put upon it, any turning away from it in efforts to extend our rule over foreign peoples, must be followed by a reaction on our domestic government, and will tend to weaken that respect for the fundamental law which is essential to a proper observance of it on the part of those who frame and execute our statute laws. Those who feel deeply on these questions, but who voted against Mr. Bryan four years ago, will this year vote for any opponent of Mr. McKinley. There are some, however, who acquiesce in these principles, but who are not moved deeply by their fears, and some who are opposed to the attempt to govern distant lands because our structure of government was not framed for the task, who will vote for Mr. McKinley on the silver question, and in dread of the assaults on property which have been threatened by the Democratic and Populist socialism. Then there is the large body of Democrats who have no principle at all, and who are moved chiefly by their selfishness, who vote for prosperity; and these men will vote for Mr. McKinley, if the stock market is in good condition next November.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As the political horizon appears at present, taking into account as carefully as may be all its deceptions, all its mirages, and the many chances of unexpected changes of weather, the Republican party is likely to carry the country on the money question. If it could maintain the inexplicitness of its position on imperialism, it might win on that issue. But that will probably be impossible. If, on the other hand, the Democratic party should nominate a candidate having no responsibility for the Chicago platform of 1896, and should compel a contest on definite issues arising out of our occupation of the Philippines, raising the question of their permanent retention, convincing the people that the Republican party intends to discard the Constitution in governing the new territories, and declaring expressly against the increase of expenditures, commercialism, and militarism, the chances would be in its favor; for it would by this means gain a better position in the East than that which it lost by the campaign of 1896. It would lose only in the far West, and would have all the strength which Mr. Bryan could build up in the middle West. If it accepts Mr. Bryan and all that he stands for, it deliberately imperils any chance of its own success in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, and must depend for victory mainly upon the old Republican strongholds of the middle West. The result hangs upon the independent vote, which is much larger this year than it has ever been before; for to the regular independents and the gold Democrats of 1896 must be added the anti-imperialist Republicans, and a very large percentage of this independent vote is opposed to Mr. McKinley. The money question out of the way, the choice of all the independents would not be doubtful. In that event, the weight of evil, of which I spoke in my former article, would shift at once.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Recollections of Ruskin.

I RECALL the attitude of mind with which a girl fresh from an American college looked forward, at Oxford, in the autumn of 1884, to attending a course of lectures by John Ruskin. She was to hear and see a wonderful man: of that she was sure. He was the man who had thrown wide to her awakening soul the portals of the temple of Beauty; who had taught her to read the declaration of the glory of God in the heavens, and to tread in the spirit, if not in the flesh, the secret places of the sacred hills. Through many a long hour of summer reading among the pastures of New Hampshire, he had opened her mind to study and cherish the self-expression of the Christian world in painting and architecture. And she knew that what he had done for her he had done for the English-speaking race.

Yet it was with mingled feelings, in which apprehension clashed with eagerness, that she waited for the lectures. She knew little of Mr. Ruskin's later books; and her ignorance was shared, at that time, by many of the most ardent lovers of Modern Painters and The Stones of Venice. But uncomfortable rumors were in the air. The art critic and the painter of words, the purveyor of new and choice delights alike to the religiously and to the æsthetically minded, had, it was vaguely felt, gone wrong. There had been eccentric if not discreditable developments in his career. He had taken to meddling with political eco-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nomy, and of course he could not know anything about it. Political economy was a recondite subject, concerning itself with the iron laws that governed the important but disagreeable phenomena associated with the making of money. An idealist ought to be ashamed of himself if he were interested in such a matter: a passion for cathedrals or for Turner's paintings incapacitated a man for economics. Mr. Ruskin was writing books about this dismal science, books with queer titles and preposterous ideas. He had quite lost his balance. He had been known to question the very foundations of enlightened society, — taking interest on money, and knowing how to read. He hated railways, he objected to machinery; he wanted to call back the Middle Ages. He was an aristocrat, he was a socialist; he did n't know what he was, himself. He abused his own times, and civilization in general, in a manner really hysterical and shocking. He would write no more lovely descriptions of sunsets or Venetian palaces for our delectation, except when his natural impulse of genius overcame his perversity. It was a shame!

Not all people, of course, felt in this unintelligent way, but a great many did. Twenty-five years earlier, Ruskin had turned a sharp corner from art toward social science; but in a quarter of a century he had not, at least in America, won an audience, far less a sympathetic audience, for his social writings. It was therefore with an instinct of criticism, almost of antagonism, as well as with keen interest, that eyes were fixed on the lecturer, as he passed quietly from a group of his friends to the lecture platform.

Now, the first impression conveyed by Mr. Ruskin's face and bearing was that of reserve strength; the next, of sadness, — sadness very still and deep, and by no means incompatible with a sense of fun; the last and most abiding was that of self-mastery. One had hoped for the presence of a graceful, ardent, sensitive person, bent on revealing beauty; one had feared the presence of an unstrung fanatic; one found one's self in the presence of a prophet.

Those were hard days, we learned afterward, for Mr. Ruskin. The question was pending of the endowment at the university of a physiological laboratory where vivisection should be practiced, and his whole nature was in a state of recoil and fear. (The deed was done, by the way, and a little later Ruskin resigned his professorship in consequence.) Friends, anxiously watching him, feared a return of his malady. That autumn was probably a time of as great mental excitement as he ever knew. It was evident to all of us that something was happening beneath the surface, especially when, before the end of the course, the announcement came that readings from his early works would take the place of the last lectures. The truth was that Ruskin had been persuaded, doubtless wisely, to suppress these lectures, which were full of severity and sorrow.

Yet, to an audience ignorant of the situation, the impression conveyed by the lecturer was not one of weakness. His presence was life-communicating, potent. Probably the presence of greatness always is. I do not know how any one could have seen or heard Ruskin without feeling him to be a great man. In three other cases, that subtle intuition which penetrates with so awful a swiftness through words and aspect to personal quality has brought back to me the report of greatness: with Emerson, with Phillips Brooks, and with Renan. All these men were gentle, but Ruskin was perhaps the gentlest of them. One takes their force for granted. There were gravity and breadth, there was the humorous quality that so sweetens greatness, there was childlike simplicity, there was poise, there was wisdom won through sorrow, in the personality of Ruskin.

The lectures? One does not remem-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ber much about them. The great mind was obviously past its prime, though the character remained intact. They were historical lectures, and they left one with a breathless sense of the speaker's immense stores of knowledge, — knowledge not confused, but synthetically held in a remarkable fashion. Ruskin was not reducing the scale of this knowledge for ignorant minds, on this occasion, as he could do so charmingly in his popular books: he was letting us see in native proportion a detail here or there of the great illumined whole of history and art as it lay in his mind. This was his favorite method, especially in his later writings, and it accounts for the somewhat discursive and chaotic aspect his books present to the average reader, unfamiliar with his thought in its entirety.

But it was when Ruskin left his manuscript, and spoke straight to his audience, flashing appeal, sympathy, reprobation, from under his shaggy brows, that strange things began to happen in the mind of one, at least, of his hearers. Apart from what he was saying, the man inspired a singular trust. At times, indeed, he would break into mournful invective, with a grim felicity in vituperation fairly startling, if taken literally; but it was evident that Ruskin himself did not so take it, for an air of unmistakable artistic pleasure in his vocabulary and of whimsical amusement would often accompany the sharpest abuse. More often, these personal interludes were in the form of searching questions, very gently put to the puzzled and half-conscience-smitten audience. Sometimes, a sort of indrawn monologue of compassionate meditation on some phase of modern human loss or sorrow would show us the man's inmost heart. He revealed to us the two central springs of his nature: unswerving rectitude, intellectual and moral, and profound tenderness, or, as he would himself have described them, the instincts of order and kindness.

Listening, dreaming, an entirely new order of questions began to form in his hearers' minds. Were political economy and art so far separated, after all? Could either be wisely considered apart from the laws of righteousness in life? Could a nation play beautifully that did not as a whole work healthfully? Did the modern nations work healthfully? Could art flourish as the monopoly of the privileged? Is it delicate, is it courteous, is it Christian, is it even just, to rejoice contentedly in pretty descriptions of nature or in the contemplation of art, while vast throngs of those to whose labor we owe our fine sensibilities and the leisure to indulge them are shut off from art and nature alike? What ought idealism to play upon, — dreams, abstractions, the study of the past, or the big crude world of modern fact? These questions are obvious, trite enough, now: they meant to many a hearer, fifteen years ago, an absolutely new point of view.

To Ruskin, in those days, every line of thought, however seemingly remote, was a path of access to the actual life of men. Before the hours in his presence were over, one felt the unity that underlay all seeming inconsistencies and changes in his dramatic career. The Ruskin of Modern Painters, with England admiring at his feet, was one with the Ruskin of Fors Clavigera, with England jeering at his elbow. To hear him lecture deepened and solemnized the impression derived from his books. Many a passage, even in the earlier works, once read for cadence or image or private sentiment, now gathered new seriousness of meaning. The books were delightful, but the man was larger and wiser than his books, even in his decline. Below his opinions one saw into the experience which explained the opinions; and slowly one understood that this slightly bowed form, this face, rugged in mass, but delicate in line, belonged to a man who gathered up into himself the life movement of half a century. More

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than one of his hearers came away from those lectures to turn with eagerness and reverence to the social writings of Ruskin; and to find there, brushing away, as may easily be done, all vaporous error, the light of the eternal stars that guides the race in its slow pilgrimage toward justice.

Ruskin as a Lecturer.

WE were among those who were privileged to attend the last course of lectures given by Mr. Ruskin as Professor of Fine Arts at the university. With characteristic love of picturesque titles, the author of Sesame and Lilies called these lectures The Pleasures of England. They can be read among his published works. Even while they were delivered, their rather rambling eloquence gave less delight to the hearers than the striking personality of the speaker. The following notes of face and manner were taken at the time: —

"The picture of Mr. Ruskin which unconsciously grows up in the minds of readers of his earlier books is that of a gentle, sensitive, dreamy man, who is essentially the student. To one who has this picture in mind, the cordial but not noisy applause which goes round the room promptly at the lecture hour is necessary to identify the actual Professor Ruskin with the Ruskin of imagination. The first look at Mr. Ruskin goes far toward helping one to understand his affinity for Carlyle. In appearance he is the Scotchman, equally removed from Irish facileness and flexibility and from purely English floridness. Ruggedness and alertness are the first striking characteristics of the personal appearance of the man whose thought and its expression reach almost the perfection of grace and delicacy. He is a man much below medium height, with peculiarly formed high shoulders, which, though his carriage is erect, make him appear bent and stooping. This effect is increased by his stoutness. In spite of his fine brown hair and thick gray beard, the outline of his head is clearly shown: it is a large head, shaped so as to indicate the strength which is natural to him, rather than the symmetry which he has in some measure acquired. His forehead is of the squarely rounded type, and his eyes are a clear, steady blue. It is by the sparkle or the keenness or the sadness of his eyes, changeful and expressive notwithstanding the shagginess of the brows above them, as well as by the variations of his voice, that one soon learns to interpret Mr. Ruskin's mood.

"So far as an inventory of details can describe a man, this is Mr. Ruskin; but it is through and under these details that the author of The Stones of Venice reveals himself. The representative picture of Mr. Ruskin should be an etching or engraving rather than a painting. Fineness of line and firmness of tone would show the man better than would the most careful manipulation of color.

"Like all speakers, Mr. Ruskin has a few characteristic peculiarities of utterance and delivery. He has a French objection to the sound of *th*, which he softens into a lisping modification of the Frenchman's *z*, and he has an invertebrate substitution of *w* for *r*. It is his habit again and again to break off suddenly in his lecture, and, with a direct, sympathetic gaze that seems to take the whole audience into his confidence, to tell some personal anecdote, or to defend himself by anticipation against some possible charge which his immediate topic suggests. The mislaying of his spectacles and the forgetting of a locality in Hebrew geography are embarrassments from which every one of his listeners feels eager to help him. These little asides, and the longer parentheses during which he walks back and forth behind his desk, following up some favorite tangent, give one a feeling of personal acquaintance with him which would be an impertinence toward the cold didacticism of many lecturers. And yet this sympathy does not take the form of a desire to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shake hands with the great man, and to ask his views on politics. One understands and respects a few words which Mr. Ruskin has recently said of himself: 'It is a prettier attention to an old man to read what he wishes to say, and can say without effort, than to require him to answer vexing questions on general subjects, or to add to his day's appointed labor the burden of accidental and unnecessary correspondence.'

"The suggestions of Mr. Ruskin's character in face and manner are not difficult to define. There may be difficulty in describing them in terms of bearing and expression, but not in recognizing them or in being satisfied with what they represent.

"The prevailing expression, which gives confidence to trust all the occasional ones, is that of absolute simplicity and truthfulness. There is no suggestion of casuistry or indecision in his quick, direct glance, as he looks up from his paper now and then to scan his audience. Keen and dogmatic he may be, but there is nothing dreamy or uncertain about the man who, with clear, strong emphasis, tells you, 'Judge as you will, but never doubt.'

"Mr. Ruskin's manner has a happy mixture of force and gentleness, but in spite of memories of Ethics of the Dust the force makes itself felt first. Yet, while force is constant, vehemence is only occasional, and a manly gentleness always controls it. The one surprise which a face-to-face auditor of Mr. Ruskin must feel is the strength of his sense of humor. We do not expect that the author of The Queen of the Air will take an obviously keen delight in the humorous aspect of a situation, and it is, we confess, with a sense of relief that, when we hear the merciless invective of Mr. Ruskin's mediævalism against the modern spirit, we see its delivery accompanied with a twinkle of the eyes and a good-natured curve of the lips that modify its sting. Last of all, Mr. Ruskin's face is a repressed face. It has a tone of sadness, but of sadness gentle rather than stern. He is the Ruskin of The Mystery of Life.

"Gentleness, humor, keenness (which it would be better here to call insight), force, truthfulness, — the list may not be complete enough to represent an ideal teacher, but, so far as he can be briefly described, it represents the man who has done more than any other living Englishman to realize and to teach a pure and complete interpretation of nature, art, and life."

Ruskin and "the Hinksey Diggers."

THOSE of us who came in the seventies under the personal spell of "the Master," as we have ever since called him, have never been able to think of the teacher otherwise than in that mood of hopefulness which seemed to have given new life to him, both in private talk and in public utterance.

This hopefulness was born at Oxford. He had entered upon his work as Slade Professor, and had — at least that was the impression he gave me — been thankfully astonished to find not only that such old friends as Sir Henry Acland and the Dean of Christchurch rallied round him, but that the young undergraduate life had been attracted to him beyond expectation.

One recalls how, before the hour appointed for his lectures in the museum, every corner of the theatre was crammed; and this not only by the young men who would most naturally have been expected to be there, but by a medley of men who would have been found on the running path or in their college barges, — men of whom Philistia might have been proud and glad. Ruskin felt then for the first time that his message was indeed for young Oxford, and his spirit rose within him.

One remembers how on one occasion, in the Taylorian Institute, whither, for the better accommodation of the crowd,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he had adjourned, he seemed vexed, and vented his indignation in no measured terms upon certain of the fairer sex who had congregated to the exclusion of the undergraduates. "I came here," he said, "with a message to my young men, and I am entirely troubled to find that, by reason of so many fair bonnets and befeathered hats, I cannot so much as see their faces." And though it is true he apologized at the next lecture, in most knightly fashion, for having said anything that should have seemed unkind to the fairer sex, he maintained that his business was not so much to tickle the ears of the ladies of Oxford as to fulfill a solemn obligation to Alma Mater in getting at the hearts of her young men.

In one of these lectures he let fall pregnant words about the waste of time he noticed in the Oxford world of athletics. He could not but believe that the same training of muscles might be turned to better account, if only the young men, as they labored to increase the muscle of their biceps and forearms, would try to help others round about them to a happier life. It was a pity, he thought, that men could not see the worth of adding to the joy of gaining health of body the gladness of health of mind, which would assuredly come to them, if they would put their muscles to some work of benevolence for the nation. He instanced the need of good roads for the poor in a neighboring village; the possibility of making a village green fair and fit for man and beast, as the kindly practical work which the rowing man and the athlete might undertake for posterity, and gain at the same time joy in muscular vigor as they labored.

His words came home to many of us. It was a new idea. The same week, it chanced that a young Scotchman of Balliol, a personal friend of Ruskin's, was calling on the professor at Corpus. They fell to talking over the suggestion made in the lecture, and Ruskin unfolded his plan. The pathway from the ferry to Hinksey was uneven and full of holes, and the poor folk of Hinksey were naturally the sufferers. He wished undergraduate friends would volunteer for the work of its reconstruction, but he dared not move in the matter during his first term of Slade Professorship, lest peradventure the academic mind might cry out that he was crazy, or think that he had turned to this experiment of engineering because he could not do the work of his chair. My friend and now near neighbor, the Scotchman, — whose name is known to all who have read the careful addition to St. Mark's Rest he made, at Ruskin's wish, when he described in detail the great picture by Carpaccio in the church of San Giorgio dei Schiavoni at Venice, — had with him, at this interview, a young friend, now eminent in the Scotch Church. They both expressed a timid regret that there should be delay and postponement of the plan. I have seen the touching letter of thanks for their sympathy which was written on the following day, February 20, 1873, in which Ruskin determines to take heart of grace, and begin at once with his plan of road-mending near Oxford.

But how was the scheme to be propounded? Ruskin knew it would mean a certain amount of running the gauntlet of criticism, and that young men were very sensitive. His idea was to invite a certain number of men, whose spirits might be supposed to be able to bear the strain, to meet him, every week or fortnight, at breakfast in his college rooms, that he might thus personally get into touch with them. He left to my Scotch friend the selection of the men. And so it came to pass that on March 16 twelve men, all from Balliol College, and all of very various ways of looking at most things, met the professor at breakfast, heard his plan, and swore their allegiance.

Ruskin had soon after gone down to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brantwood, and after having arranged the breakfast for a certain date was obliged to postpone it. He wrote playfully that, "however faithless it might seem, he was not Browning's lost leader, but would yet meet his guests, and claim leadership of a cause that was not lost." In one of the letters to my friend to whom Ruskin had intrusted the selection of the diggers, under date of February 28, he wrote of his Hinksey plan: "I am very desirous that all men should feel it is no desire of notoriety for myself, or any fantastic scheme of self-humbling or sacrifice for them, but in the most simple conviction that one can be happy in bodily industry only when it is useful; and that all the best material part of education and scholarship must begin in agriculture and such other homely arts, undertaken for public benefit."

But the spring term was close to an end, and Ruskin went off to Italy. The work, however, was all carefully thought out, and it was arranged that Downes, the gardener at Brantwood, should come up to Oxford and superintend the digging, and have a plentiful supply of picks and spades and barrows ready for "the young gentlemen" for the beginning of the summer term.

How deep and real was Ruskin's interest in the plan is evidenced by the minute and careful instructions he penned at Genoa and Rome as to the work he wished to be done by his volunteers. He gave up the idea of mending the ferry path across the vale, and determined to tackle the road through Hinksey village, and the adjacent three-cornered bit of village green. The triangle of the green had cottages on two sides of it, and a road on the third.

This road was "foundrous;" that is to say, it was so full of ruts and depressions that the carts avoided it, and following their own sweet will over the village green, made it unsightly with deep ruts, and useless to the children for their play. I remember the broken pots and rubbish that partly filled the ruts. A more untidy, hopeless-looking village green I had not seen in Merrie England, when we began upon the mending of the road that bordered it.

Ruskin's instructions relate first to the filling up of certain hollows, to the putting in of certain drains, to the turfing and planting of certain banks with wild flowers; but he asks for special care for the mosses and ferns that are, he remembers, growing in certain cottage steps, and suggests that some one shall be told off to be the peculiar guardian angel of all gentle life of flower and moss and fern which it is desirable to conserve. The filth in the back streets and by the walls of Genoa only makes him more determined, evidently, to see to it that the squalor of Hinksey shall be removed, that so village life in decency shall be possible; and in one of his letters he urges that men shall endure hardness, for that part of the gain to all the workers will be the having had to run the fire of criticism and mockery for a great idea.

In another letter, written from Rome, he says that, standing by St. Paul's tomb, the thought had come over him how fatally the Apostle's teaching about faith had been misinterpreted, and how sure he was that if St. Paul could come on earth to-day he would approve all honest attempts to show forth faith by works. In a later letter he expresses a hope that his diggers may some of them band themselves together, one day, and go out in a kind of Benedictine brotherhood, to cultivate waste places, and make life tolerable in our great cities for the children of the poor. I fancy he hardly foresaw that Toynbee Hall of to-day would so soon realize his dream in this direction. The gospel he had taught, "All great art is praise," seemed now to have another gospel added to it, All useful work is praise.

To return to Oxford. Our overlord was absent in Italy. We had hardly met to tackle the Hinksey road, when news

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came to us that the lord of the manor had seen a paragraph in the local paper which had scared him. He had at once written to Dr. Acland to say that he had seen it reported that Ruskin and his army were about to begin their social experiment upon his land, and he begged for an explanation. It redounds not a little to Dr. Acland's credit that, in the absence of the Master, he should so have been able to come to our rescue as to disarm the lord of the manor's possible objections, and it is infinitely to the credit of the lord of the manor that he withdrew any veto he might have felt necessary. The Hinksey diggers have come to thank the timely championship of Dr. Acland, and the good-natured kindliness of Harcourt of Nuneham. Our Hinksey digging went on through the summer term. Sixty men, in relays of twenties, on two days in each week, handled pick and barrow and spade, and obeyed the instruction of their absent Master. I learned then much of the monotony of navvy work, and something of its fatigue. Next term, the winter term, the Master was with us; and I can see him, in blue frock coat and blue cloth cap with the earflaps pulled about his ears, sitting cheerily by the roadside we were improving, breaking stones not only with a will, but with knowledge, and cracking jokes the while.

Not the least pleasant part of the Hinksey day's work was the walk to and fro with the Master across the Oxford vale. It was in these walks that, taking one by the arm, he would speak seriously of his hopes and his aims; and yet there was great sadness about him. It was noticed that he still wore the black tie in place of the blue one, that was in memory of "the dearest earth that was ever returned to earth," — his mother; and a heavy domestic sorrow was at the same time hanging upon him, — so much so that nature seemed almost to have lost power of charm for his soul.

I remember saying to him, as we walked down the beautiful Long Walk at Christchurch, how full of wonder that living arcade of elm-tree boughs was; and he replied sadly, "My dear Rawnsley," with that peculiar dwelling on the *R*, so that it seemed half burr, half roll, "I have lived to find that none of this beauty has any power to help a broken heart."

It was the same thought he afterward expressed in the touching sentences: "Morning breaks over the Coniston fells, and the level mists, motionless and gray beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods, and the sleeping village, and the long lawn by the lake shore. Oh that some one had but told me in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colors and clouds that appear for a little while, and then vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me, when the silence of lawn and wood in the dews of the morning should be completed, and when my thoughts should be of those whom by neither I was to meet more!"

I have dwelt on this because I sincerely believe that the joy and enthusiasm of disciplehood which those Hinksey diggings gave the Master did really bring into his saddened life, at this time, deep consolation. It was not only that we repaired the Hinksey road; we helped also to mend a well-nigh broken heart.

But it is the memory of the delightful fortnightly breakfasts at Corpus which most abide with one. The professor always breakfasted beforehand, in order that he might put himself unreservedly at the service of his young guests; and some one of his trusted attendants was with him, to get this book, or that Turner drawing, or this mineral specimen, or that photograph, to illustrate at a moment's notice the point under discussion. And the cheeriness of it all! The welcome with both hands outstretched, the sort of enchanting manner in which he made you believe that you were really the dearest friend he had in the world, — as indeed at the time you were.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"For *he* looked with such a look,
And *he* spoke with such a tone,
That one almost received *his* heart into one's own."

The personal magic of the Master upon his guests was evidenced by the way in which some of the unlikeliest men in the world fell under its spell, and, to the amazement of their friends, took to digging; this magic was felt in the lecture hall almost as much as in his own breakfast room.

When one tries to analyze what the power of the teacher was, in those Oxford days, one finds that it consisted in making his hearers believe that he existed only for them, and was entirely their humble servant. The marvelous humility of the man who spat fire at all things mean, and was with Tom Carlyle for God and Queen and Country, one of the doughtiest gladiators of the time, — this it was that impressed us all. But there was also a delightful unconventionality about him, so unlike the stiff and starched method of the ordinary Oxford don. The lecture hall was crowded. In he would come, and here and there would shake hands and thank some young scapegrace for honoring him with his presence. Then, giving his black silk gown a hitch on his left shoulder, and putting his hand behind his back and gathering his gown up with it, he would launch straightway into a kind of personal explanation of why he had changed his subject at the last moment, and why he hoped for forgiveness.

These prefatory remarks were generally brimful of joyous humor, sometimes of sarcasm; very trenchant, too, but relieved of bitterness by the evident sense of fun and good temper beneath it all. The undergraduates would cheer a point here and there, and one could see how the Master's spirit rose within him at the encouragement; and then suddenly his manner would change, and putting his hands in front of him, almost in the attitude of one praying, and leaning forward over the desk, he would, by the gentle uplifting and raising of his clasped hands, add much of emphasis to his words. Very deliberately would he then speak. His voice would rather chant or sing than say what his heart felt, and, with such rhythmic utterance as it has not been my lot to hear since, he would drive home his prophet's message, and leave us all ashamed of our selfishness or ignorance.

I have heard his voice spoken of as harsh. It is a libel. His voice was tender and full of tears, and that curious roll of the *r*, which in such words as "entircly" or "uttermost" or "dear" was specially noticeable, seemed always to lend the charm of individuality to his public speech, while it betrayed his northern breed.

One other thing that astonished the undergraduate was Ruskin's power of taking unlimited pains in his behalf. The lectures were not only most careful in their language, but most profusely illustrated by objects of art, by precious pictures and photographs, brought together at risk and cost for the hour's lecture.

It was a royal road the Master took to the young heart, this road of delight to be the young man's humblest and gladdest and most painstaking servant. The affectionate self-surrender of Ruskin to his pupils made them captives to his will and word.

I do not wonder that, of all the men who are in any humble way carrying out Ruskin's ideas in the world to-day, there are none more earnest and more grateful to him who taught them the joy of true service than those disciples who rallied to his call, and became the Hinksey diggers of 1873.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED